

# Jackie Lomax, Blue World

Words like poison arrows  
Hurt me to the marrow  
They say that lovers must quarrel sometimes  
That's all we seem to do  
Ask me the colour of this world of mine  
I'd say it was blue

Nights of awkward silence  
Living lives of pretence  
They say that lovers must quarrel sometimes  
That's all we seem to do  
Ask me the colour of this world of mine  
I'd say it was blue  
Yeah  
I'd say it was blue  
I'm living in a blue world

Blue Monday's just another day  
When every day's the same  
I need a brighter way  
Just a lighter shade of blue

Birds of different feather  
Cannot live together  
They that lovers must quarrel sometimes  
That's all we seem to do  
Ask me the colour of this world of mine  
I'd say it was blue  
I'd say it was blue  
I'm living in a blue world