

# Bluebird

## Beach House

Love, it comes up  
On the ceiling  
My mouth  
And these arms  
Hold the feeling Even I  
Can't control  
My nature If there should come  
A match before you  
I would not ever try  
To capture you Bluebird  
Where are you gonna go now? We flee to  
The gallows  
Then I  
Caught up my eye  
There's something Its boat  
Led me back  
From nothing  
From nothing If there should come  
A match before you  
I would not ever try  
To capture you Bluebird (I would not ever try)  
Where you gonna go now? Seasons change (I would not ever try)  
Before they are over  
Before they are over

Lyrics provided by

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