

# Happiness Is a Thing Called Joe

[Abbey Lincoln](#)

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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