

# Lita Ford, Joe

(Ford, Holiday, Carter, Dennison)

Twenty-one, so young and tender but blue  
I remember, I remember laughing for no reason with you, laughing

Sharing a bottle on the stairs  
That led to your wooden room  
Full of cigarettes and green glass bottles  
Yesterdays meal by the mattress on the floor  
Where we danced...  
In the garden below your window  
Where I first began to know  
To know you  
Joe

Whisper the memory but not too loud  
Remember the symphony when we were allowed, to play?  
Touch my hand, show me how, stroke my brow  
I need to know now that I can dance with you  
I wanna dance with you, I wanna dance  
Like I did when I first began to know you, Joe  
A now I gotta say

\*I think I wanna ride  
I think Im gonna fly along on your magic carpet  
I think I wanna ride  
I think Im gonna fly along on your magic carpet

So Im sitting here with the sun about to smile  
About to show its face and take away my little fantasy  
Break out the phonograph, play some &&quot;Billie&&quot; for me  
One more time before I go  
Let it shine, shine, shine, shine on me  
I think I wanna know, wanna know you, Joe

\*chorus

Sit down in the back room  
And throw me over the bar  
Fly me up to your sky, moon  
A-now, A-beep-bop-ba-da-dee-yah  
A-what? Oh, thats it  
I know it sounds kinda crazy  
I think I wanna know, wanna know you, Joe  
Yeah!

\*chorus