

# Patti Smith, Hey Joe

Sixty days

Honey, the way you play guitar makes me feel so, makes me feel so masochistic. the way you go o

Hey joe

Hey joe, where're you going with that gun in your hand ?

Hey joe, I said where're you goin' with that gun in your hand

I'm gonna go shoot my ol' lady,

You know I found her messing around town with another man

And you know that ain't cool, watch me.

Hey joe, I heard you shot your woman down,

You shot her down to the ground, you shot her.

Yes I did, yes I did, yes I did I shot her, I shot her,

I caught her messin' round with some other man,

So I got on my truck, I gave her the gun and I shot her,

I shot her, shoot her one more time for me.

Hey joe, where you gonna, where you gonna run to,

Where you gonna run to, joe, where you gonna run to ?

Go get a cover.

I'm gonna go down south, I'm gonna go down south to mexico,

I'm going down, down, down to mexico where a man can be free

No one's gonna put a noose around my neck,

No one is gonna give me life, no.

I'm goin' down to mexico, I'm going down.

You're not going to hear 'em stand there

And look at the stars as big as holes in the arms

And the stars like a back truck electric flag

And I'm standing there under that flag with your carbine

Between my legs, you know I felt so free of death beyond me

I felt so free, the f.b.i. is looking for me baby,

But they'll never find me, no, they can hold me down like a

And I'm still on the run and they can speculate what I'm fee

But daddy, daddy, you'll never know just what I was feelin',

But I'm sorry I am no little pretty little rich girl,

I am nobody's million dollar baby, I am nobody's patsy anymore

I'm nobody's million dollar baby, I'm nobody's patsy anymore

And I feel so free.