

Steve Goodman

"Watchin' Joey Glow"

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WATCHING JOEY GLOW

by Steve Goodman

Down here in the shelter, we've got everything we
need.
Mom put up her peach preserves, Pa's got a book to
read.
Sister knits some bandages, and we turn the lights
down low
And play some Scrabble, watching Joey glow.

At breakfast Mom hands Joe the bread, and he turns it
into toast.
Last night he hugged a leg of lamb, and soon we had a
roast.
You should see him heat the coffee up when he stirs it
with his toe.
We all get hungry, watching Joey glow.

(BREAK:)

You have to wear dark glasses if you look at him a
while,
Or he'll fry your little eyes out with his incandescent
smile.

At Chistmastime, it sure felt strange, but it was great to
see
The way we decorated Joe as if he was our tree,
And his star was shining brightly underneath the
mistletoe,
So we blew him kisses, watching Joey glow.

(BREAK:)

I hope the world's not over, for my sake and for his.
I'd love for everyone to know how brilliant Joey is.

We've been down here for six months now, and we're
proud to be alive.

We owe it to America to sit here and survive.
So we listen to the static on the short wave radio
And count the shock waves, watching Joey glow

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