

Hamilton Sisters

"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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