

# Mr. Blue

## Dance Hall Crashers

You've had all the breaks  
Learning from your mom's mistakes  
Eating off your daddy's plate  
Spending all your wasted taste You can't see past your gate  
Once I saw you dip your toe  
Past the line at the end of the road  
But frightened you came running home You've had all the luck  
They fought it out for you  
Without them you'd be stuck  
They held your hand to walk through Don't forget you're bored  
And that's your only problem  
Times for you ain't tough  
Just try showing them some gratitude Oh, quit your whining, it's so boring  
Play the victim and keep me yawning  
How do you expect me to believe  
The scene that you're describing Hey there, Mr. Blue  
I'm hurting just by listening to what you've been through  
Poor baby, or what did they do to you  
Whoa, poor old Mr. Blue Inside your white fence  
The glass house you've created  
Things are getting tense  
Don't feel appreciated Glance out of your window  
It looks like sun to me  
But you just count the clouds  
Sigh and beg for sympathy Oh, quit your whining, it's so boring  
Play the victim and keep me yawning  
How do you expect me to believe  
The scene that you're describing Hey there, Mr. Blue  
I'm hurting just by listening to what you've been through  
Poor baby, or what did they do to you  
Whoa, poor old Mr. Blue You could sit there forever  
Blaming others but never  
Allowing things to get better  
You keep trying  
And maybe we should just give up Oh, quit your whining, it's so boring  
Play the victim and keep me yawning  
How do you expect me to  
Believe you Hey there, Mr. Blue  
I'm hurting just by listening to what you've been through

Poor baby, or what did they do to you  
Whoa, poor old Mr. BlueHey there, Mr. Blue  
Hey there, Mr. Blue  
What did they do to you  
Whoa, poor old Mr. Blue

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