

# Brighter Than The Blues

[Joan Shelley](#)

Got to leave this house, go swiftly out  
I've been lying around till noon  
Till the fear comes on  
That I might have fallen  
Honey, I think of you. The winter's calling loudly now  
I believe it'll be here soon  
And it won't be kind,  
It'll rule me with shadows  
Turning my gold to blue. Go away, go away you poison loves  
For you I have no use  
I can sleep alone  
Many a night I've gone  
Never to think of you.  
Well, the leaves have fallen  
The season's passed  
I'll go west, or someplace new  
Where the lights are low  
So the stars can glow  
Brighter than the blues.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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