

Spirit Of The West "Puttin' Up With the Joneses"

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Oh no, oh no
Oh no, oh no
Oh no, oh no
Oh no, oh no

Mr. Jones has a little problem
If I had eyes, I'd see that it was me
He's the size of a man with the potential of a boy
Not what God had made a child of His to be

I'm afraid that he'll amount to all of nothing
The joy of reading Yates, he'll never know
And in the rat race twirl of our computer guided world
He stands no chance of winning let alone to place or
show

So, lock him up
Throw away the key, boys
Mr. Jones is not like you or me
Lock him up, tight

'Cuz if he had the chance he might
Show us that we're wrong
And that's the one thing we can't be
Oh no, oh no
Oh no, oh no

Mr. Jones wanted to be married
It seemed like such a cute thing at the time
Two peas in a pod, two of a kind
They'd never have to ask each other, "What is on your
mind?"

It seemed a simple way to make him happy
And happy's such a simple way to be
And if they kept to themselves like two books upon a
shelf
The kind you judge by the cover and never take the
time to read

So, lock 'em up
Throw away the key, boys

The Joneses, they're not like you or me
Lock 'em up, tight

'Cuz if they had the chance they might
Show us that we're wrong
And that's the one thing we can't be
Oh no

Mr. Jones and Mrs. Jones
We're elated to inform you
Though you've failed to meet the standards
We've a place where we'll reform you

It's a ways outside of town
But the distance has its uses
Close enough to make the effort
Far enough to make excuses

Lock 'em up
Throw away the key, boys
The Joneses, they're not like you or me
Lock 'em up, tight

'Cuz if they had the chance they might
Show us that we're wrong
And that's the one thing we can't be
Oh no, oh no
Oh no, oh no

Mrs. Jones wants to have a baby
She says, that as a woman it's her right
Yes, we tried to tell her, I guess that she forgot
When she and Mr. Jones were at the doctor's, tied the
knot

Why can't she just be happy in her own world?
And we can all be happy here in ours
And we can still help out
Even go as far as to stop off at the safe
Way drop some pennies in the jar

So, lock her up
Throw away the key, boys
Mrs. Jones is not like you or me
Lock her up, tight

'Cuz if she had the chance she might
Show us that we're wrong
And that's the one thing we can't be

So, lock 'em up

Throw away the key, boys
The Joneses, they're not like you or me
Lock 'em up, tight

'Cuz if they had the chance they might
Show us that we're wrong
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