

Blue Turns To Grey

Cliff Richard

Well, now that she is gone
You won't feel bad for long
For maybe just an hour or
Just a moment of the day

Then blue turns to grey
And try as you may
You just don't feel good
And you don't feel alright

And you know that
You must find her
Find her, find her

You think you'll have a ball
And you won't hurt at all
You'll find another girl
Or maybe more to pass the time away

Then blue turns grey
And try as you may
You just don't feel good
And you don't feel alright

And you know that
You must find her
Find her, find her

And you know that
You must find her
Find her, find her

She's not home when you call
So you then go to all
All the places where she likes to be
But she has gone away

Then blue turns to grey
And try as you may
You just don't feel good
And you don't feel alright

And you know
That you must find her
Find her, find her

Blue turns to grey
Blue turns to grey
Blue turns to grey
Blue turns to grey