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Joey, Joey, Joey

Reference number PT0563

JOE

Like a perfumed woman,
The wind blows in the bunk house
Like a perfumed woman
Smellin' of where she's been,
Smellin' of Oregon cherries.
Or maybe Texas avacado
Or maybe Arizonan sugarbeet.

The wind blows in and she sings to me,
'Cause I'm one of her ramblin' kin.
She sings;

Joey, Joey, Joey
Joey, Joey, Joey, Joe
You've been too long in one place
And it's time to go, time to go!

Joey, Joey, Joey
Joey, travel on.
You've been too long in one town
And the harvest time's come and gone,
That's what the wind
Sings to me

When the bunk I've been bunkin' in gets to feelin' too soft and cozy
When the grub they've been cookin' me gets to tastin' too good,
When I've had all I want of the ladies in the neighborhood

She sings;
Joey, Joey, Joey,
Joey, Joey, Joe
You've been too long in one place
And it's time to go, time to go!
Joey, Joey, Joe!