Blue

Lisa Mitchell

Your hands weren't as blue
As you told me they were
Oh, you've been painting all those things
Like some kind of bowerbird

And your lips are
And your hands
I can't stop checking in the mirror
I can't stop checkin'

And I keep waking up in the night
I keep examining my body
I can't stop checkin' in the mirror
I better think of something

'Cause I'm turning
Am I turning?
Am I turning?
Am I turning?

I think I don't feel the same
On the back of my neck
I better think of something
I better think

But your lips are
And your hands
I can't stop checking in
I can't stop checkin'

And I keep waking up in the night
I keep examining my body
I can't stop checkin' in the mirror
I better think of something

'Cause I'm turning
Am I turning?
Am I turning?
Am I turning?
Am I turning?

Your hands weren't as blue
As you told me they were
But I think I'm turning
I think I'm

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