

Kristy Lee Cook, Blue

Blue

Oh, so lonesome for you
Why can't you be blue over me

Blue

Oh, so lonesome for you
Tears fill my eyes til I can't see

Three o'clock in the morning

Here am I

Sitting here so lonely
So what's my good cry

Blue

Oh, so lonesome for you
Why can't you be blue over me

Now that it's over

I realize

Those weak words you whisper
Were nothing but lies

Blue

Oh, so lonesome for you
Why can't you be blue over me
Why can't you be blue over me