

## Where Bluebirds Fly

Radiohead

Oh, well I know you stroke the set-up baby,  
of all the leaves up in the ground  
And I know our song is old but heavy  
as I see dry leaves fallin' down, oh

With all this fever in my mind,  
I could drown in your kerosene eyes  
Oh, you're just a riddle in the sky  
Oh, where do my bluebirds fly?

And as the early sigh of dawn will thunder  
I see you stir the fog around  
And when you find the voice and gears of sunset  
we'll hear that high and lonesome sound, oh

And I will question every wind  
if they gone through the glow of your eyes  
Oh, you're just a riddle in the sky  
Oh, where do my bluebirds fly?

I say where do my bluebirds fly?

Oh, well I know you stroke your feathers baby  
upon the ghosts along my trail  
And I know well I was sold and buried  
before I knew it was for sale, oh

With all this fever in my mind I should aim for your kerosene e  
yes  
Oh, you're just a target in the sky  
I say where do my bluebirds fly?  
I say where do my bluebirds fly?