

Chris Seefried

"Denim Blue"

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"DENIM BLUE"

C.Seefried

Denim Blue the color of what's breaking
In the morning two fine people are waking
They think they need a change
Cause they can't seem to break through
Their both stuck in the same old...

Denim Blue is faded like the sky
Tears came falling
The colors all ran dry
Now they both feel alone
You know sometimes we all do
When we're stuck in the same old Denim Blue

And I believe
The hours between
Waking up and growing old

Should be spent with
Crazy days
And things you'd never change
And in the end your story will be told

Like a dancer dancing in her room
She turned her back on a dream before she took a bow
She walks over to the window
And waves down at the avenue
She thinks she's like to go and find herself...

A banker who knows what's in his pockets
He can reach in and always have something to hold
They may be tearing at the fringes
May need to loosen a stitch or two
But he feels good in the same old Denim Blue

Denim Blue the color of what's breaking
In the morning two fine people are waking
Some things you can't change
But you can change your point of view
They feel good in the same old Denim Blue

Oh yeah Denim Blue

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