

Sunday's Best

"Joy"

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The Lone Ranger sold his wardrobe
The Lone Ranger sold his bad dog
Well you saw him
And you can't hardly know
'cause times change
I know
On some days he's more than humble
Yet on some days he's cold and mad, mad as hell
Well you saw him
And you can't hardly know
[he's/it's] so strange
Well I, I know
[lost legs and gold in wartime]
[and lost legs and gold and we're all running out]
Well you saw him
[but even] you can't hardly know
[he's/it's] so strange
Well I, I know
Joy, joy, joy [run, run and run on, on]
[joyful yells]
Joy, joy, joy [run, run and run on, on]
[joyful yells]
Joy, joy, joy [run, run and run on, on]

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