

Blue Prelude

Judy Garland

Let me sigh, let me cry when I'm blue,
Let me go 'way from this lonely town.
Won't be long till my song will be true,
'Cause I know I'm on my last go round.

All the love I could steal, beg, or borrow
Wouldn't heal all this pain in my soul.
What is love but a cradle to sorrow,
With a heartbreak ahead for your goal.

here I go,
Now I know why I'm leaving,
Got the blues,
How can I lose?
Goodbye!