

# Louise Hoffsten, When The Blue Is Gone

The burning cigarette guarded  
Your mouth from me kissing you  
With your hands in your pockets declaring  
That it's all over and through  
The coldness in your eyes says  
I should have left long ago

When the blue is gone  
When the blue is gone  
I'll go to places unknown

The one thing I'll always remember  
Is your back I wanted to hold  
I know every scare, every birthmark  
The only language it spoke  
All dressed up in an armoured suit  
I know I'll never get through

When the blue is gone  
When the blue is gone  
I'll bury the memories and  
Kiss them good bye  
And give it another try