

Happiness is a Thing Called Joe

Oscar Peterson

It seem like happiness is just a thing called Joe
He's got a smile that makes the lilacs want to grow
He's got a way that makes the angels heave a sigh
When they know little Joe's passing by Sometimes the cabin's gloomy and the table's bare
But 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
Seems like happiness is just a thing called Joe Sometimes the cabin's gloomy and the table's bare
But 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
Seems like happiness is just a thing called Joe Little Joe, my little Joe
Little Joe

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