

Black 47

"40 Shades of Blue"

Visit "[40 Shades of Blue](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Oh it's midnight on the Bowery and your feet are
soakin' wet
And you've drank your last brass farthin'
You'd sell your soul for a cigarette
And the sounds from CBGB's are comfortin' to you
Then you think of the green fields of Ireland
And you feel 40 shades of blue
Ah you're back on the drink since September
And your head feels like a sieve
And you know that you're goin' from bad to worse
But you just don't give a shit
And the hymns from the Sally Army sound heavenly
and true
Then you think of your friends and your family
And you feel 40 shades of blue
Ah you've got a great future behind you
But you're goin' nowhere fast
Just up and down the Bowery from Canal Street to old
St Marks
And you wonder what she's up to now
Did she really find somebody new
Ah how the hell could she just walk out like that
On your 40 shades of blue
And you wonder how it came to this
Was it always in the cards
Coz workin' is for idiots
And you love the smell of bars
And the letters that you sent back home
Were full of all the things you'd done
But they don't say you're down there on Bleecker Street
With your hand out on the bum
Now the dawn's comin' up on the Bowery
And you're heartsick and soakin' wet
With your tongue hangin' out for some Irish Rose
You'd sell your soul for a cigarette

Visit [Black 47](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.