

# The Blue Door

Angus Stone

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

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