

Lucinda Williams, Blue

Go find a jukebox and see what a quarter will do
I don't wanna talk I just wanna go back to blue
Feed's me when I'm hungry and quenches my thirst
Loves me when I'm lonely and thinks of me first

Blue is the color of night
When the red sun
Disappears from the sky
Raven feathers shiny and black
A touch of blue glistening down her back

We don't talk about heaven and we don't talk about hell
We come to depend on one another so damn well
So go to confession whatever gets you through
You can count your blessings I'll just count on blue

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Blue