

The moon was singing the blues
The stars in the sky harmonized
singing it too
and I, far below
was singing low and slow
for you
and I know
all the world was singing the blues
The Queen was singing the blues
The President played the saxophone
sounded so along
it was on the news
And from Ursa Minor
in what looked like an all-night diner
came lonely luminous creatures
whose only human feature
was singing the blues
soft and low
The blues was singing the blues
The dead in their graves
and the gods in their caves,
they'd been waiting so long
to sing the blue song
about you