

John Wesley Harding

"Punch 'N' Judy"

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(An outtake that will surface somewhere, at some point...)

The Beadle says I killed them all
My wife, my screaming child
I'm dying in the morning
And they wonder why I smile
So I'll sit and write my memoirs
Of a life upon the stage
And hope to die of middle age

Jim Crow The Abyssinian
Has sung his final song
The Grand Turk of Senoa
Always gets his english wrong
He could just say "Shallaballa"
But he'd say that word three times
And nobody knows my crimes

They'll say that I'm an outlaw
But I tell you, that I'm your friend
You know I'm only in for
Punching Judy again

The radical gentleman
Complained about my bell
I said it was an organ
And I rang that thing like hell
The Objector backed me up on
Any name I said it is
And guess which one of them will live

While riding on my hobby horse
I was overthrown
To the doctor I was sent
To cure my broken bones
He beat me without reason
Til I had to give to him
A taste of his own medicine

They'll say that I'm an outlaw

But I tell you, that I'm your friend
You know I'm only in for
Punching Judy again

The executioner arrives
Jack Ketch is that man's name
He thinks he's gonna hang me
But he doesn't know my game
I can't get my head into his noose
He's gonna show me how
And I'm gonna hang him now

I'm ready for the devil
And I see that he's appeared
Like Mr. Faust before me
I will pull old Satan's beard
So for Toby my old terrier
And everyone of you
I'm gonna kill him too

They'll say that I'm an outlaw
But I tell you, that I'm your friend
You know I'm only in for
Punching Judy again

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