

Down at Dominican Joe's

April 15, 2010
In flight Orlando-Austin

Wake up, wake up, the coffee's on,
Trouble is brewing too
Can't you hear that deadwood sound
Calling me and you?
Get up, get up, get your game face on
Listen where the ill wind blows
It's a fine morning to heed the warning
Down at Dominican Joe's

A A
A D
E E
D A
A A
A D
E E
D A

(then descending D E A)

It was one by land and two by sea
With the redcoats on the way
Now the greenback boys with their blindfold toys
Are closing in every day
Get yourself up, keep your powder dry
Ain't no time to doze
There's plenty to do for me and you
Down at Dominican Joe's

Butterfly girl at the top of the world
Chained to a redwood tree
While the rainbow warriors snack on tuna
Keeping the dolphins free
But who the big wheels will flatten next
Ain't nobody knows
No time to slumber, pick a number
Down at Dominican Joe's

Thank the farmer, thank the soil
Thank the rising sun
That warms the kid who guards the bank
With a chainsaw and a gun
Sign the paper, join the march
Roll your car windows down
Do what you can, just see the man
Down at Dominican Joe's

D A
E A
D A
D E

This old marble's been spinning round
Long as I can recall
Wall Street whores and sandbox wars
Ain't slowed it down at all
But don't bet long on the robin's song
When the Amazon is froze
Ask the buck dancer if he's got an answer
Down at Dominican Joe's

A lament for the fate of the embattled earth. I don't know who Dominican Joe was or might be
but I'm confident he would fight for the planet over capital.