

Robin Thrower**"Bluebird"**

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Sittin' in the woods alone, on silver tree that turned to
stone
Branches growing overhead, make your house on
featherbed
Shiny beak and shiny eyes, show me winter paradise
Singing to the settin' sun, prayin' for the day that's
done

CHORUS

Growin' quieter as you watch the snow
Fallin' down, down, down ,down
If you want to know his heart
Listen, listen to the bluebird sing

If I had a voice like thine, melody like summer wine
Come sunshine islands I would bring, music to the
newborn king

REPEAT CHORUS

--SOLO--

REPEAT CHORUS

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