

Fitzgerald Ella "Blue Room"

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We'll have a blue room

A new room for two room

Where ev'ry day's a holiday

Because you're married to me.

Not like a ballroom

A small room, A hall room

Where I can smoke my pipe away

With your wee head upon my knee.

We will thrive on, keep alive on

Just nothing but kisses

With Mister and Missus

On little blue chairs.

You sew your trousseau

And Robinson Crusoe

Is not so far from worldly cares

As our blue room far away upstairs

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