

Happiness Is A Thing Called Joe

[Nancy Wilson](#)

It seems like happiness is just a thing called Joe
He's got a smile that makes the lilac wanta 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
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, little Joe, little Joe

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