

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Diamond Joe (2)

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There is a man you hear about, most every place you go
His holdings are in Texas, and his name is Diamond Joe
He carries all his money, in a diamond studded jaw
And he's never been much bothered by the process of the law

I hired to Diamond Joe boys, I did offer him my hand
He gave me a string of horses, so old they could not stand
I liked to die of hunger, he did mistreat me so
And I never earned a dollar, in the pay of Diamond Joe

Well his bread it was corndodger, his meat I could not chew
And he drove me near distracted, with the wagging of his jaw
By the telling of this story, I aim to let you know
There never was a rounder, that lied like Diamond Joe

I tried three times to quit him boys, but he did argue so
That I'm still punching cattle, in the pay of Diamond Joe
When I'm called up yonder, when it is my time to go
Give my blankets to my buddies, give the fleas to Diamond Joe

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