

# The Blue Room

Jackie Coon

We'll have a blue room  
A new room for two room  
Where every day's a holiday  
Because you're married to me Not like a ballroom  
A small room, a hall room  
Where I can smoke my pipe away  
With your wee head upon my knee We will thrive on, keep alive on  
Just nothing but kisses  
With mister and missus  
On little blue chairs You sew your trousseau  
And Robinson Crusoe  
Is not so far from worldly cares  
As our blue room far away upstairs They will thrive on, keep alive on  
Just nothing but kisses  
With mister and missus  
On little blue chair She'll wear her trousseau  
And Robinson Crusoe  
Is not so far from worldly cares  
As our blue room far away upstairs

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