

Ella Fitzgerald

"Blue Room, The"

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We'll have a blue room
A new room for two room
Where ev'ry day's a holiday
Because you're married to me.
Not like a ballroom
A small room, A hall room
Where I can smoke my pipe away
With your wee head upon my knee.
We will thrive on, keep alive on
Just nothing but kisses
With Mister and Missus
On little blue chairs.
You sew your trousseau
And Robinson Crusoe
Is not so far from worldly cares
As our blue room far away upstairs

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