

Bryan White

"The Waltz Of The Blue Devils"

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Richard Bryant

All the lovelorn on the blue Avenue
Stamp their feet and ask me why haven't you
Been around to see them today?
I shrug, I smile, I roll my good eye
And here's what I say
I thought I saw her up by the chimney tops
Drinking beer and tossing forget-me-nots
To the crowded sidewalks below
I can't be sure, but it sure looked a lot like
The dear friend we know
But then I walk and I crawl to your basement
And offer my shoulder to pillow your chin
You raise yourself slowly up on one elbow
And say let the waltz of the blue devils begin!
And we dance like demons down in the furnace room
Spill red wine, green weed we might burn us some
Spin around and hold on real tight
We strut, we glide and we dance the Waltz of
The Blue Devils Tonight!

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