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 meNot like a ballroom
A small room, a hall room
Where I can smoke my pipe away
With your wee head upon my kneeWe will thrive on, keep alive on
Just nothing but kisses
With mister and missus
On little blue chairsYou sew your trousseau
And Robinson Crusoe
Is not so far from worldly cares
As our blue room far away upstairsThey will thrive on, keep alive on
Just nothing but kisses
With mister and missus
On little blue chairShe'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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