

Bluebirds

Bourgeois Gypsies

Bluebirds are so natural
I wanna buy them for my friends
Bluebirds are so dismal
And I want to trade mine in And I don't go out for brunch
And I don't go out for cunts
And I don't go out for months
Without my Barnes and Nobles credit card Cleaning out my wisdom teeth
I found a diamond in my gums
Cleaning out the kitchen
Found a spoon that plays the drums And despite the things they say
I gave it up that day
I'd never go that way
Unless your daddy nailed me to the cross Suicide, suicide
Leaning out to everyone that hides
Breaking the chains on the things down low
Where it stops I don't know how that goes Bluebirds are so natural
I wanna buy them for my friends
Bluebirds are so dismal
And I want to trade mine in And despite the things they say
I gave them up that day, I'd never go that way
Unless your daddy nailed me to the cross
Your daddy nailed me to the cross

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