

# Bob Dylan

## "Joey"

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Born in Red Hook Brooklyn in the year of who knows  
when  
Opened up his eyes to the tune of an accordion  
Always on the outside whatever side there was  
When they asked him why it had to be that way "Well"  
he answered "just because".

Larry was the oldest Joey was next to last  
They called Joe "Crazy" the baby they called "Kid Blast"  
Some say they lived off gambling and running  
numbers too  
It always seemed they got caught between the mob  
and the men in blue.

Joey, Joey  
King of the streets child of clay  
Joey, Joey  
What made them want to come and blow you away.

There was talk they killed their rivals but the truth was  
far from that  
No one ever knew for sure where they were really at  
When they tried to strangle Larry, Joey almost hit the  
roof  
He went out that night to seek revenge thinking he was  
bulletproof.

The war broke out at the break of dawn it emptied out  
the streets  
Joey and his brothers suffered terrible defeats  
Till they ventured out behind the lines and took five  
prisoners  
They stashed them away in a basement called them  
amateurs.

The hostages were trembling when they heard a man  
exclaim  
"Let's blow this place to kingdom come let Con Edison  
take the blame"  
But Joey stepped up, and he raised his hand and said,  
"We're not those kind of men  
It's peace and quiet that we need to go back to work

again".

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The police department hounded him, they called him  
Mr. Smith  
They got him on conspiracy, they were never sure who  
with  
"What time is it" said the judge to Joey when they met  
"Five to ten" said Joey. The judge says, "That's exactly  
what you get".

He did ten years in Attica, reading Nietzsche and  
Wilhelm Reich  
They threw him in the hole one time for trying to stop a  
strike

His closest friends were black men 'cause they seemed  
to understand  
What it's like to be in society with a shackle on your  
hand.

When they let him out in '71 he'd lost a little weight  
But he dressed like Jimmy Cagney and I swear he did  
look great  
He tried to find the way back into the life he left behind  
To the boss he said, "I've returned and now I want  
what's mine".

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It was true that in his later years he would not carry a  
gun  
"I'm around too many children", he'd say, "they should  
never know of one"  
Yet he walked right into the clubhouse of his lifelong  
deadly foe  
Emptied out his register, said, "Tell 'em it was Crazy  
Joe".

One day they blew him down in a clam bar in New York  
He could see it coming through the doors as he lifted  
up his fork  
He pushed the table over to protect his family  
Then he staggered out into the streets of Little Italy.

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Sister Jacqueline and Carmela and mother Mary all did weep  
I heard his best friend Frankie say, "He ain't dead he's just asleep"  
Then I saw the old man's limousine head back towards the grave  
I guess he had to say one last goodbye to the son that he could not save.

The sun turned cold over President Street and the town of the Brooklyn mourned  
They said a mass in the old church near the house where he was born  
And someday if God's in heaven overlooking his preserve  
I know the men that shot him down will get what they deserve.

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What made them want to come and blow you away.

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