

# John Porter, In the blue room

She said, Oh Daddy-O  
It's time to go-go  
Broke all the glass  
And you move too slow  
She said, Oh Daddy-O  
There's no more rodeo  
You look so pale  
Like you aint gonna last

I'm sitting, I'm sitting  
In the Blue room

Packed up my broken heart  
Put it in my leather bag  
She got a red mouth  
But a heart so black  
A certain kind of bitterness  
When you know the words  
Forget that language, the words  
You use so hurt

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It's time to go-go  
Breaking all the glass  
And moving too slow  
She said, Oh Daddy-O  
No more rodeo  
You look so pale  
Like you aint gonna last

In the Blue Room