

The Cranberries, Joe

There was a time, I was so lonely (away)
Remember the time, It was a Friday (away)
You made me feel fine, We did it my way (away)
I sat on your knees, every Friday (away)

(We walked in fields of golden hay)
I still recall you
(We walked in fields of golden hay)
I see you in the summer

Joe, Joe

I sat on your chair by the fire. (away)
Transfixed in a stare taking me higher (away)
Precious years to remember (away)
Childhood fears I surrender (away)

(We walked in fields of golden hay)
I still recall you
(We walked in fields of golden hay)
I see you in the summer

Joe, Joe