

# Joe Nichols, Joe's Place

There's a place called Joe's  
Where some of us go  
When the hard working day is through  
Through the neon and smoke  
We laugh and tell jokes  
And throw down a cold one or two  
There's a jukebox that's full of records  
By Willie, Haggard and Jones  
There's a picture of Elvis and ol' John Wayne  
Hanging side by side on the wall

Down at Joe's place  
It's still the old way  
Pickled eggs in a jar  
And a blue ribbon sign  
Ol' boys and bankers  
Sitting side by side  
Down at Joe's place  
Down at Joe's place

Along about midnight  
A few hangers on  
Are still hanging out at the bar  
If the telephone rings  
It's an understood thing  
Joe don't know where they are  
At a table in the corner  
There's a young man and an empty chair  
His head in his hands. tears in his eyes  
And a girlfriend's ring lying there

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