

## **Bob Dylan**

# **"Diamond Joe"**

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Now there's a man you'll hear about  
Most anywhere you go  
And his holdings are in Texas  
And his name is Diamond Joe.

And he carries all his money  
In a diamond-studded jar  
He never took much trouble  
With the process of the law.

I hired out to Diamond Joe, boys  
Did offer him my hand  
He gave a string of horses  
So old they could not stand.

And I nearly starved to death, boys  
He did mistreat me so  
And I never saved a dollar  
In the pay of Diamond Joe.

Now his bread it was corn dodger

And his meat you couldn't chew  
Nearly drove me crazy  
With the waggin' of his jaw.

And the tellin' of his story  
Mean to let you know  
That there never was a rounder  
That could lie like Diamond Joe.

Now, I tried three times to quit him  
But he did argue so  
I'm still punchin' cattle  
In the pay of Diamond Joe.

And when I'm called up yonder  
And it's my time to go  
Give my blankets to my buddies  
Give the fleas to Diamond Joe.

