

# Dance Hall Crashers, Mr. Blue

You've had all the breaks  
Learning from your mom's mistakes  
Eating off your daddy's plate  
Spending all your wasted taste  
You can't see past your gate  
Once I saw you dip your toe  
Past the line at the end of the road  
But frightened you came running home

You've had all the luck  
They fought it out for you  
Without them you'd be stuck  
They held your hand to walk through  
Don't forget you're bored  
And that's your only problem  
Times for you ain't tough  
Try showing them some gratitude

Oh quit your whining  
It's so boring  
Play the victim and  
Keep me yawning  
How do you expect me to believe the scene that you're describing

Hey there Mr Blue  
I'm hurting just by listening to what you've been through  
Poor baby, oh what did they do to you  
Whoa poor old Mr Blue

Inside your white fence  
The glass house you've created  
Things are getting tense  
Don't feel appreciated  
Glance out of your window  
It looks like sun to me  
But you just count the clouds  
Sigh and beg for sympathy

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It's so boring  
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Keep me yawning  
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You could sit there forever  
Blaming others but never  
Allowing things to get better  
You keep trying  
And maybe you should just give up

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How do you expect me to believe you

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What did they do to you

Whoa poor old Mr Blue