

"This is Joe the Crow"

Joe, the people want to know  
Most of one they know  
You have hitched a ride alone  
Am I telling you this, no

Every one that's told  
Can't believe their ears  
When you take me to the gold  
In your silver nest  
Of pocket watches  
And junker's jewels  
Of all your lives are lovely  
All your eyes are gold  
Take that you will have me  
I'm sold

Joe, how am I to know  
If the price is nice  
And your magnifying glass  
Can distinguish 'tween  
The flaming stars  
And crystal moons  
Cause all of it is lovely  
All of it is bold  
I take that you will have me  
I'm sold  
I'm sold

Joe