

Patsy Cline, Blue

Blue

Oh, so lonesome for you
Why can't you be blue over me?

Blue

Oh, so lonesome for you
Tears fill my eyes 'till I can't see
Three o'clock in the mornin, here am I
Sitting here so lonely, so lonesome I could cry

Blue

Oh, so lonesome for you
Why can't you be blue over me?
Now that it's over, I realized
Those weak words you whispered, were nothing but lies

Blue

Oh, so lonesome for you
Why can't you be blue over me?
Why can't you be blue over me?