

Bluebird

Lola Marsh

Down this throat
I've fallen deep before I had the chance to swing it
Well, I guess my road has turned to dusty border

Tortuous streams had swept me down and back
I'm sinking in my finest dress
Tell me, man, am I lost?
For I'd rather speak the voice of someone else

Can I be free as a bluebird?
In the open sky I'll fly high
To be free from my fears is the only wish I have
Free as a bluebird
In the open sky I'll fly high
To be free is the only wish that I have

Down this throat
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Well, I guess my road has turned to dusty border

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Can I be free as a bluebird?
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Hm, hm, hm...