

Men

"Blue Town"

Visit "[Blue Town](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Somebody woke you up with a letter.

Picture postcards hanging on the wall.

Five long years, it seemed it was forever.

It's funny how he sounds so desperate when he calls.

You've been walking on dry grass now.

Time to leave this poor blue town.

Hell, your man screams vengeance when he can.

He lifts his hand to greet you again.

And the sun never felt so good, those keys warm in
your hand.

His bottle on the table, empty where it stands.

You cannot hide those red eyes now.

Time to leave this poor blue town.

You've tried to heal and hide those scars,

Traveling up your legs so far

And knock, knock, knocking inside your head,

Gonna turn your platinum hair to red.

Now you're never scared no more, no more.

You can't believe you're used to this tug of war.

Closing time and all is sound.

A good time to leave this poor blue town.

And when he wakes and looks around,

Standing in this poor blue town

Visit [Men](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.