

# Bette Midler, Happiness Is A Thing Called Joe

It seem like happiness is just a thing called Joe.  
He's got a smile that makes the lilacs want to 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,  
But 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.  
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But 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, my little Joe, little Joe.