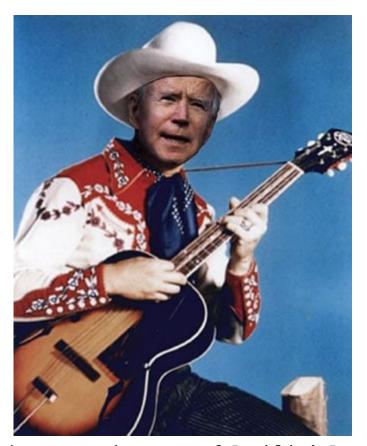
Ramblin' Joe, Ramblin' Joe



(sung to the tune of Ramblin' Rose) Ramblin' Joe Ramblin' Joe when you ramble no one knows, what you're saying' or what you're meanin' it's so bad that it blows Ramblin' Joe, Ramblin Joe how you got there, we all know. Rigged election, to perfection, now they tell us, case is closed. Ramblin' Joe, Ramblin' Joe what a circus, what a show, backroom dealings, rat finks squealing, truth is always first to go.

Ramblin' Joe, Ramblin' Joe will you make it or will you go? Go out early, through gates pearly leave behind a horror show Ramble on, ramble on when your ramblin' days are done we will see you in the rear view on your way to the old folks home.