

John Porter, Black With The Blues

She never said where she was going
Never gave a sign of why or when
In fact she kept her mouth more tightly shut
Than those cracks on our bedroom wall

I guess she just flew out the window
And kissed goodbye to it all

My heart it must have stopped beating
God knows there wasn't much life at the end
Now I spend my days in this haunted house
Without even a cockroach to call my friend

I'm going black with the blues
And the blues are black again

All the gold dust has turned to tinsel
Once it all shimmered now it's a haze
I even ran down to the station
But it seems I was too late

I'm going black with the blues
And the blues are black again
I'm going black with the blues
And the blues are back again