BLUE ROOM

Rodgers



We'll have a blue room
A new room for two room
Where every day's a holiday
Because you're married to me

Not like a ballroom A small room, a hall room Where I can smoke my pipe away With your wee head upon my knee

We will thrive on, keep alive on Just nothing but kisses With 'Mr' and 'Mrs' On little blue chairs

You'll sew your trousseau and Robinson Crusoe Is not so far from worldly cares As our blue room far away upstairs