

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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