

Jewel, Louisa & Her Blue Guitar

A naked thigh has much to talk about
If it's just approached right.
Just like girls who talk too much
In crowded barrooms like last night.
Just like our lisa, ain't that right?
Conversations overheard,
Sacred silver dollars become petty change.
Suddenly red lipstick finds itself
On the wrong side of her age.
Just like our lisa, ain't that strange?

And washed nylons bleed dirty tears
From a stranger's window pane.
The red light cannot change the mood
Of the blue guitar that's played. blue guitar.

The sound of painted nails are playing.

Hi-ho silver, add another glass.
Good intentions can beat up sick attention
And louisa finishes last.
"oh goody, ain't life a blast."
Hollow glance.
May I have this dance?
The face's been worn and thin
'cause she's been wishing on too many stars again.
Washed nylons bleed dirty tears
>from a stranger's window pane.
The red light cannot change the mood
Of the blue guitar that's played.
Blue guitar.
Blue guitar.
Get in the car.

James reach, jewel lyric archive