

Lil Johnson

"Winner Joe"

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Joe Louis was born in Alabama
And raised up in Detroit
But he always had that killing blow
Every since he was a boy
So, lay it, Joe!
You got the best blow!

When Joe Louis fought in Chicago
Some bet that he would lose
But when the papers brought the news
He gave that kind the blues
So, lay it, Joe!
You got the best blow!

Levinsky made a few passes
And then he fell to the floor
Then the referee hollered, "Hold it, Joe
For he won't be back no more!"
So, lay it, Joe!
You got the best blow!

(spoken:
Yeah, man, I'm bettin' on Joe!
Got any money?
I'll bet you!)

You all heard about Primo Carnera
They thought he was so good
But Joe started chopping on his head
Like a farmer chopping wood!
So, chop it, Joe!
You got the best blow!

Then Joe walked up to the man mountain
And kindly shook his hand
Then Joe backed up a step or two
And knocked him in the promised land
So, knock it, Joe!
You got the best blow!

Then Joe Louis went to New York

Just to fight that champion Baer
And before the first round ended up
Joe left him layin' there!
So, lay it, Joe!
You got the best blow!

But the Baer, he took it easy
He didn't argue long
He went on back to California
And bought him a cattle farm
He said, "Take it, Joe
You got the best blow!"

(spoken: Who's next?)

Note: music of "Frankie and Johnny".

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