

# The Johnnys

## "Injun Joe"

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Poor old Injun Joe  
Took on a pissed-off god  
Stealin tribal gold  
Way down in Mexico

Uh huh huh  
Uh huh huh  
Uh huh huh  
Uh huh huh

Joe set off with the gold  
Into the desert land  
His water soon ran out  
His horse died in the sand

Uh huh huh  
Uh huh huh  
Uh huh huh  
Uh huh huh

Just when he thought all hope was lost  
He saw a preacher man  
Well help me preacher please, Joe said  
Preacher turned into a buzzard's head

Uh huh huh  
Uh huh huh  
Uh huh huh  
Uh huh huh

Poor old Joe died that night  
Under the desert moon  
Spoil the child, spare the rod  
Don't ever mess with a pissed-off god

Uh huh huh  
Uh huh huh  
Uh huh huh  
Uh huh huh

Should've looked out Joe, but you went bad  
Should've known, gonna wind up dead

Stealin from your tribe, you know that that is a crime  
Whoa well now folks where I come from  
The would've hanged you for what you done

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