

# Hey Joe

Patti Smith

Honey, the way you play guitar makes me feel so  
Makes me feel so masochistic  
The way you go down low deep into the neck  
And I would do anything, and I would do anything and Patty Hearst

You're standing there in front of the Symbionese  
Liberation army flag with your legs spread  
I was wondering will you get it every night  
From a black revolutionary man and his women or whether you really did

And now that you're on the run what goes on in your mind  
Your sisters they sit by the window  
You know your mama doesn't sit and cry and your daddy  
Well you know what your daddy said

Patty, you know what your daddy said  
Patty, he said, he said, he said  
Well, sixty days ago she was such a lovely child  
Now here she is with a gun in her hand

Hey Joe, hey Joe, where're you going with that gun in your hand?  
Hey Joe, I said where're you goin' with that gun in your hand?  
I'm gonna go shoot my ol' lady  
You know I found her messin' around town with another man  
And you know that ain't cool, watch me

Hey Joe, I heard you shot your woman down  
You shot her down to the ground, you shot her  
Yes I did, yes I did, yes I did, I shot her, I shot her  
I caught her messin' round with some other man  
So I got on my truck, I gave her the gun and I shot her  
I shot her, shoot her one more time for me

Hey Joe, where you gonna, where you gonna run to?  
Where you gonna run to, Joe, where you gonna run to ?  
Go get a cover, I'm gonna go down south  
I'm gonna go down south to Mexico

I'm going down, down, down to Mexico where a man can be free  
No one's gonna put a noose around my neck  
No one is gonna give me life, no  
I'm goin' down to Mexico, I'm going down

You're not going to hear 'em stand there  
And look at the stars as big as holes in the arms  
And the stars like a back truck electric flag  
And I'm standing there under that flag with your carbine

Between my legs, you know, I felt so free of death beyond me  
I felt so free, the F.B.I. is looking for me baby  
But they'll never find me, no, they can hold me down like a  
And I'm still on the run and they can speculate what I'm free

But daddy, daddy, you'll never know just what I was feelin'  
But I'm sorry, I am no little pretty little rich girl  
I am nobody's million dollar baby, I am nobody's patsy anymore  
I'm nobody's million dollar baby, I'm nobody's patsy anymore

And I feel so free