

Joy

The Sundays

The Lone Ranger sold his wardrobe
The Lone Ranger sold his bad dog
Well you saw him
And you can't hardly know
'Cause times change
I know

On some days he's more than humble
On some days he's cold and mad, mad as hell
Well you saw him
And you can't hardly know
It's so strange
Well I... I know

Those lakes of golden water
Those lakes of gold are all running out
Well you saw him
And you can't hardly know
It's so strange
Well I... I know

Joy, joy, joy
Work, work, work harder
Sure as the hours
Joy, joy, joy
Work, work, work harder
You say