

Bluebird

Steve Lukather

Listen to my Bluebird sing.
She can tell you why.
Deep within her heart you see.
She knows I must cry.
Yeah, cry.
Here she sits aloft that bird.
Strangest color blue.
Flying is forgotten now.
She just thinks of you.
Yeah, you.
So with all those blues.
Must be a thousand used.
Each was differently used.
You just know. You sit there mesmerized.
By the depth of her eyes.
Can't be categorized.
She got soul.
She got soul.
She got soul.
She got soul.

Do U think she loves you.
Do U think.
At all.
Soon she's going to fly away.
Worries of her own.
Find herself another day.
And go home.
Go home.