

# Beautiful South, The, Little Blue

Beautiful South, The  
Blue Is The Colour  
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 pretty

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

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

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

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 pretty

Be so laden down with dew

Little blue