

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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