

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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