

# Harry Connick Jr., Buried In Blue

The sun sets red with rage  
White clouds float by  
Like high cotton  
Blank as an empty page  
Blue is a color buried  
Not forgotten

Sweet as mother's milk  
And clear as the wind  
Wrap the dead in a pleat of silk  
Blue is the color to be buried in

When you left  
Leaving nothing behind  
There's no one to blame  
No criminal, no crime  
You can report a missing person  
But not a stolen heart  
And I'm missing a person  
To whom stealing was an art

The painting's complete  
The brush strokes dry  
I hear a band playing  
A bent note or two  
I guess someone died  
And just wants to be  
Buried in blue