

Ramblin' Joe, Ramblin' Joe



(sung to the tune of Ramblin' Rose)

Ramblin' Joe Ramblin' Joe

when you ramble
no one knows,
what you're saying'
or what you're meanin'
it's so bad that
it blows
Ramblin' Joe, Ramblin Joe
how you got there,
we all know.
Rigged election,
to perfection,
now they tell us,
case is closed.
Ramblin' Joe, Ramblin' Joe
what a circus, what a show,
backroom dealings,
rat finks squealing,
truth is always
first to go.

Ramblin' Joe, Ramblin' Joe
will you make it
or will you go?
Go out early,
through gates pearly
leave behind a
horror show
Ramble on, ramble on
when your ramblin' days are done
we will see you
in the rear view
on your way to
the old folks home.