

# Sophie B. Hawkins, Blue

Blue you're always dancing in my hand  
The way you toss your hips and things you've said (moving like an angel)  
Gazing out my window on the bus (on Washington Square)  
I saw New York crack a smile for us

Blue

I hope you like me too  
I've been painting pictures on my wall of you

Blue I don't believe this is a tease  
You could rule my world baby if you please  
Skipping down the streets of Harlem  
I hear your sweet soul calling me  
If I could play the violin  
I'd make a symphony in

Blue

I Hope you like me too  
I've been painting pictures on my wall of you  
Oh Blue Blue  
Won't you come dance with me  
There's a party in full swing right down the street

When you strut like an Italian Movie star  
Taking your Cappuccinos into the park  
Everybody wants to know who you are  
Writing poetry until it gets dark  
Dropping your dirty laundry off once a week  
The delivery boys compete  
But you never let them past the stoop  
'Cause you know that you're the neighborhood scoop