

South

"Little Blue"

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You can't write a novel from a briefcase,
you can write a poem from a trench,
you can dream a dream from A to B,
but you can't catch a bus from a bench.

You don't back a horse called Striding Snail,
you don't name your boat Titanic II.
So why when I see your happy smiling face,
do I always end up singing Little Blue.

Little Blue, how do you do.
Your smile looks like heaven,
but your eyes hold a storm about to brew.
Little Blue,
how can a flower so pretty,
be so laden down with dew.
Little Blue,
how can a flower so beautiful,
be so laden down with dew.
Little Blue.

You can't build a brewery on a cemetery,
you can build a pub on a church,
and people fall quicker than buildings do,
you have to decide what comes first.

You don't call a plane the Flying Roman,
'cause the Romans always walked and never flew.
So why when I see your happy smiling face,
do I always end up singing Little Blue.

Little Blue, how do you do.
Your smile looks like heaven,
but your eyes hold a storm about to brew.
Little Blue,
how can a flower so pretty,
be so laden down with dew.
Little Blue,

Well Bukowski wrote a story from a barstool,
and Keats from the top of a hill.

So I'm going to save my special song for you,
from a grave where it's quiet and it's chill.

'Cause there's a queue of clouds assembled
on the horizon of your smile.
Where most think that your holding back,
I know your holding bile.

Little Blue, how do you do.
Your smile looks like heaven,
but your eyes hold a storm about to brew.
Little Blue,
how can a flower so pretty,
be so laden down with dew.
Little Blue,
how can a flower so beautiful,
be so laden down with dew.
Little Blue.

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