

# Bluebird

## Buffalo Springfield

Listen to my bluebird laugh  
She can't tell you why  
Deep within her heart, you see  
She knows only crying, just crying  
There she sits, aloft a perch  
Strangest color blue  
Flying is forgotten now  
Thinks only of you, just you, oh yeah  
So get all those blues  
Must be a thousand hues  
And be just differently used  
You just know  
You sit there mesmerized  
By the depth of her eyes  
That you can't 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

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