

## **Ella Fitzgerald "Blue Room"**

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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 missus  
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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