

Blue Skirt Waltz

Hank Thompson

I wandered alone one night,
till I heard an orchestra play
I met you where lights were bright,
and people were care-free and gay
You were the beautiful lady in blue,
I was in heaven just waltzing with you
You thrilled me with strange delight,
then softly you stole away

I dream of that night with you,
Lady when first we met We danced in a world of blue,
How can my heart forget B
lue were the skies, and blue were your eyes,
just like the blue skirt you wore
Come back blue lady, come back,
Don't be blue any more