

All that I possess is my existence, vagrant more or less
Children on the pave, mither bad, but help me through my day
This borrowed cigarette, for which my heart will leap and it will laugh
A debt to you my friend, I owe but I'm afraid I cant repay

BECAUSE I'M JOE, THE STREET LAMP IS MY HOME
FROM PLACE TO PLACE I LIKE TO ROAM
THE COLD WIND BLOWS RIGHT THROUGH MY BONES
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My barrow I gave away, 'cause the muscle which pulled grew weaker every day
This soldier crossed the sea, but now the maker wages war on me
This heart is still so proud, of all the things the soldier once achieved
But when you're vagrant, man, no-one wants to know about such things

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