

The Beautiful South, Little Blue

(Heaton/Rotheray)

You can't write a novel from a briefcase
You can write a poem from a trench
You can dream a dream from A to B
But you can't catch a bus from a bench

You don't back a horse called Striding Snail
You don't name your boat Titanic II
So why when I see your happy smiling face
Do I always end up singing Little Blue

Little Blue, how do you do
Your smile looks like heaven
but your eyes hold a storm about to brew
Little Blue
How can a flower so pretty
be so laden down with dew
Little Blue

How can a flower so beautiful
be so laden down with dew
Little Blue

You can't build a brewery on a cemetery
You can build a pub on a church
And people fall quicker than buildings do
You have to decide what comes first

You don't call a plane the Flying Roman
'Cause the Romans always walked and never flew
So why when I see your happy smiling face
Do I always end up singing Little Blue

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but your eyes hold a storm about to brew
Little Blue
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Well Bukowski wrote a story from a barstool
And Keats from the top of a hill
So I'm going to save my special song for you
From a grave where it's quiet and it's chill

'Cause there's a queue of clouds assembled
On the horizon of your smile
When most think that you're holding back
I know you're holding bile

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