Bluebird

Alan Hawkshaw

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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