

Michael Franks, Mr. Blue

We touched like watercolour fawns
In landscapes painted by Cezanne
Like lovers floating painted by Chegall
But you and I were you-I then
We thought the rush would never end
We thought the sky, the sky would never fall
We lived we loved we laughed we cried
We'll never die, and now I think of you
And I change right into Mr Blue
You say your lover buys you lace
I say he's fine, I like his face
I guess you still think love will conquere all
I know, but it's not what you think
I only hope it stays in sync
I only want, I want to wish you well