

Joey, Joey, Joey

Peggy Lee

Joey, Joey, Joey
Joey, Joey, Joe
You've been too long in one place
And it's time to go, time to go!

Joey, Joey, Joey
Joey, traveled on
You've been too long in one town
And the harvest time's come and gone.
That's what the wind sings to me
When the bunk I've bunkin' in
Gets to feelin' too soft and cozy,
When the grub they're been cookin' me
Gets to tastin' too good,
When I've had all I want
Of the ladies in the neighborhood.
She sings:

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And it's time to go, time to go!
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