

## 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