

Johnny Horton, Joe's Been A Gettin' There

There was a Yankee Colonel
In 1862
Who fell in Love with a Southern Belle
Where the Sweet Magnolia Bloom
He wondered why folks laughed at him
When He went riding by
But little did he know that she was
a-courting on the side

Joe's Been A-gettin' there
Joe's been a-flyin
Joe's been a gettin there
All this time
Joe's been a-gettin' there
Joe's been a-flyin
Joe's been a-gettin' there
Beatin' his time

He walked her up the mountain
He named it to her there
he offered her a band of gold
and his name to share
She said that she would marry him
and even set the day
but little did he know that
she loved a soldier boy in grey

Joe's Been A-gettin' there
Joe's been a-flyin
Joe's been a gettin there
All this time
Joe's been a-gettin' there
Joe's been a-flyin
Joe's been a-gettin' there
Beatin' his time

She took the love he offered
She took his silver too
She took every little thing from
Colonel dressed in blue
She wouldn't let him hold her
In a fond embrace and
When he tried to kiss his bride
She laughed right in his face

Joe's Been A-gettin' there
Joe's been a-flyin
Joe's been a gettin there
All this time
Joe's been a-gettin' there
Joe's been a-flyin
Joe's been a-gettin' there
Beatin' his time

He woke up one morning
and found himself alone
And all she left was a letter
that said:
"Good-bye, farewell, I'm gone"
No doubt he was a mighty man
Where the heroes fell
But all is fair in love and war
and he lost his southern belle

Joe's Been A-gettin' there
Joe's been a-flyin
Joe's been a gettin there
All this time
Joe's been a-gettin' there
Joe's been a-flyin
Joe's been a-gettin' there
Beatin' his time