

Blues For Janice

Chris Rea

She picks up the lost souls
Kills their fear
And takes them home.
She wraps them in tenderlove
And she mends their broken bones.

When Janice smiles
I swear the angels sing
There's a lucky soul
On every road she's been

So when the clouds
Blow hard and bring the rain
I will hear your voice
And see your face again
Each rising moon
With remember, what you done,
Bless you...
Janice blue.

She's the type so hard to find
On this dark and dangerous way
She hears a cry for mercy
And she listens what it says.

When Janice smiles
I swear the angels sing
There's a lucky soul
On every road she's been

So when the clouds
Blow hard and bring the rain
I will hear your voice
And see your face again.
Each rising moon
With every setting sun.
I will remember, what you done.
Bless you...
Janice blue.