

Mr. Joe

Jesse Welles

Hand over the controller
Man, you're older than Jesus
In a Neolithic scene
On the edges of Egypt
But you don't diss the dead
And you don't damn the dying
I don't make fun for forgettin'
I don't taunt folks for trying
But the mind, isn't able
And the body ain't willin'
On the strings that they're tuggin'
On the puppet they're killin'

Oh, man, if you're in there
In there Mr. Joe
Tell the master of puppets
We all said "Hello"
Hello

There's a whole lot of hate
And a whole lot of fighting
Can't even go to Thanksgivin'
Without being divided
I'd naive to believe that either side cared
About me more than power
Enough to keep me aware
I could be under the bombs
Living in mortal panic
But I'm USA born
It's a lucky accident

Oh, man, if you're in there
In there, Mr. Joe
Tell the master of puppets
We all said "Hello"

Oh, man, if you're in there
And it's all just your pride
I guess it's your choice to make
'Cause it sure isn't mine