

Piotr Polk, Learnin' the blues

The tables are empty - the dance floor's deserted
You play the same love song - it's the tenth time you've heard it
That's the beginning - just one of the clues
You've had your first lesson - in learnin' the blues
The cigarettes you light - one after another
Won't help you forget her- and the way
that you love her
You're only burning- a torch you can't lose
But you're on the right track - for learnin' the blues
When you're at home alone,
the blues will taunt you- constantly
When you're out in a crowd,
the blues will haunt your memory
The nights when you don't sleep-
the whole night you're crying
You just can't forget her- soon you even stop trying
You'll walk the floor- and wear out your shoes
When you feel your heart break - you're learnin' those blues