Almost Blue

Elvis Costello; The Metropole Orchestra

Almost blue, almost doing things we used to do
There's a boy here and he's almost you
Almost all the things that your eyes once promised
I see in his too, now your eyes are red from crying
Almost blue, flirting with this disaster became me
It named me as the fool who only aimed to be
Almost blue, its almost touching it will almost do
There is part of me that's always true, always
Not all good things come to an end, now it is only a chosen few
I have seen such an unhappy couple, almost blue
Not all good things come to an end, now it is only a chosen few
I have seen such an unhappy couple, almost me, almost you, all blue

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