

# Joni Mitchell

## "Mister Blue"

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What's the story, Mr. Blue?  
Did she pull the rug from under you?  
Did she chop your dreams up two by two  
And kick them out the door?

I could sympathize you, son  
But pity words stick to my tongue  
And sorry words have all been sung  
So many times before

Oh, Mr. Blue, you blew  
Your chances long ago  
Oh, Mr. Blue, you're through  
Quit acting like you didn't know

Hang on one more day or two  
Then I promise, I'll be laying you  
Odds that she's found someone new  
While you stand around and rust

She don't need no part-time man  
With no part-time answer, understand  
She don't want an hour's fall of sand  
For a lifetime full of dust

Oh, Mr. Blue, you blew  
Your chances long ago  
Oh, Mr. Blue, you're through  
Quit acting like you didn't know

Mr. Blue, you missed the shot  
Didn't turn out quite the way you thought  
It would, I'll bet 'cause you got caught  
Out playing Donald Juan

She's got polish, she's got class  
And someday when on the street you pass her house  
You'll wonder why the grass  
Looks greener on her lawn

Oh, Mr. Blue, you blew  
Your chances long ago

Oh, Mr. Blue, you're through  
Quit acting like it isn't so

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