

Blonde Over Blue

Billy Joel

Some days when I'm far away
In a lonely room in a cold seclusion
Some nights when I'm wound so tight
There is no release, there is no solution
In hell there's a big hotel
Where the bar just closed and the windows never opened
No phone so you can't call home
And the T.V. works, but the clicker is broken
But in the darkness I see your light turned on
You know my weakness, you know how I respond to

Blonde over blue...your hands are cold, your eyes are fire
Blonde over blue...they shine as though you're burning inside
One word from you is all I need to be inspired
Blonde over blue...I need your inspiration tonight

These days there's a million ways
To be pulled and torn, to be misdirected
These times there are sins and crimes
On the morning shows for the disconnected
I look and I write my book
And I walk away with the wrong impressions
I don't care 'cause I've done my share And I need some time for my own
obsessions
It doesn't matter, I've let that life go by
It's been forgotten 'cause all I wanted was you

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These days not a damn soul prays
And there is no faith 'cause there's nothing to believe in
These days only good luck pays
If we don't get paid then we try to get even
I look and I write my book
And I have my say and I draw conclusions
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