

# Bluebird

**Doug Paisley**

The song of the Bluebird  
Buried in the dust  
Did you once hear how she cried?  
Though the years may have passed her  
in tears and in laughter  
There's a song that she left behind. My father's own father  
Sailed through the air  
And he found in a maze in the sky.  
But for all that surrounds us,  
that anchors and binds us,  
There's a song that we carry inside. Chorus:  
Oh, wild is the wind in the night.  
Oh, wild am I.  
I wait until the day begins,  
and wild is my cry. The song of the Bluebird  
Carried on the wind  
Leaving our worries behind,  
Over highways and hilltops  
we long to go,  
But a song is all we can find.

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