

Deacon Blue, Goodnight Jamsie

Fergus sings the Blues
In bars of twelve or less
I'm a stranger
To the land
To this wilderness
All
Things are possible
But happen less and less
This
Is my country
These
Are my reasons
`Cause I look
In the mirror
And it throws
Back the question
And I whisper in words
That beg
An answer
Tell me
Can
This white man sing the blues
Home
Sick James
My biggest
Influence
Tell
Me why
James and Bobby Purify
I'm lost
In music
Sweet
Soul music
This
Is my country
These
Are my reasons
`Cause I look
In the mirror
And it throws
Back the question
And I whisper in words
That beg
An answer
Yes I look
In the mirror
And it throws
Back the question
And I whisper in words
That beg
An answer
Tell me
Can
This white man sing the blues
From the north coast
To the uplands
Stay on the left side of the white lines
From the Campsies
Over Christmas
I still dream of Memphis
`Cause I look
In the mirror
And it throws
Back the question

And I whisper in words
That beg
An answer
I got the blue blue world
And I see
The blue blue sky
I got
I got the blue blue ocean
In
My blue eye
So tell me
Can
This white man sing the blues