

# Foreigner, Blue Morning, Blue Day

Out in the street it's 6 am, another sleepless night  
Three cups of coffee, but I can't clear my head from what went down last night  
I know we both have our own little ways, but somehow we keep it together  
You hear me talk, but you don't hear what I say, I guess it don't even matter

Blue morning, blue day, won't you see things my way?  
Blue morning, can't you see what your love has done to me?

I've always listened to your point of view, my ways I've tried to mend  
And I've always been a patient man, but my patience has reached its end  
You tell me you're leaving, you tell me goodbye  
You say you might send a letter  
Well honey don't telephone, cause I won't be alone  
I need someone to make me feel better

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Blue morning, blue morning  
Blue morning, blue morning  
Blue morning, blue morning  
Blue, blue, blue day, yeah