

Angus Stone "The Blue Door"

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Blew in from the storm
He'd been riding for days
Came home to find his lover
In another man's gaze

Now, some kill for whiskey
Some kill for dimes
Some kill for nothing
He killed for the heartless crime

Of gold like the blue door
You lost your way
But all he ever wanted was her touch
But all he ever knew was all that much

Her cotton candy sugared lips
Does make the boys fall to bits
But when she walks you best behave
You best be ready to fall into her grave

Of gold like the blue door
You lost your way
But all he ever wanted was her touch
But all he ever knew was all that much

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