

## 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