

# 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