

# Bluebird

## Beach House

Love, it comes up  
On the ceiling  
My mouth  
And these arms  
Hold the feeling

Even I  
Can't control  
My nature

If there should come  
A match before you  
I would not ever  
Try to capture you

Bluebird, where you gonna go now?

We flee to  
The gallows  
Then I  
Caught up my eye  
There's something

Its boat  
Led me back  
From nothing  
From nothing

If there should come  
A match before you  
I would not ever  
Try to capture you

Bluebird, where you gonna go now?

Things change  
Before they are over  
Before they are over