

# The Waterboys, 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