

Joni Mitchell, Mister Blue

What's the story, Mr. Blue
Did she pull the rug from under you
Did she chop your dreams up two by two
And kick them out the door
I could sympathize you, son
But pity words stick to my tongue
And sorry words have all been sung
So many times before

Oh, Mr. Blue, you blew your chances long ago
Oh, Mr. Blue, you're through
Quit acting like you didn't know

Hang on one more day or two
Then I promise I'll be laying you
Odds that she's found someone new
While you stand around and rust
She don't need no part-time man
With no part-time answer, understand
She don't want an hour's fall of sand
For a lifetime full of dust

Oh, Mr. Blue, you blew your chances long ago
Oh, Mr. Blue, you're through
Quit acting like you didn't know

Mr. Blue, you missed the shot
Didn't turn out quite the way you thought
It would, I'll bet, cause you got caught
Out playing Donald Juan
She's got polish, she's got class
And someday when on the street you pass her house
You'll wonder why the grass
Looks greener on her lawn

Oh, Mr. Blue, you blew your chances long ago
Oh, Mr. Blue, you're through
Quit acting like it isn't so