

# The Blue Room

[\*\*Aaron Weinstein\*\*](#)

We'll have a blue room  
A new room for two room  
Where every day's a holiday  
Because you're married to me  
Not like a ballroom  
A small room, a hall room  
Where I can smoke my pipe away  
With your wee head upon my knee  
We will thrive on, keep alive on  
Just nothing but kisses  
With mister and missus  
On little blue chairs  
You sew your trousseau  
And Robinson Crusoe  
Is not so far from worldly cares  
As our blue room far away upstairs  
They will thrive on, keep alive on  
Just nothing but kisses  
With mister and missus  
On little blue chair  
She'll wear her trousseau  
And Robinson Crusoe  
Is not so far from worldly cares  
As our blue room far away upstairs

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