

## **HEY JOE (JOE 6-PACK)**

7-20-15  
(#57)

1. **As you wander day-to-day, in a daze through the haze,  
stumbling past your purpose unseen.  
As if ninety-percent dense, without a sense of common sense,  
still can't figure what the puzzle pieces mean.**

**REFRAIN 1: Hey Joe, don't you know your 6-pack's showin'  
— not the one you don't have in our abs.  
Hey Joe, just where do you think you're goin'  
still not knowin' someone's there keepin' tabs. \***

2. **Don't we love the bread & circus, never noticing how worthless  
it comes out on the adding machine.  
Slaving for the next injection, of vanity without reflection  
of haste and waste that makes this hollow dream. \***
3. **Do you sometimes want to wake up, to the real things that make up  
real life, real love, real livin'.  
Can you 'casionally see a spark, that tends to light insight in the dark,  
of value packs beyond mere "gettin' & givin' ". \***
4. **Have you made the grade in your world, small regrets, big debts, weekend girl  
Is that all ? The shallow, empty and blind ?  
Is there nothin' more, that's it ? You'll settle for that little bit ?  
Afraid to take a real look at what you might find —  
. . . your whole life digging for treasures of the wrong kind.**

**[REPEAT REFRAIN 1, AND ADD]:**

**REFRAIN 2: Hey Joe, do you go where the wind's blowin',  
any which-way it happens to blow ?  
Hey Joe, what about that 6-pack showin'  
everywhere inside that box you go ?  
Hey Joe, what . . . [FADE OUT]**

**[END]**

Written: July 20, 2015 [G, P, Y]

\* Repeat REFRAIN 1 at end of every verse