

# The Blue Room

## Evangelista

We'll have a blue room  
A new room for two room  
Where every day's a holiday  
Because you're married to meNot like a ballroom  
A small room, a hall room  
Where I can smoke my pipe away  
With your wee head upon my kneeWe will thrive on, keep alive on  
Just nothing but kisses  
With mister and missus  
On little blue chairsYou sew your trousseau  
And Robinson Crusoe  
Is not so far from worldly cares  
As our blue room far away upstairsThey will thrive on, keep alive on  
Just nothing but kisses  
With mister and missus  
On little blue chairShe'll wear her trousseau  
And Robinson Crusoe  
Is not so far from worldly cares  
As our blue room far away upstairs

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