

BLUES IN THE MORNING

Blues in the morning, blues at noon

Blues in September, December and June

Blues in Salalah and in Bahrain

Blues in the desert and in misty rain

Blues on the ceiling, blues on the floor

Blues in Toronto, and in Baltimore

Blues in Cape Town, and Johannesburg

Walking down the street, or just sitting on the curb

Chorus (B1): Blues in the belfry, hanging upside down

Buzzards up above, circling around

Each waking moment and each breath I take

I tried your spicy chili, now I got a stomach ache

Blues in Cairo, walking by the Nile

Let's rent a felucca and have dinner in style

I no longer care what anyone thinks

Let's drive out to Giza and stand by the Sphinx

Blues in Melbourne, blues in Perth

Blues at twilight, blues at birth

Lost in the Outback, dying of thirst

You won't be the last, you were not the first

Chorus (B2): Blues for billy goats and whooping cranes

I like omelettes, you like quiche Lorraine

I wait by the window, I'm walking the floor

Told me you loved me, then showed me the door.

Blues in the kitchen, and in the fridge
Blues in the Bronx, and on the Brooklyn Bridge
Blues with the Yankees, blues with the Mets
I guess I forgot to remember to forget

Blues in Barbados, and in Belize,
Look at that falcon way up in the breeze
No one to turn to, no one to call
I had the world on a string, then I lost it all

Chorus (B3): Blues at St. Catherine's and Sharm el Shaikh
With every meal, in breath you take
Time is rocket, blasting out of sight
Blues at sunrise, blues in the night

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FINE

