

Joe's Place

Gord Bamford

There's a place called Joe's
Where some of us go
When the hard working day is through
In the neon and smoke
We laugh and tell jokes
And throw down a cold one or two
The jukebox is full of records
By Willie, Haggard and Jones
There's pictures of Elvis and ol' John Wayne
Hanging side by side on the wall

Down at Joe's place
It's still the old way
Pickled eggs in a jar
And a blue ribbon sign
Ol' boys and bankers
Sitting side by side
Down at Joe's place
Down at Joe's place

Along about midnight
A few hangers on
Are still hanging out at the bar
If the telephone rings
It's an understood thing
Old Joe don't know where they are
At a table in the corner
There's a young man and an empty chair
His head in his hand, tears in eyes
And his girlfriend's ring lying there