

## Fordyce

### "The Blue Room"

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We'll have a blue room, a new room, for two room.  
Where every day's a holiday, because you're married  
to me.

Not like a ball room; a small room, a hallroom,  
Where you can smoke your pipe away, with my wee  
head upon your knee.

We can thrive on, keep alive on, just nothing but kisses,  
We're mister and missus, on our little blue chair,

I'll wear\* my trousseau, and Robinson Crusoe  
Is not so far from worldly cares, as our blue room far  
away upstairs.

\*originally: sew

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