

Blue Woman

Courtney Marie Andrews

Winter, he's on our front porch
Laying down a sheet of snow
Me, I'm in our big brass bed laying in all my sorrows

'Cause I am a blue woman
I am a blue woman
And you are my blue man

Good old winter, he's got me dreamin'
Of my first home, the burning southwest
So I lay here through the quiet morning
Countin' on dreams I can't quite grab
When countin' dreams is all I have

'Cause I am a blue woman
I am a blue woman
And you are my blue man
Honey, you are my blue man