

Dwight Yoakam, A World Of Blue

Green, green leaves falling down
From the tops of tall, tall trees
Touch ground near what just might be the single clue

Red, red drops that drip out
From the bottom of my heart
Must mean that I'm living in a world of blue

BRIDGE:

There's not one golden sign
That the sun will ever shine
Even the clouds have assumed a darker hue
That fact that daylight's only trace
Reflects off tear streaks across my face
Must mean that I'm living in a world of blue

It must mean that I'm living in a world of blue