

Cranberries, The

"Joe"

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There was a time I was so lonely. Remember the time, it
was a Friday.
You made me feel fine, we did it my way.
I sat on your knees every Friday.
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...
You sat on your chair by the fire.
Transfixed in a stare, taking me higher.
Precious years to remember. Childhood fears I
surrender.
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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