

The Supremes, The Blue Room

(Richard Rodgers/LorentzHart)

We'll have a blue room
A new room, for two room
Where every day's a holiday
Because you're married to me

Not like a ballroom
A small room, a hall room
Where you can smoke your pipe away
With my wee head upon your knee

We will thrive on, keep alive on
Just nothing but kisses
With Mister and Misses
On little blue chairs

I'll wear my trousseau
And Robinson Crusoe
Is not so far from worldly cares
As our blue room far away upstairs

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