

# Bluebird

James Gang

Listen to my bluebird sing  
She can't tell you why  
Deep within her heart, you see  
She knows I must cry  
Yeah, cry

If she sits, a lofty perch  
Strangest color blue  
Flying is forgotten now  
She just thinks of you  
Yeah you

So, get all those blues  
Must be a thousand hues  
And each is differently used  
You just know

You sit there mes-o-merized  
By the depth of her eyes  
Can't be categorized

She got soul  
She got soul  
She got soul  
She got soul

Do you think she loves you?  
Do you think at all?

Soon she's going to fly away  
Worries of her own  
Find herself another day  
And go home, go home