

Hartford John

"OLD JOE CLARK"

Visit "[OLD JOE CLARK](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Old Joe Clark was a preacher-man
He preached all over the plain
The highest text he ever took
Was a-High, Low, Jack, and a-Game.
Well, he came down to my house
And showed me all of his cards
He whispered low in his gambler's voice
It's really not too hard
I ain't never had no trouble
Just walk around wearing a sheet
Buncha people waving them palm leaves
Just to keep Joe Clark from the heat
Well, Old Joe Clark's got 2 little girls
To wash his feet and sing
"Old Joe Clark", I heard one say
"We'll give you anything"
Let's go down to the church-house
There's a lotta good things goin' down
The crown turns over at 9 o'clock
With the cream of the underground
CHORUS: Well get on down to Canaan brother

There's a lotta good things goin' down
With a little bit of luck and a couple of bucks
You could be down there when the Glory rolls
Wake up brother, there's a new day coming
And it hasn't got time to stop
If'n you got the bread, you could change your head
You could be down there when the Glory rolls
Well I asked old Joe to manage me
So that I could go and sing
He said hurry up, I could wait on him
And he'd help me to do my thing
Now he calls me every hour
When I'm trying to be alone
Just wants to keep me posted
That there's nothin' goin' on

REPEAT CHORUS

Well I need an old Orpheum 5-string
with a 12 inch open back pot
So the next time you go to the attic
Look and see what you got
Or a 12 inch Farland open-back
28 three-eighths inch scale
I wish you'd write and let me know
If'n you got one for sale

REPEAT CHORUS

++ R.I.P. John Hartford ++

Visit [Hartford John](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.