

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