

Joey

When Joey set out on his path, everything seemed so clear.
When he came to a bend in the road, he felt a tingle of fear.

He had to make a good decision, or he could just disappear -
Joey suffered a sin of pride, he did not see, he could not hear.

Joey said to his friend one day, 'come on over here'.
I want you to sign your name in black and white, the problem's
going to disappear.

Joey didn't know what he was doing, he had his eyes on the prize.
It seems he'd never learned when crossing the road, to look left and
right.

Lo and behold, it turns out, the problem had not disappeared
The cross had been placed in the other box, he said 'I'm feeling
weird'.

He packed his bags and got out of town, headed for the coast.
He'd better keep his head down now, if he comes back - he's toast.

Joey didn't know what he was doing, he had his eyes on the prize
Seems he'd never learned when crossing the road, to look left and
right.

This is a political song.