

Bluebird

Jim White

Bluebird on a telephone line. How are you? I'm feeling fine. Sweetly do I whisper your name. Lonely solo taxi ride to a cheap motel on the wrong side of the tracks. The facts are tricky to explain. Cold front bearing down, blowing in from Birmingham. By dawn the window's wet with icy rain. Behind fourteen doors, a sad parade of paramours are throwing little white rocks at sorrow's window pane. Me, I've found someone to love more than the rain. Salvation Army ringing bell, kingdom come and wishing wells. Hey Santa Claus I see your junkie eyes. It's the devil and the deep blue sea, with old friends I hope I never see again all tangled up with misery and lies. The lonely hiss of passing cars feeds the ache of ancient scars, like ghosts beneath my bed rattling chains. No good luck charm or remedy ever proved to soothe my sanity nor bad medicine served to ease my pain. Had to find someone to love more than the rain. Now, old habits will die hard. This pile of junk setting in my yard... souvenirs from the wrecking ball of dreams. You spend a lifetime tearing temples down, it gets to feel like hallowed ground is a shallow grave where ne'er the bluebird sings. Last time home when I played this song, you said "Dad, it's sad, and way too long." And I pulled you close and held you in my arms. Yes, salvation wears a thin disguise 'cause I can see the heaven in your eyes. And I thank God them years I searched were not in vain... finally found someone to love more than the rain. Bluebird I love you more than the rain.