

## Little Blue

## The Beautiful South

You can't write a novel from a briefcase  
You can write a poem from a trench  
You can dream a dream from A to B  
But you can't catch a bus from a bench

You don't back a horse called Striding Snail  
You don't name your boat Titanic II  
So why when I see your happy smiling face  
Do I always end up singing Little Blue

Little Blue, how do you do  
Your smile looks like heaven  
but your eyes hold a storm about to brew  
Little Blue  
How can a flower so pretty  
be so laden down with dew  
Little Blue

How can a flower so beautiful  
be so laden down with dew  
Little Blue

You can't build a brewery on a cemetery  
You can build a pub on a church  
And people fall quicker than buildings do  
You have to decide what comes first

You don't call a plane the Flying Roman  
'Cause the Romans always walked and never flew  
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Do I always end up singing Little Blue

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Well Bukowski wrote a story from a barstool  
And Keats from the top of a hill  
So I'm going to save my special song for you  
From a grave where it's quiet and it's chill

'Cause there's a queue of clouds assembled  
On the horizon of your smile  
When most think that you're holding back  
I know you're holding bile

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