

Mike Scott, Blues For You Baby

Well, Mister Saxman, how do you do ?
There's nobody here but me and you
You've been blowin' all night I know and you need your sleep
But before you go to bed, man, make me weep

You played a blues for your baby
Now play a blues for me
You played a blues for your baby
Now play a blues for me

Aw Mister Saxman, don't be shy
Don't be complainin that your mouth is dry
I got a bottle of something right here in my coat
Stone guaranteed to lubricate your throat

You played a blues for your baby
Now play a blues for me
You played a blues for your baby
Now play a blues for me

Now Mister Saxman I know you play your horn
Like every shred of your soul was tattered and torn
You can make it sound like crying,
You make it sound like a full flood of tears
Bring that thing over here
Let me hear you play it for the lost and lonely
Play it for the tricked and misused
Let me hear you play it for every storm-blown disappointed soul
For every heart that's been abused
Let me hear you play it for all the women in the world
- and make it blue
And Mister Saxman play it for me
Because I'm hurting too

You played a blues for your baby
Now play a blues for me
You played a blues for your baby
Now play a blues for me