

Burt Bacharach

"Kentucky Bluebird"

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Spread your wings for New Orleans
Kentucky bluebird, fly away

And take a message to Martha, message to Martha
She sings each night in some cafe
In her search to find wealth and fame
I hear Martha has gone and changed her name

It's a year since she was here
Kentucky bluebird, fly away

And take a message to Martha, message to Martha
Tell her I miss her more each day
As her train pulled out down the track
Martha promised she'd soon be coming back

Oh tell her how my heart just breaks, in two

Since she journeyed far
And even though her dreams of fame fell through
To me she will always be a star

Spread your wings for New Orleans
Kentucky bluebird, fly away

And take a message to Martha, message to Martha
Ask her to start for home today
When you find her please let her know
Rich or poor, I will always love her so

Fly away, Kentucky bluebird
Fly away, Kentucky bluebird
Fly away, fly away, fly away, fly away...

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