

Color of the Blues

John Prine

Up above me are the skies like the twinkle in your eyes
These things are the color of the blues
In the mail your letter came, the ink and paper looked the same
Yes, blue must be the color of the blues

Bluebird sitting in the tree seems to sympathize with me
For he's not singing like he used to do
The pretty waters in the sea feel as cold as you left me
Yes, blue must be the color of the blues

There's a rainbow overhead with more blue than gold and red
Blue must be the color angels choose
A blue dress you proudly wore when you left to return no more
Yes, blue must be the color of the blues

Blue days come and blue days go, how I feel nobody knows
Life is mighty empty without you
There's a blue note in each song that I sing since you are gone
Yes, blue must be the color of the blues
Yes, blue must be the color of the blues