

# 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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'Cause you know the truth so well  
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That we never had a chance  
And when Joe the Georgian gets here  
We will dance, dance dance  
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