

# Harry And Joe

Don Williams

Harry and Joe moved south with their wives  
Enjoying the golden years of their lives  
But life doesn't always give back what it owes  
Suddenly there was just, Harry and Joe.

Now Joe'd been a teacher gentile and calm  
Harry, a teamster with a fuse like a bomb  
Thrown in together by life's crazy whims  
That pepper and salt like their unshaven chins.

Harry and Joe lean to and fro  
They lean on each other wherever they go  
Two lonely fighters doing all that they know  
To get through each day, Harry and Joe,

Harry and Joe, cheating at cards  
In a Florida apartment that smells like cigars  
They brag about grand kids and the wives they love so  
In the late afternoons of Harry and Joe.

Harry and Joe lean to and fro  
They lean on each other wherever they go  
Two lonely fighters doing all that they know  
To get through each day, Harry and Joe.

An ambulance siren from across the backyard  
Joe looks at Harry and deals out the cards

Harry and Joe lean to and fro  
Like they lean on each other wherever they go  
What tomorrow may deal them there's no way to know  
So they get through today, Harry and Joe.

They get through each day, Harry and Joe...