

# Spirit Of The West, Puttin' Up With The Joneses

Oh no (Oh no) Oh no (Oh no, no, no)  
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Mr. Jones has a little problem  
If I had eyes I'd see that it was me  
He's the size of a man with the potential of a boy  
Not what god had meant a child of it's to be  
I'm afraid that he'll amount to all of nothing  
The joy of reading Yeats he'll never know  
And In the rat race twirl  
Of our computer guided world  
He stands no chance of winning  
Let alone to place a show so...

Lock him up and throw away the key boys  
Mr. Jones is not like you or me  
Lock him up tight cause if he had the chance he might  
Show us that we're wrong and that's the one thing we can't be  
Oh no (Oh no) Oh no (Oh no, no, no)

Mr. Jones wanted to be married  
It seemed like such a cute thing at the time  
Two peas in a pod, two of a kind  
Who'd never have to ask each other:  
&quot;What is on your mind?&quot; ('What's on your mind')  
It seemed a simple way to make them happy  
And happy's such a simple way to be  
And if they kept to themselves like two books upon a shelf  
The kind you judge by the cover  
And never take the time to read

So lock 'em up and throw away the key boys  
The Joneses they're not like you or me  
Lock 'em up tight cause of they had the chance they might  
Show us that we're wrong and that's the one thing we can't be  
Oh no...

Mr. Jones and Mrs. Jones we're elated to inform you  
Though you've failed to meet the standards  
We've a place where we'll reform you  
It's a ways outside of town  
But the distance has its uses  
Close enough to make the effort  
Far enough to make excuses

Lock 'em up and throw away the key boys  
The Joneses they're not like you or me  
Lock 'em up tight cause if they had the chance they might  
Show us that we're wrong and that's the one thing we can't be  
Oh no (Oh no) Oh no (Oh no, no, no)

Mrs. Jones wants to have a baby  
She says that as a woman it's her right  
Yes we tried to tell her I guess that she forgot  
When she and Mr. Jones were wed  
The doctor's tied the knot  
Why can't she just be happy in her own world  
Then we can all be happy here in ours  
We could still help out, even go as far  
As to stop off at the Safeway, drop some pennies in the jar so...

Lock her up and throw away the key boys  
Mrs. Jones is not like you or me  
Lock her up tight cause if she had the chance she might

Show us that we're wrong and that's the one thing we can't be so  
Lock 'em up and throw away the key boys  
The Joneses they're not like you or me  
Lock 'em up tight cause if they had the chance they might  
Show us that we're wrong and that's the one thing we can't be  
Oh no (Oh no) Oh no (Oh no, no, no) Oh no (Oh no) Oh no (Oh no, no, no) heeyyyyyy