

# Billy Joel, Blonde Over Blue

Some days when I'm far away  
In a lonely room in a cold seclusion  
Some nights when I'm wound so tight  
There is no release, there is no solution  
In hell there's a big hotel  
Where the bar just closed and the windows never opened  
No phone so you can't call home  
And the T.V. works, but the clicker is broken  
But in the darkness I see your light turned on  
You know my weakness, you know how I respond to

Blonde over blue...your hands are cold, your eyes are fire  
Blonde over blue...they shine as though you're burning inside  
One word from you is all I need to be inspired  
Blonde over blue...I need your inspiration tonight

These days there's a million ways  
To be pulled and torn, to be misdirected  
These times there are sins and crimes  
On the morning shows for the disconnected  
I look and I write my book  
And I walk away with the wrong impressions  
I don't care 'cause I've done my share And I need some time for my own obsessions  
It doesn't matter, I've let that life go by  
It's been forgotten 'cause all I wanted was you

Blonde over blue...your hands are cold, your eyes are fire  
Blonde over blue...they shine as though you're burning inside  
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These days not a damn soul prays  
And there is no faith 'cause there's nothing to believe in  
These days only good luck pays  
If we don't get paid then we try to get even  
I look and I write my book  
And I have my say and I draw conclusions  
Some nights when I'm wound so tight  
There is no release there is no solution  
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