

## **Goodman Steve**

### **"Watching Joey Glow"**

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WATCHING JOEY GLOW

by Steve Goodman

Down here in the shelter, we've got everything we  
need.

Mom put up her peach preserves, Pa's got a book to  
read.

Sister knits some bandages, and we turn the lights  
down low

And play some Scrabble, watching Joey glow.

At breakfast Mom hands Joe the bread, and he turns it  
into toast.

Last night he hugged a leg of lamb, and soon we had a  
roast.

You should see him heat the coffee up when he stirs it  
with his toe.

We all get hungry, watching Joey glow.

(BREAK:)

You have to wear dark glasses if you look at him a  
while,

Or he'll fry your little eyes out with his incandescent  
smile.

At Chistmastime, it sure felt strange, but it was great to  
see

The way we decorated Joe as if he was our tree,

And his star was shining brightly underneath the  
mistletoe,

So we blew him kisses, watching Joey glow.

(BREAK:)

I hope the world's not over, for my sake and for his.

I'd love for everyone to know how brilliant Joey is.

We've been down here for six months now, and we're proud to be alive.

We owe it to America to sit here and survive.

So we listen to the static on the short wave radio

And count the shock waves, watching Joey glow

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