

Bluebird

Stephen Stills

Stills Listen to my bluebird laugh, she can't tell you why
Deep within her heart, you see, she knows only crying, just crying, yeah. There she sits, a lofty
perch, strangest colour blue
Flying is forgotten now, thinks only of you, just you, oh yeah. So, get all those blues, must be a
thousand hues
Be just differently used, you just know
You sit there mesmerized by the depth of those eyes
That you can't categorize, she's got soul, she's got soul, she's got soul, she's got soul.
Give herself a bath of of tears and go home, and go home.

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