

Catherine Feeny, Mr. Blue

Mr. Blue,
I told you that I love you
Please believe me

Mr. Blue,
I have to go now, darling
Don't be angry

I know that you're tired
Know that you're sore and sick and sad for some reason
So I leave you with a smile
Kiss you on the cheek
and you will call it treason

That's the way it goes some days
A fever comes at you without a warning
And I can see it in your face
You've been waiting to break since you woke up this morning

Mr. Blue,
Don't hold your head so low
That you can't see the sky

Mr. Blue,
It ain't so long since you were flying high

Mr. Blue,
I told you that I love you
Please believe me