

Blue

Peter, Paul & Mary

{ We'd like to sing a children's song for you now, that's unique
It's the only children's song that we've ever encountered
That contains all three of the basic elements
Of every single children's song
The first element is simplicity
So that the child can understand the song
The second element is pathos
To prepare the child for later traumatic experiences
And the third element is repetition
To give the child a false sense of security } I had a dog and his name was Blue
I had a dog and his name was Blue
I had a dog and his name was Blue
I betcha five dollars he's a good dog, too
Singin' here, ol' Blue, you're a good dog, you Ol' Blue come when I blow my horn
Ol' Blue come when I blow my horn
A' Blue come a' runnin' through the yella' corn
A' Blue come a' runnin' when I blow my horn
Singin' here, ol' Blue, you're a good dog, you { What if this song were to be changed?
Modified by an unscrupulous modifier of folks songs
Whose business it is to make this type of song palatable
For the teenage, delinquent, mother-my-dog instinct
And then it would be a rock and roll song
Oh, nasty, unscrupulous modifier
Now it would sound something, like this } Hup, two, three, four, five, six, hey!
Well I got a dog and his name is Blue
I betcha five dollars he's a good dog, too [Incomprehensible] Well Blue, why did you leave me sweetheart?
Blue, you promised to write
And I, I sit I sit, I sit alone at night now
Sifting sand through my fingers
Looking for some trace of you Come back Blue, I, I, I
I want you I, I, I need you
And I'm going to have you
Here, Blue

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