

Al Stewart, Joe The Georgian

Now I've got my payment
For the service that I gave
They've given me my ticket
To this place beyond the grave
I suppose it's kind of funny
I suppose it's kind of sad
Thinking back on all the times we had

But it's kind of hot and smoky
In this ante-room to Hell
And I won't make up a story
'Cause you know the truth so well
It's much too late to worry
That we never had a chance
And when Joe the Georgian gets here
We will dance, dance dance
When Joe the Georgian gets here
We will dance

We all set off together
On this sorry ship of state
When the captain took the fever
We were hijacked by the mate
And he steered us through the shadows
Upon an angry tide
And cast us one by one over the side

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There's Kamenev, Zinoviev
Bukharin and the rest
We're sharpening our pitchforks
And we're heating up the ends
We've got a few surprises
For the mate when he appears
I hope he likes the next few million years

And it's kind of hot and smoky
In this anteroom to Hell
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We will dance, dance dance
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