

Deacon Blue "Fergus Sings The Blues"

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Fergus sings the blues
In bars of twelve or less
I'm a stranger
To the land
To this wilderness

All
Things are possible
But happen less and less
This
Is my country
These
Are my reasons

'Cause I look
In the mirror
And it throws
Back the question

And I whisper in words
That beg
An answer

Tell me
Can
This white man sing the blues?

Home
Sick James
My biggest
Influence

Tell
Me why
James and Bobby purify?

Lost
In music
Sweet
Soul music

This

Is my country
These
Are my reasons

'Cause I look
In the mirror
And it throws
Back the question

And I whisper in words
That beg
An answer

Yes, I look
In the mirror
And it throws
Back the question

And I whisper in words
That beg
An answer

Tell me
Can
This white man sing the blues?

From the north coast
To the uplands
Stay on the left side of the white lines

The campsites
Over Christmas
I still dream of Memphis

'Cause I look
In the mirror
And it throws
Back the question

And I whisper in words
That beg
An answer

I got the blue, blue world
And I see
The blue, blue sky

I got
I got the blue, blue ocean
In
My blue eye

Tell me
Can
This white man sing the blues?

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