

Holt Hopkins Band

"Your Blue Door"

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Your blue door that I walked through before

First Sunday kiss I could not resist

Well, have you come to tell the truth?

Are you tired of roaming too?

Would you go around with me?

Would you take me out at two or three?

Would you lie to me with the cheapest form of flattery?

Surprise me and read between my lines

Three shades of red when I heard what you said

White knuckle road, I'm going down

Would you go around with me?

Would you kick me out at two or three?

Would you lie to me with the cheapest
[Incomprehensible] flattery?

Surprise me and read between my lines

Between my lines

Your blue door, it won't let them in anymore

And wind blowing through your screen

The candle's burning clean

I'm not green, I'm not green

Would you go around with me?

Would you take me out at two or three?

Would you lie to me with the cheapest form of flattery?

Surprise me and read between my lines

Your blue door that I walk through once more

Your red ripe fruit, all hell breaks loose

Would you go around with me?

Would you kick me out at two or three?

Would you lie to me? Will I be your favorite
[Incomprehensible]?

Surprise me and read between my lines

Between my lines

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