

Your Blue Door

The Honeydogs

Your blue door that I walked through before
First Sunday kiss I could not resist
Well, have you come to tell the truth?
Are you tired of roaming too? Would you go around with me?
Would you take me out at two or three?
Would you lie to me with the cheapest form of flattery?
Surprise me and read between my lines Three shades of red when I heard what you said
White knuckle road, I'm going down Would you go around with me?
Would you kick me out at two or three?
Would you lie to me with the cheapest [Incomprehensible] flattery?
Surprise me and read between my lines
Between my lines Your blue door, it won't let them in anymore
And wind blowing through your screen
The candle's burning clean
I'm not green, I'm not green Would you go around with me?
Would you take me out at two or three?
Would you lie to me with the cheapest form of flattery?
Surprise me and read between my lines Your blue door that I walk through once more
Your red ripe fruit, all hell breaks loose Would you go around with me?
Would you kick me out at two or three?
Would you lie to me? Will I be your favorite [Incomprehensible]?
Surprise me and read between my lines
Between my lines

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