## 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