

Fergus Sings The Blues

Deacon Blue

Fergus sings the blues
In bars of twelve or less
I'm a stranger
To the land
To this wildernessAll
Things are possible
But happen less and less
This
Is my country
These
Are my reasons'Cause I look
In the mirror
And it throws
Back the questionAnd I whisper in words
That beg
An answerTell me
Can
This white man sing the blues?Home
Sick James
My biggest
InfluenceTell
Me why
James and Bobby purify?Lost
In music
Sweet
Soul musicThis
Is my country
These
Are my reasons'Cause I look
In the mirror
And it throws
Back the questionAnd I whisper in words
That beg
An answerYes, I look
In the mirror
And it throws
Back the questionAnd I whisper in words
That beg
An answerTell me

Can
This white man sing the blues? From the north coast
To the uplands
Stay on the left side of the white lines The campsites
Over Christmas
I still dream of Memphis 'Cause I look
In the mirror
And it throws
Back the question And I whisper in words
That beg
An answer I got the blue, blue world
And I see
The blue, blue sky I got
I got the blue, blue ocean
In
My blue eye Tell me
Can
This white man sing the blues?

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