

Michael Bublé (Michael Buble), Learnin' The Blues

The tables are empty
The dance floor's deserted
You play the same love song
It's the tenth time you've heard it
And that's the beginning
Just one of those clues
You've had your first lesson
In learning the blues

The cigarettes you light
One after another
Won't help you forget her
Or the way that you love her
You're only burning
A torch you can't move
But you're on the right track
For learning the blues

When you're at home alone
The blues will haunt you constantly
When you're out in a crowd
The blues will haunt your memory
The nights when you don't sleep
The whole night you're crying
But you can't forget her
Soon you'll stop trying
You'll walk the floor
And wear out your shoes
When you're feeling your heart break
You're learning the blues