

Diamond Joe

Colter Wall

There is a man you'll hear about
Most everywhere you go
And his holdings are in Texas
And his name is Diamond Joe
And he carried all of his money
In a diamond-studded jar
And he never was much bothered
By the process of the law
And I hired out to Diamond Joe, boys
I did offer him my hand
And he give me a string of horses
So old they could not stand
And I like to starve to death, boys
He did mistreat me so
And I never saved a dollar
In the pay of Diamond Joe

Well, his bread it was corn dodger
And his meat I could not chaw
And he drove me near distracted
With the waggin' of his jaw
And the tellin' of his stories
I mean to let you know
That there never was a rounder
That could lie like Diamond Joe
Now, I tried three times to quit him boys
But he did argue so
That I'm still punchin' cattle
In the pay of Diamond Joe
And when I'm called up yonder
And it comes my time to go
Give my blankets to my buddies
Give the fleas to Diamond Joe
Give my blankets to my buddies
Give the fleas to Diamond Joe