

Sundays "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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