

Truly, True Blue

Bob Geldof

When the red rose
Bursts its blooming bud
And pouring out its thorny golden blood
I'll be true blue

When the cold and brittle late October sky
Crystallizes, snaps and cracks then shatters over you
And the heat on Henry Street

Melts the tar beneath your feet

That bubbles up and then gets stuck to you
And the trees hang heavy with their fruit and rain
That hovers threateningly over you
Then I'll be truly true blue