Joey's Arms

Cliff Eberhardt

This is a bit rough, but here it is ..Joey's Arm by Cliff Eberhardt Never could be his savior . never could stop the pain .vice is just like water .It'running down the drain.. I've love a lot of things that's wicked,I've loved a lot of things that's caused me pain , but I never loved nothing like Joey loved the holes in Joey's arm. Joey had this run- a -way girl that partied in my hotel room,He'd blow that chiseled face like the name on a streetcar tomb. I did a lot of things just for comfort , I did a lot of things to keep me warm,but I never did nothing like Joey does , the hole in Joey's arm. I loved him but I was unfaithful. I loved him but I never stayed . Joey knows about commitment , he loves that needle in the vain . Joey likes to buy himself little presents he bought them from the man,till he bought the farm. but I never loved nothing like Joey loved , the hole in Joeys arm.

Lyrics Submitted by richard burgess

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