

Johanna drove slowly into the city
The Hudson River all filled with snow
She spied the ring on His Honor's finger, oh oh oh

A thousand years in one piece of silver
She took it from his lily white hand
Showed no fear, she'd seen the thing
In the Young Men's Wing at Sloan-Kettering

Look outside at the raincoats coming, say oh
Look outside at the raincoats coming, say oh
Ay ay ay ay! Ay ay ay!

His Honor drove southward seeking exotica
Down to the Pueblo huts of New Mexico
Cut his teeth on turquoise harmonicas, oh oh oh

I saw Johanna down in the subway
She took an apartment in Washington Heights
Half of the ring lies here with me
But the other half's at the bottom of the sea

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