

You Can't Kill Joey Ramone

Sloppy Seconds

No no no
Joey don't go
Hey hey hey
Don't take Joey away

Well I heard it on the TV
So I know it must be true
But I still can't quite believe it
'Cause there's some things you can't do

You can lead a horse to water
But you can't get blood from a stone
And you can lead sheep to the slaughter
But you can't kill Joey Ramone

No no no
Joey don't go
Hey hey hey
Don't take Joey away

Well you can burn your leather jacket
Take the headphones off your head
And you can throw away your records
'Cause rock and roll is dead

You can pawn your Stratocaster
Sell your microphone
We're headed for disaster
'Cause you can't kill Joey Ramone

No no no
Joey don't go
Hey hey hey
Don't take Joey away

Too cool to live
Too tough to die
So much to give
No time to try

No no no
Joey don't go
Hey hey hey
Don't take Joey away

Well now somewhere on the Bowery
There's a gathering of drunks
With a bottle in a brown bag
But not for all the punks

'Cause down at CBGBs
Everybody drinks alone
But save your prayers for DeeDee
'Cause you can't kill Joey Ramone