

Happiness Is A Thing Called Joe

[Ella Fitzgerald](#)

Skies ain't gonna cloud no more, the crops ain't gonna fail
Caught a blue bird by the toe, a rainbow by the tail
A certain man with eyes that shine
Voodooed up this heart of mine It seem like happiness is just a thing called Joe
He's got a smile that makes the lilac wanna grow
He's got a way that makes the angels heave a sigh
When they know little Joe's passing by Sometime the cabin's gloomy and the table bare
Then he'll kiss me and it's Christmas everywhere
Troubles fly away and life is easy go
Does he love me good? That's all I need to know
Seem like happiness is just a thing called Joe Little Joe
Little Joe

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