

# Michael Bublé (Michael Buble), Learnin' The Blues

The tables are empty  
The dance floor's deserted  
You play the same love song  
It's the tenth time you've heard it  
And that's the beginning  
Just one of those clues  
You've had your first lesson  
In learning the blues

The cigarettes you light  
One after another  
Won't help you forget her  
Or the way that you love her  
You're only burning  
A torch you can't move  
But you're on the right track  
For learning the blues

When you're at home alone  
The blues will haunt you constantly  
When you're out in a crowd  
The blues will haunt your memory  
The nights when you don't sleep  
The whole night you're crying  
But you can't forget her  
Soon you'll stop trying  
You'll walk the floor  
And wear out your shoes  
When you're feeling your heart break  
You're learning the blues