

BLUE ROOM, THE (R. Rodgers) "The Girl Friend"

We'll have a blue room new room For two room Where
 Not like a ball-room small room hall room There
 ev-'ry day's a hol-i-day Be-cause you're mar-ried to me.
 I can smoke my pipe a-way, With
 your wee head up-on my knee. We will thrive on, keep a-live on
 Just nothing but kis-ses With MRS-ter and Mis-sus On lit-tle blue
 chairs. You sew your trous-seau, And Rob-in-son Cru-soe Is
 not so far from world-ly cares As our blue room far a-way up-stairs!