

Dolores O'riordan

"Joe"

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There was a time, I was so lonely. (away)
Remember the time, It was a Friday. (away)
You made me feel fine, We did it my way. (away)
I sat on your knees, every Friday. (away)

(We walked in fields of golden hay)
I still recall you.
(We walked in fields of golden hay)
I see you in the summer.

Joe, Joe

I sat on your chair by the fire. (away)
Transfixed in a stare taking me higher. (away)
Precious years to remember. (away)
Childhood fears I surrender. (away)

(We walked in fields of golden hay)
I still recall you.
(We walked in fields of golden hay)
I see you in the summer.

Joe, Joe

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