

# The Sundays, Joy

The Lone Ranger sold his wardrobe  
The Lone Ranger sold his bad dog  
Well you saw him  
And you can't hardly know  
'Cause times change  
I know

On some days he's more than humble  
On some days he's cold and mad, mad as hell  
Well you saw him  
And you can't hardly know  
It's so strange  
Well I... I know

Those lakes of golden water  
Those lakes of gold are all running out  
Well you saw him  
And you can't hardly know  
It's so strange  
Well I... I know

Joy, joy, joy  
Work, work, work harder  
Sure as the hours  
Joy, joy, joy  
Work, work, work harder  
You say