

Dance Hall Crashers, Mr. Blue

You've had all the breaks
Learning from your mom's mistakes
Eating off your daddy's plate
Spending all your wasted taste
You can't see past your gate
Once I saw you dip your toe
Past the line at the end of the road
But frightened you came running home

You've had all the luck
They fought it out for you
Without them you'd be stuck
They held your hand to walk through
Don't forget you're bored
And that's your only problem
Times for you ain't tough
Try showing them some gratitude

Oh quit your whining
It's so boring
Play the victim and
Keep me yawning
How do you expect me to believe the scene that you're describing

Hey there Mr Blue
I'm hurting just by listening to what you've been through
Poor baby, oh what did they do to you
Whoa poor old Mr Blue

Inside your white fence
The glass house you've created
Things are getting tense
Don't feel appreciated
Glance out of your window
It looks like sun to me
But you just count the clouds
Sigh and beg for sympathy

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It's so boring
Play the victim and
Keep me yawning
How do you expect me to believe the scene that you're describing

Hey there Mr Blue
I'm hurting just by listening to what you've been through
Poor baby, oh what did they do to you
Whoa poor old Mr Blue

You could sit there forever
Blaming others but never
Allowing things to get better
You keep trying
And maybe you should just give up

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How do you expect me to believe you

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Hey there Mr Blue

Hey there Mr Blue

What did they do to you

Whoa poor old Mr Blue