

# Scott Walker, Joe

As old Joe sat a dyin' &#039;  
The baby down the hall was cryin' &#039;  
Somebody had a party goin' &#039; on  
The fat boy you told tales to  
Moved away the other day  
To think with no goodbye  
He could have gone  
A postcard from Sun City  
Was found layin' &#039; by your side  
A kind of desert place  
Where old folks dry away  
You gazed out through the window  
At the wonders of the sky  
As if it were the first time every day

Chorus:

There ain' &#039;t no-one left alive to call me Joe  
You used to say  
No-one left alive  
To call me Joe.

You &#039;ve been beyond the boundaries  
Understood it all  
And thought of nothing  
The ultimate was simple to your eyes  
Just watch the world make madness  
As the youth cried their replies  
An old man knows far better than to try.  
They say towards the end  
You hardly left your shabby room  
Where once you loved to go  
\*Walkin' &#039;  
Thru' &#039; the day  
Sit back and watch a spider  
Weave your window  
&#039;Cross the moon  
And meals on wheels  
Laughed kindly  
When you &#039;d say  
There ain' &#039;t no-one left alive to call me Joe  
To call me Joe  
No-one left alive to call me Joe.