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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