Congo Blue

Tom Robinson

Smalltown city on a weekday evening
The pubs are shutting and the streets are heaving
Looking for a little bit of late night twisting
Hear the muffled thumping of a big sound system
Bass in the bowels of a crowded bar
Squeeze through the beefcake steaming in the dark
My friends are restless, talking by the door
But I'm dazzled by the flash and razzle on the dancefloor

Blue, blue, Congo Blue...
Blue, blue, Congo Blue...

Sweating and deafened in the strobing light
Transfixed by a vision in the northern night
Your face so radiant, full of animation
Dancing and glancing with a hint of flirtation
Knowing, and flowing with amazing grace
Shirt hanging down, flapping over your waist
Can't help laughing, got a hard attack, 'cause you're
Grinning and singing and you're looking right back, I said

Blue, blue, Congo Blue... do you really mean it
Blue, blue, Congo Blue... are you laughing at me

Never imagined I'd run into you here
Here of all places after all these years
All my life I've been waiting, aching
Too many nights of searching, hurting
Summoning the courage up to bridge that gap
Walk right over and begin to chat, just
Wishing I was fitter now, wishing I was younger
Wishing I could hide my raging hunger

Blue, blue, Congo Blue... do you really mean it
Blue, blue, Congo Blue... are you laughing at me

Save the last dance for me
Save your last dance for me

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