

Engine Joe

Slobberbone

Why ya gotta go
And sell your soul?
Why ya gotta talk
About Engine Joe

Like he's some guy
In a fairy tale book?
Everybody knows
That he just cooks

Baked beans and brisket
In a barbecue stand
On the dirty side of town
He's a dirty old man

But he likes his job
More than the rest
Who work with him
And consider him the best

Still he wouldn't care
If you called him a rat
But why ya gotta talk
About Engine Joe like that?

In the very same city
On the other side of town
Lives a funny little lady
And a rodeo clown

And she swears she's
Loved him all her life
He promises one day
He's gonna make her his wife

Have a couple kids
And a little plot of land
Open themselves
Up a barbecue stand

Just like Engine Joe
On the other side of town
Funny little lady
And the rodeo clown

Rodeo clown thinks
That Engine Joe is fat
But still he wouldn't talk
About Engine Joe like that

Guitar

Once upon a time
There was a race car racer
And he had himself
A suped up AMC Pacer

It was shaped like a bubble
But it drove really fast
The racer couldn't drive
So the Pacer, it crashed

Got himself a guy with a truck
That could tow her
Still he said he didn't think
That guy could fix its motor

But that guy, he didn't care
He fixed it just the same
I guess that's how
Engine Joe got his name

Now, he wrangles
Beef in a barbecue stand
Ever since the day
That he mangled his hand

He doesn't care
He just keeps on smokin'
Cigarettes and brisket man
I ain't jokin'