

Hank Thompson

"Blue Skirt Waltz"

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BLUE SKIRT WALTZ

Writers Mitchell Parish, Vaclav Blaha, R.S. Dvorsky

I wandered alone one night, till I heard an orchestra
play I met you where lights were bright, and people
were care-free and gay You were the beautiful lady in
blue, I was in heaven just waltzing with you You thrilled
me with strange delight, then softly you stole away
Chorus: I dream of that night with you, Lady when first
we met We danced in a world of blue, How can my
heart forget Blue were the skies, and blue were your
eyes, just like the blue skirt you wore Come back blue
lady, come back, Don't be blue any more

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