Blue

Sophie B. Hawkins

Blue you're always dancing in my hand
The way you toss your hips and things you've said
(Moving like an angel)
Gazing out my window on the bus
(On Washington Square)
I saw New York crack a smile for us
Blue, I hope you like me too
I've been painting pictures on my wall of you
Blue, I don't believe this is a tease
You could rule my world baby if you please
Skipping down the streets of Harlem
I hear your sweet soul calling me
If I could play the violin I'd make a symphony in
Blue, I hope you like me too
I've been painting pictures on my wall of you
Oh, blue, blue, won't you come dance with me?
There's a party in full swing right down the street
When you strut like an Italian Movie star
Taking your Cappuccinos into the park
Everybody wants to know who you are
Writing poetry until it gets dark
Dropping your dirty laundry off once a week
The delivery boys compete
But you never let them past the stoop
'Cause you know that you're the neighborhood scoop

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