

Neil Diamond, Song Sung Blue

Song sung blue, everybody knows one
Song sung blue, every garden grows one

Me and you are subject to
The blues now and then
But when you take the blues
And make a song
You sing 'em out again
You sing 'em out again

Song sung blue, weeping like a willow
Song sung blue, sleeping on my pillow
Funny thing,
But you can sing it with a cry in your voice
And before you know it get to feeling good
You simply got no choice

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