

Michael Peterson

"Blue"

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Tomorrow is on the run
Today is under the gun
The whole things comin to a boil
The beach is covered up with oil

I've got a heart that's true
I do all I can do
There's no escaping you
Blue

Earth buzzing like killer bees
Can't see the forest for the trees
Lady luck is out of town
Uneasy feeling going around

Round and round in your greedy game
Looking for where to put the blame
Aint it a shame

Security is like the wind
One minute here then gone again
For every dream of what could be
Another cold reality

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