

Killing the Blues

Deacon Blue

I was counting the blues like a rhythm machine
Making a list of bad places that I'd ever been
Bad women who sold me bad friends who told me
Fat times that withered too lean

The whisky was sour, the music was stale
Love was a joke and freedom was a jail
It seemed the next bar was a distance too far
I looked up and you were my bail

Ray-gun smile won't you stay for a while
Feels like you'll always be news
It looks like your face is the only good news
Stay with me your killing the blues

I've got no car outside and no house in the hills
The keys to no kingdom and no magic cure
There's nothing more real than the way I feel
Whatever you find here is yours

Well there's only one place that we have to go
And lonely is all that we've got to lose
Out there its bad weather lets stay close together
Well stay with me your killing the blues

Stay with me your killing the blues
Whatever you've got I can use
Whatever you're saying the game is, I'm playing
Stay with me your killing the blues