

# Barry Manilow, Blue

When nights are long, I think of you  
Could you be blue, as blue as I am  
When lovers passed, do you feel blue  
And wish you knew, where we went wrong  
I like to call, but I'm afraid to find  
That I'm not on your mind, all night long  
When sundays come, what gets you through  
Are you still glad your free  
Or are you blue like me  
When nights are long  
It seem so long, so very long  
I think of you  
My heart is aching, and I'm all so blue  
Could you be blue  
As blue as those eyes of yours  
As blue as I am  
My sweet, sweet baby  
When lovers pass  
And now that spring is here  
Do you feel blue  
What'll I do with out you  
And wish you knew  
Where we went wrong  
With out you to walk with or jog with  
I like to call  
I'm starring at the sun  
But I'm afraid I'll find  
That I'm not on you mind, all night long  
When sundays come, what get me through  
Are you still glad your free  
Or are you blue like me  
Blue like me