

## Blues For Janice

Chris Rea

She picks up the lost souls  
Kills their fear  
And takes them home.  
She wraps them in tenderlove  
And she mends their broken bones.

When Janice smiles  
I swear the angels sing  
There's a lucky soul  
On every road she's been

So when the clouds  
Blow hard and bring the rain  
I will hear your voice  
And see your face again  
Each rising moon  
With remember, what you done,  
Bless you...  
Janice blue.

She's the type so hard to find  
On this dark and dangerous way  
She hears a cry for mercy  
And she listens what it says.

When Janice smiles  
I swear the angels sing  
There's a lucky soul  
On every road she's been

So when the clouds  
Blow hard and bring the rain  
I will hear your voice  
And see your face again.  
Each rising moon  
With every setting sun.  
I will remember, what you done.  
Bless you...  
Janice blue.