

## Buddy Joe

## Golden Earring

Let me tell you about Buddy Joe  
When he came down from Mexico  
With his pockets full of gold  
With his pockets full of gold

Have you something to declare  
Are you sure there's nothing there  
'Cos if there is, don't say  
You've not been told

Oh, Buddy Joe  
What have they done with the gold  
Well, I don't really know

Well Buddy Joe searched all his life  
Through Mexico, all the riversides  
Not for the money, but for the gold  
He needs to hold

Well Buddy Joe was proud as he was  
Could not stand all the fuss  
When they got to all his gold  
He was ready to go

Oh, Buddy Joe  
What have they done with the gold  
I don't really know

Well you'll understand he didn't stand a chance  
Everybody was shouting commands  
When Buddy Joe split in a hurry  
He was ready to be buried

Oh Buddy Joe  
What have they done with the gold  
I don't really know