

Blue Desert

Sailor

Betty Grable on the wall keeps my cabin warm
From Casablanca down to Rio, she won't feel the storm
I only joined the fleet for places and girls I hadn't see
I didn't think of all the lonely nights we spend between
Blue desert, blue desert
Wish that I was far away from this blue desert
My only oasis is the bright harbour town
But they're just distant places and
I never know where I'm bound

Gazing out my porthole view in hopes of sighting land
But just another blue horizon hides the burning sand
I should have stayed behind wherever the girls were good to me
Instead of turning back again to face that lonely sea
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Blue desert
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...