

# Bluebird

**Bonnie Raitt**

Listen to my blue bird laugh, she can tell you why  
Deep within her heart you see, she knows only right, whoa-oh just light  
There she sits a lofty bird, the strangest color blue  
Flying is forgotten now, she thinks only of you, woo just you  
So get all those blues, must be a thousand hues  
And each is differently used you just know  
You sit there mesmerized by the depth of her eyes  
If you categorize she got soul, she got soul, she got soul  
Soon she's gon' to fly away, her sadness is her own  
Leave beside her bath of tears, she'll go home, going home  
Going home, going home, going home, going home  
Going home, going home, going home, going home

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