

Bluebird

Bonnie Raitt

Listen to my bluebird laugh
She can't tell you why
Deep within in her heart, you see
She knows only crying
Oh just lie

There she sits, a lofty perch
Strangest color blue
Flying is forgotten, now
Thinks only of you...just you...awh yeah

So get all those blues
Must be a thousand yours
And you just differently used, you just know
You sit there mesmerized, by the depth of her eyes
If you could categorize, 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
Sadness is her own
Give herself a bath of tears
And go home, and go home