

Buddy Joe

Golden Earring

Let me tell you about Buddy Joe
When he came down from Mexico
With his pockets full of gold
With his pockets full of gold

Have you something to declare
Are you sure there's nothing there
'Cos if there is, don't say
You've not been told

Oh, Buddy Joe
What have they done with the gold
Well, I don't really know

Well Buddy Joe searched all his life
Through Mexico, all the riversides
Not for the money, but for the gold
He needs to hold

Well Buddy Joe was proud as he was
Could not stand all the fuss
When they got to all his gold
He was ready to go

Oh, Buddy Joe
What have they done with the gold
I don't really know

Well you'll understand he didn't stand a chance
Everybody was shouting commands
When Buddy Joe split in a hurry
He was ready to be buried

Oh Buddy Joe
What have they done with the gold
I don't really know