

Ella Fitzgerald, Happiness Is A Thing Called Joe

It seem like happiness is jus' a thing called Joe
He got a smile that make the lilac wanna grow
He got a way that make the angels heave a sigh
When they know little Joe's passing by
Sometime the cabin gloomy and the table bare
Soon he kiss me and it's Christmas everywhere
Trouble fly away and life is easy go
Does he love me good? That's all I has to know
Seem like happiness is jus' a thing called Joe

[Repeat above]

Little Joe, little Joe... little Joe