

# Bluebird

## Edward Shearmur

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

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