

Joe Christ

Dan Bern

Joe Christ was Jesus' daddy
He worked at the corner saloon
Served up Shafers' and Shlitzes
For the mill workers starting around noon

Joe Christ worked on the weekends
And on the major holidays, you bet
You know he would have tended bar on Christmas
If Christmas had been invented yet

One day his wife came in the bar
Mary Christ did not come in most days
She said Joe, there's something that I gotta tell you
I'm pregnant, big with child, in the family way

Joe Christ, he wrinkled up his brow
He said babe you know I love you have no fear
But you know on account of my condition
We haven't actually done it in a year

She said baby cakes, my honey pie, my Joe
You know I would never lie to you
It's the Lord himself, done it to me
He brought along champagne and chocolate too

It was magical, I just could not say no
He had this French accent, and what's more
He treated me just rough enough, how I like it
I felt like a ten-thousand dollar whore

But Joe, Joe you gotta understand
It didn't mean nothing, that's no lie
I only seen him once and now I'm done with it
Joe, you're my number one guy

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Deedle dee dee dee
Joe Christ's gonna have himself a family

Well Mary left the bar and Joe just stared
He sighed the deepest sigh he ever had
He poured himself a shot and said
I guess I'm gonna kinda sorta be a dad

Joe said, Shots of whisky on the house
And thought, Diapers, Jesus, how can I afford--
And do I believe Mary's story
Was it the milkman or really the Lord

He thought well what choice do I have
With my condition I can't get no other dame
There's a critter on the way, that's the bottom line
Don't really matter how it came

Joe closed the tavern and came on home

He found Mary sleeping on the couch
He turned off the TV and the computer
Rolled up some tobacco from his pouch

Joe Christ he stood out on the front porch
He looked up at the brightest star
And he hoped that his kid would grow up healthy
And in time take his place behind the bar

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