

# Bluebird Cafe (Unplugged)

John Waite

Her I.D., says she's 21  
But she's just 17  
Her apron says Mary  
But her real name is Jean  
She's working cleaning tables off  
At the local Dairy Queen  
And she's the real thing  
Yeah  
Young hearts can fly, restless and wild  
Though it's a thousand days away  
She's got the will and she'll find a way  
To the stage of the Bluebird Cafe  
To the stage of the Bluebird Cafe  
She's got her boyfriends name  
Carved in the back of her guitar  
It's a beat up old Epiphone  
With painted on stars  
She wears her brother's 501's  
And keeps her tips in a jar  
By a picture of Patsy Cline  
She's fine  
Young hearts can fly, restless and wild  
Though she'll get out of this town someday  
She's got the will and she'll find a way  
To the stage of the Bluebird Cafe  
Yeah, to the stage of the Bluebird Cafe  
She's into country, body and soul  
But nobody's future is written in the stone  
And to get what she wants  
She's gonna have to walk alone  
And she will all the way to Nashville  
To Nashville, yeah yeah  
She comes out of work some nights  
Stops and stares down the road  
Through the heat and the crickets  
And the telegraph poles  
Out in the darkness  
Hank's Blue Highway calls  
And she just stops and smiles  
Yeah  
Young hearts can fly, restless and wild  
Though it's a thousand days away  
She's got the will and she'll find a way, yeah  
To the stage of the Bluebird Cafe  
Yeah, to the stage of the Bluebird Cafe  
She's got the will and she'll find a way  
To the stage of the Bluebird Cafe

Songwriters

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