

Bluebird

John Lee Hooker

Bluebird, please take this letter down south for me
Oh, bluebird take this letter down south for me
Don't you two start flyin', 'til you find little Liza Belle for
me

Lord, she way down, she's way down in Jackson, Tennessee
Bluebird, she's way down south in Jackson, Tennessee
She may not be home but please knock upon her door

Bluebird, bluebird, please do this for me
Ooh, bluebird, please do this for me
If you see my baby, tell her I want her to come back home to me