

Joey

Intro = 2x | G F C G |

**Verse = 3x C D C G
Em G C C/B Am**

Chorus = 2x G C Am G F C Am

Verse 1

Born in Red Hook, Brooklyn,
in the year of who knows when
Opened up his eyes to the tune of an accordion
Always on the outside of whatever side there was
When they asked him why it had to be that way,
"Well," he answered, "just because."

Verse 2

Larry was the oldest, Joey was next to last.
They called Joe "Crazy," the baby they called "Kid Blast."
Some say they lived off gambling and runnin' numbers too.
It always seemed they got caught between
The mob and the men in blue.

Chorus

Joey, Joey, King of the streets, child of clay.
Joey, Joey,
What made them want to come and blow you away?

Verse 3

There was talk they killed their rivals,
but the truth was far from that
No one ever knew for sure where they were really at.
When they tried to strangle Larry, Joey almost hit the
roof.
He went out that night to seek revenge,
Thinkin' he was bulletproof.

Verse 4

The war broke out at the break of dawn,
it emptied out the streets
Joey and his brothers suffered terrible defeats
Till they ventured out behind the lines
and took five prisoners.
They stashed them away in a basement,
Called them amateurs.

Verse 5

The hostages were tremblin'
when they heard a man exclaim,
"Let's blow this place to kingdom come,
let Con Edison take the blame."
But Joey stepped up,
he raised his hand, said, "We're not those kind of men
It's peace and quiet that we need
To go back to work again."

Chorus

Verse 6

The police department hounded him,
they called him Mr. Smith
They got him on conspiracy; they were never sure who with.
"What time is it?" said the judge to Joey when they met
"Five to ten," said Joey.
The judge says, "That's exactly what you get."

Verse 7

He did ten years in Attica,
reading Nietzsche and Wilhelm Reich
They threw him in the hole one time
for tryin' to stop a strike.
His closest friends were black men
'cause they seemed to understand
What it's like to be in society, With a shackle on your hand.

Verse 8

When they let him out in '71 he'd lost a little weight
But he dressed like Jimmy Cagney and
I swear he did look great.
He tried to find the way back into the life he left behind
To the boss he said, "I have returned
And now I want what's mine."

Chorus

Verse 9

It was true that in his later years he would not carry a gun
"I'm around too many children," he'd say,
"they should never know of one"
Yet he walked right into the clubhouse
of his lifelong deadly foe,
Emptied out the register, said, "Tell 'em it was Crazy Joe."

Verse 10

One day they blew him down in a clam bar in New York
He could see it comin' through the door
as he lifted up his fork.
He pushed the table over to protect his family
Then he staggered out into the streets Of Little Italy.

Chorus

Verse 11

Sister Jacqueline and Carmela
and mother Mary all did weep.
I heard his best friend Frankie say,
"He ain't dead, he's just asleep."
Then I saw the old man's limousine
head back towards the grave
I guess he had to say one last goodbye
To the son that he could not save

Verse 12

The sun turned cold over President Street
and the town of Brooklyn mourned
They said a mass in the old church
near the house where he was born.
And someday if God's in heaven overlooking His preserve
I know the men that shot him down
Will get what they deserve.

Chorus Repeated to Close