

Joey
Bob Dylan

This song is off Dylan s 1976 album Desire
Albums: Originally released Desire 1976
1988-Dylan & The Dead, (Live)

Intro: **G F C G** (play two times)

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

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

G C Am
Joey, Jooooooooey,
G Em C Am
King of the streets, child of clay.
G C Am
Joey, Jooooooooey,
G F C G
What made them want to come and blow you away?

(Intro)

C D C G
There was talk they killed their rivals, but the truth was far from that
C D C G
No one ever knew for sure where they were really at.
C D C G
When they tried to strangle Larry, Joey almost hit the roof.
Em G

He went out that night to seek revenge

C **C/B** **Am**
thinkin he was bulletproof.

C **D** **C** **G**
The war broke out at the break of dawn, it emptied out the streets

C **D** **C** **G**
Joey and his brothers suffered terrible defeats

C **D** **C** **G**
Till they ventured out behind the lines and took five prisoners.

Em **G**
They stashed them away in a basement

C **C/B** **Am**
called them amateurs.

C **D** **C** **G**
The hostages were tremblin when they heard a man exclaim,

C **D** **C** **G**
Let s blow this place to kingdom come, let Con Edison take the blame.

C **D** **C** **G**
But Joey stepped up, he raised his hand, said, We re not those kind of men.

Em **G**
It s peace and quiet that we need

C **C/B** **Am**
to go back to work again.

G **C** **Am**
Joey, Joey,

G **Em** **C** **Am**
King of the streets, child of clay.

G **C** **Am**
Joey, Joey,

G **F** **C** **G**
What made them want to come and blow you away?

C **D** **C** **G**
The police department hounded him, they called him Mr. Smith

C **D** **C** **G**
They got him on conspiracy, they were never sure who with.

C **D** **C**
What time is it? said the judge to Joey when they met

Em **G**
Five to ten, said Joey. The Judge says,

C **C/B** **Am**
That s exactly what you get.

C **D** **C** **G**
He did ten years in Attica, reading Nietzsche and Wilhelm Reich
C **D** **C** **G**

They threw him in the hole one time for tryin to stop a strike.
C **D** **C** **G**
His closest friends were black men cause they seemed to understand
Em **G**
What it s like to be in society

C **C/B** **Am**
with a shackle on your hand.

C **D** **C** **G**
When they let him out in 71 he d lost a little weight
C **D** **C** **G**
But he dressed like Jimmy Cagney and I swear he did look great.
C **D** **C** **G**
He tried to find the way back into the life he left behind
Em **G**
To the boss he said, I have returned
C **C/B** **Am**
and now I want what s mine.

G **C** **Am**
Joey, Joey,
G **Em** **C** **Am**
King of the streets, child of clay.
G **C** **Am**
Joey, Joey,
G **F** **C** **G**
Why did they have to come and blow you away?

C **D** **C** **G**
It was true that in his later years he would not carry a gun
C **D** **C** **G**
I m around too many children, he d say, they should never know of one.
C **D** **C** **G**
Yet he walked right into the clubhouse of his lifelong deadly foe,
Em **G**
Emptied out the register, said,
C **C/B** **Am**
Tell em it was Crazy Joe.

C **D** **C** **G**
One day they blew him down in a clam bar in New York
C **D** **C** **G**
He could see it comin through the door as he lifted up his fork.
C **D** **C** **G**
He pushed the table over to protect his family
Em **G**
Then he staggered out into the streets
C **C/B** **Am**
of Little Italy.

C **G** **Am**
Joey, Joey,
G **Em** **C** **Am**
King of the streets, child of clay.
C **G** **Am**
Joey, Joey,
C **F** **C** **G**
What made them want to come and blow you away?

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

C **D** **C** **G**
The sun turned cold over President Street and the town of Brooklyn mourned
C **D** **C** **G**
They said a mass in the old church near the house where he was born.
C **D** **C** **G**
And someday if God s in heaven overlookin His preserve
Em **G**
I know the men that shot him down,
C **C/B** **Am**
they ll get what they deserve.

G **C** **Am**
Joey, Joey,
G **Em** **C** **Am**
King of the streets, child of clay.

G C Am

Joey, Joey,

C F C G

What made them want to come and blow you away?

Finish off with intro X10

Enjoy!