

Bluebird

Beach House

Love, it comes up
On the ceiling
My mouth
And these arms
Hold the feeling

Even I
Can't control
My nature

If there should come
A match before you
I would not ever
Try to capture you

Bluebird, where you gonna go now?

We flee to
The gallows
Then I
Caught up my eye
There's something

Its boat
Led me back
From nothing
From nothing

If there should come
A match before you
I would not ever
Try to capture you

Bluebird, where you gonna go now?

Things change
Before they are over
Before they are over