

Bluegrass Songs - Lyrics
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A little boy called Joe

In a war torn land of poverty somewhere across the sea
A little boy is waitin' he looks a lot like me
His hair is like the sunlight on the wings of a crow
I don't know whawt they named him, but I'm sure they called him Joe

Just a little boy called Joe like so many more I know
Left all alone somewhere across the sea
I want him to have my name, little Joe mine to claim
A little boy called Joe belongs to me

His mother died to give him life, the night my orders came
I wanted to be with him but war's an evil thing
Now he won't recongnize me but I've got to let him know
He means much more to some one than just a little boy called joe

* Refrain