

Dolores O'Riordan, 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