

Joe's Place

Joe Nichols

There's a place called Joe's
Where some of us go
When the hard working day is through
Through the neon smoke
We laugh and tell jokes
And throw down a cold one or two
There's a jukebox that's full of records
By Willy, Hagard and Jones
There's a picture of Elvis, and ol' John Wayne
Hanging side by side on the wall

Chorus:

Down at Joe's Place
It's still the old way
Pickled eggs in a jar
And a blue ribbon sign
Ol' boys and bankers
Sitting side by side
Down at Joe's place
Down at Joe's place

Along about midnight
A few hangers on
Are still hanging out at the bar
If the telephone rings
It's an understood thing
Joe don't know where they are
At a table in the corner
There's a young man and an empty chair
His head in his hands, tears in his eyes
And a girlfriends ring lying there

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Joe's place
Let's go to Joe's place