

The Little Blue Man

Petula Clark

One morning while I was out shopping,
though you'll find it hard to believe,
a little blue man came out of the crowd
and timidly tugged at my sleeve.

I wuv you, I wuv you, said the little blue man,
I wuv you, I wuv you to bits,
I wuv you, he loved me, said the little blue man, and scared me
out of my wits.

I hurried back to my apartment,
I rushed in and I closed the door,
but there on my desk stood the little blue man,
who started to tell me once more.

Chorus... I wuv you For weeks after that I was haunted, though
no one could see him but me,
right by my side was the little blue man,
wherever I happened to be.

I wuv you

One evening in wild desperation,
I rushed to a rooftop in town
and over the side pushed the little blue man,
who sang to me on the way down,
I wuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuvvvvv yoooooooooooo.

I whispered thank goodness that's over, I smiled as I hurried o
utside,
but there on the street stood the little blue man,
who said, with a tear in his eye,
"I don't wuv you any more."