

Portrait Of The Blues

J.D. Crowe

Tonight the cloud of loneliness is on my windows sill, and I can't seem to find the words to tell just how I feel,
so I think I'll paint a picture of the girl that I once knew and I think I'll call the picture, a portrait of the blues.
Oh the rain will be my tear drops, blue sky the way I feel, when she sees it in the picture, she'll know my love
was real, and among the solemn critics will be a masterpiece of art, when they see that it was painted with the
pieces of my heart.

The dress that she was wearing when she said we were through, will be there in my picture, in the portrait of the
blues, and the ring upon her finger, I will surely place it there, and the little yellow ribbon she wore to match her
golden hair.

Oh the rain will be my teardrops etc.

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