Joe

Lita Ford

Twenty-one, so young and tender but blue
I remember, I remember laughing for no reason with you
Laughing
Sharing a bottle on the stairs
That led to your wooden room
Full of cigarettes and green glass bottles
Yesterday's meal by the matress on the floor
Where we danced...
In the garden below your window
Where I first began to know
To know you
Joe
Whisper the memory but not too loud
Remember the symphony when we were allowed, to play?
Touch my hand, show me how, stroke my brow
I need to know now that I can dance with you
I wanna dance with you, I wanna dance
Like I did when I first began to know you, Joe
A now I gotta say
I think I wanna ride
I think I'm gonna fly along on your magic carpet
I think I wanna ride
I think I'm gonna fly along on your magic carpet
So I'm sittin' here with the sun about to smile

About to show it's face and take away my little fantasy
Break out the phonograph, play some "Billie" for me
One more time before I go
Let it shine, shine, shine, shine on me
I think I wanna know, wanna know you, Joe
I think I wanna ride
I think I'm gonna fly along on your magic carpet
I think I wanna ride
I think I'm gonna fly along on your magic carpet
I think I wanna ride
I think I'm gonna fly along on your magic carpet
Sit down in the back room
And throw me over the bar
Fly me up to your sky, moon

A-now
A-beep-bop-ba-da-dee-yah
A-what?
Oh, that's it
I know it sounds kinda crazy
I think I wanna know, wanna know you, Joe
Yeah!
I think I wanna ride
I think I'm gonna fly along on your magic carpet
I think I wanna ride
I think I'm gonna fly along

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