

Lita Ford, Joe

(Ford, Holiday, Carter, Dennison)

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

Yesterdays meal by the mattress 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 Im gonna fly along on your magic carpet

I think I wanna ride

I think Im gonna fly along on your magic carpet

So Im sitting here with the sun about to smile

About to show its 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

*chorus

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, thats it

I know it sounds kinda crazy

I think I wanna know, wanna know you, Joe

Yeah!

*chorus