

Where Bluebirds Fly

Radiohead

Oh, well I know you stroke the set-up baby,
of all the leaves up in the ground
And I know our song is old but heavy
as I see dry leaves fallin' down, oh

With all this fever in my mind,
I could drown in your kerosene eyes
Oh, you're just a riddle in the sky
Oh, where do my bluebirds fly?

And as the early sigh of dawn will thunder
I see you stir the fog around
And when you find the voice and gears of sunset
we'll hear that high and lonesome sound, oh

And I will question every wind
if they gone through the glow of your eyes
Oh, you're just a riddle in the sky
Oh, where do my bluebirds fly?

I say where do my bluebirds fly?

Oh, well I know you stroke your feathers baby
upon the ghosts along my trail
And I know well I was sold and buried
before I knew it was for sale, oh

With all this fever in my mind I should aim for your kerosene e
yes
Oh, you're just a target in the sky
I say where do my bluebirds fly?
I say where do my bluebirds fly?