

# Fergus Sings The Blues

## Deacon Blue

Fergus sings the blues  
In bars of twelve or less  
I'm a stranger  
To the land  
To this wildernessAll  
Things are possible  
But happen less and less  
This  
Is my country  
These  
Are my reasonsCause I look  
In the mirror  
And it throws  
Back the question  
And I whisper in words  
That beg  
An answer  
Tell me  
Can  
This white man sing the bluesHome  
Sick James  
My biggest  
Influence  
Tell  
Me why  
James and Bobby Purify  
I'm lost  
In music  
Sweet  
Soul music  
This  
Is my country  
These  
Are my reasonsCause I look  
In the mirror  
And it throws  
Back the question  
And I whisper in words  
That beg

An answer  
Yes I look  
In the mirror  
And it throws  
Back the question  
And I whisper in words  
That beg  
An answer  
Tell me  
Can  
This white man sing the blues  
From the north coast  
To the uplands  
Stay on the left side of the white lines  
From the Campsites  
Over Christmas  
I still dream of Memphis  
Cause I look  
In the mirror  
And it throws  
Back the question  
And I whisper in words  
That beg  
An answer  
I got the blue blue world  
And I see  
The blue blue sky  
I got  
I got the blue blue ocean  
In  
My blue eye  
So tell me  
Can  
This white man sing the blues

Songwriters

PRIME, JIM/ROSS, RICKY Published by

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