

Dylan Bob

"Joey"

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by Bob Dylan and Jacques Levy

Born in Red Hook, Brooklyn, in the year of who knows
when
Opened up his eyes to the tune of an accordion
Always on the outside of whatever side there was
When they asked him why it had to be that way, "Well,"
he answered, "just
because."

Larry was the oldest, Joey was next to last.
They called Joe "Crazy," the baby they called "Kid
Blast."
Some say they lived off gambling and runnin' numbers
too.
It always seemed they got caught between the mob
and the men in blue.

Joey, Joey,
King of the streets, child of clay.
Joey, Joey,
What made them want to come and blow you away?

There was talk they killed their rivals, but the truth was
far from that
No one ever knew for sure where they were really at.
When they tried to strangle Larry, Joey almost hit the
roof.
He went out that night to seek revenge, thinkin' he was
bulletproof.

The war broke out at the break of dawn, it emptied out
the streets
Joey and his brothers suffered terrible defeats
Till they ventured out behind the lines and took five
prisoners.
They stashed them away in a basement, called them
amateurs.

The hostages were tremblin' when they heard a man
exclaim,

"Let's blow this place to kingdom come, let Con Edison take the blame."

But Joey stepped up, he raised his hand, said, "We're not those kind of men.

It's peace and quiet that we need to go back to work again."

Joey, Joey,

King of the streets, child of clay.

Joey, Joey,

What made them want to come and blow you away?

The police department hounded him, they called him Mr. Smith

They got him on conspiracy, they were never sure who with.

"What time is it?" said the judge to Joey when they met

"Five to ten," said Joey. The judge says, "That's exactly what you get."

He did ten years in Attica, reading Nietzsche and Wilhelm Reich

They threw him in the hole one time for tryin' to stop a strike.

His closest friends were black men 'cause they seemed to understand

What it's like to be in society with a shackle on your hand.

When they let him out in '71 he'd lost a little weight

But he dressed like Jimmy Cagney and I swear he did look great.

He tried to find the way back into the life he left behind

To the boss he said, "I have returned and now I want what's mine."

Joey, Joey,

King of the streets, child of clay.

Joey, Joey,

Why did they have to come and blow you away?

It was true that in his later years he would not carry a gun

"I'm around too many children," he'd say, "they should never know of one."

Yet he walked right into the clubhouse of his lifelong deadly foe,

Emptied out the register, said, "Tell 'em it was Crazy Joe."

One day they blew him down in a clam bar in New York

He could see it comin' through the door as he lifted up
his fork.
He pushed the table over to protect his family
Then he staggered out into the streets of Little Italy.

Joey, Joey,
King of the streets, child of clay.
Joey, Joey,
What made them want to come and blow you away?

Sister Jacqueline and Carmela and mother Mary all did
weep.
I heard his best friend Frankie say, "He ain't dead, he's
just asleep."
Then I saw the old man's limousine head back towards
the grave
I guess he had to say one last goodbye to the son that
he could not save.

The sun turned cold over President Street and the town
of Brooklyn mourned
They said a mass in the old church near the house
where he was born.
And someday if God's in heaven overlookin' His
preserve
I know the men that shot him down will get what they
deserve.

Joey, Joey,
King of the streets, child of clay. Joey, Joey, What made
them want to come and blow you away?

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