

My Name Joe

Lucy Kaplansky

Joe threw another tantrum
He could not to be understood
He cries like baby Samson
His English is not good

Joe's boss of the kitchen
But on the outside he knows
Low man on the totem's
Wearing giveaway clothes

Joe he fights the good fight
He wears a white uniform
The waiters are all artists
Out chasing unicorns

Joe works fourteen hours
After ten he starts to booze
He gets very sentimental
He sings the buddah blues
Oh, he sings the buddah blues

My name Joe, my name Joe
There is a king in Thailand
And he plays the jazz drum
He has a fine and healthy son
Oh, no I'm not the one, my name Joe

On the wall by the time clock
Joe's beaming from a photograph
Someone drew across his face
The waiters began to laugh

Joe picked up a hatchet
And he tenderized the wall
And when he got through
Time clock wasn't punching anymore

The waiters ran for cover
The maitre'd began to lisp
The drunkard in the corner
Said his lettuce was not crisp

Owner called immigration
Said there's someone you should know
He's an illegal alien
And I think his name is Joe
Oh, I know his name is Joe

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Oh, no I'm not the one, my name Joe

Came the man from immigration
Said, I've got a job to do
Easy questions easy answers

Just point me to the kitchen crew

He asked Leroy from Harlem
He asked Cisco from Mexico
He asked the white trash from Tennessee
They all said my name Joe
My name Joe, my name Joe

The maitre'd he sputtered
The kitchen crew they roared
And while they were arguing
Joe slipped out the back door

On the beach Joe tries to listen
To the heartbeat of a whale
How it echoes his own heartbeat
And the distance he has sailed
Oh, the distance he has sailed

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