

## Mr. Blue

Michael Franks

We touched like watercolour fawns  
In landscapes painted by Cezanne  
Like lovers floating painted by Chegall  
But you and I were you-I then  
We thought the rush would never end  
We thought the sky, the sky would never fall

We lived we loved we laughed we cried  
We'll never die, and now I think of you  
And I change right into Mr Blue  
You say your lover buys you lace  
I say he's fine, I like his face  
I guess you still think love will conquere all  
I know, but it's not what you think  
I only hope it stays in sync  
I only want, I want to wish you well  
(2x)