

Bluebird Cafe

John Waite

Her I.D., says she's 21
But she's just 17
Her apron says Mary
But her real name is Jean
She's working cleaning tables off
At the local Dairy Queen
And she's the real thing
Yeah
Young hearts can fly, restless and wild
Though it's a thousand days away
She's got the will and she'll find a way
To the stage of the Bluebird Cafe
To the stage of the Bluebird Cafe
She's got her boyfriends name
Carved in the back of her guitar
It's a beat up old Epiphone
With painted on stars
She wears her brother's 501's
And keeps her tips in a jar
By a picture of Patsy Cline
She's fine
Young hearts can fly, restless and wild
Though she'll get out of this town someday
She's got the will and she'll find a way
To the stage of the Bluebird Cafe
Yeah, to the stage of the Bluebird Cafe
She's into country, body and soul
But nobody's future is written in the stone
And to get what she wants
She's gonna have to walk alone
And she will all the way to Nashville
To Nashville, yeah yeah
She comes out of work some nights
Stops and stares down the road
Through the heat and the crickets
And the telegraph poles
Out in the darkness
Hank's Blue Highway calls
And she just stops and smiles
Yeah
Young hearts can fly, restless and wild
Though it's a thousand days away
She's got the will and she'll find a way, yeah
To the stage of the Bluebird Cafe
Yeah, to the stage of the Bluebird Cafe
She's got the will and she'll find a way
To the stage of the Bluebird Cafe

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