

Alison Moyet, Almost Blue

Almost blue
Almost doing things we used to do
There's a boy here and he's almost you
Almost all the things that your eyes once promised
I see in his too
Now your eyes are red from crying

Almost blue
Flirting with this disaster became me
It named me as the fool who only aimed to be

Almost blue
It's almost touching it will almost do
There's a part of me that's always true...always
Not all good things come to an end now it is only a chosen few
I've seen such an unhappy couple

Almost me
Almost you
Almost blue