Blue Guitar

Justin Hayward

Blue guitar, fortune of my ways
Making of my days
New chord, counting up the ways
Happiness is lazyIf you don't know the song
If you can't put the words to the tune
Tell the rhyme from the reason
What should it matter, to the fool or the dreamerNew hope, travelers in a storm
Finding love is warm
New day, the world has just begun
Our eyes have seen the sunIf you don't know the way
If you can't see the wood for the trees
Taste the wine from the water
Well, what should it matter, to the fool or the dreamer

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