This Blue

Greg Brown

When I woke up last night, I was still here,

Your lipstick on my knees and on the mirror,

It said, in red, toodle-doo,

Now I'm this blue.

Well, there's a dog out by the lamp post, cold but free,

Just enjoyin' doin' what you did to me,

Screwdriver does it to the screw,

Now I'm this blue (this blue, how blue, so blue).

I was sad before I met you, baby, so what the hey,

Every little ride through Joyville must end some day,

I got off, you did too,

Now I'm this blue.

Ah, honey, you can keep what's in my pockets, but send

back my pants,

Send my little heart back if you get a chance,

It don't mean a thing to you,

And I'm this blue.

It don't mean a thing to you,

And I'm this blue.

(blue as my new Ovation guitar, baby, is too....)

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