

Misty Blue

The Proclaimers

When the inspiration
Is above my station
Thoughts are iqeienchoiy
And I let them pass
I tend to view this nation
Through the condensation

On a dirty glass
When the singer solemn
Was a honnie laddie
When she brushed his hair
With a watered comb
Then he could have wandered
And he could have shown ye
Seven hit is like home
If misty eyes can witness
Love and affection

Why does the heart still resist
What the hell is wrong with you?
I've got eyes of misty blue
All the things I want to do
Are all I ever wanted to

As the ladik grew
And he looked around him
At the thugs and rapists
In their stolen suits
Louder beat the rhythm

Of his bloody heart
Telling him to shoot
Thoughtless competition
Like a home-made prison
Made him fix his vision
On a certain fate
What's the use in winning
All the worlds creation
If you won't create.

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written by REID, CHARLES STOBO/REID, CRAIG MORRIS
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