

Jackie Lomax "Blue World"

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Words like poison arrows
Hurt me to the marrow
They say that lovers must quarrel sometimes
That's all we seem to do
Ask me the colour of this world of mine
I'd say it was blue

Nights of awkward silence
Living lives of pretence
They say that lovers must quarrel sometimes
That's all we seem to do
Ask me the colour of this world of mine
I'd say it was blue
Yeah
I'd say it was blue
I'm living in a blue world

Blue Monday's just another day
When every day's the same
I need a brighter way
Just a lighter shade of blue

Birds of different feather
Cannot live together
They that lovers must quarrel sometimes
That's all we seem to do
Ask me the colour of this world of mine
I'd say it was blue
I'd say it was blue
I'm living in a blue world

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