

## Sara Bareilles "Bluebird"

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Word came through in a letter,  
One of us changing our minds.  
You won't need to guess who, since I usually do,  
Not send letters to me that are mine.

Told you I saw this coming,  
That I'd practically packed up my things.  
Was glad at the time that I'd said I was fine but,  
All honesty knows, I wasn't ready, no.

And so here we go bluebird,  
Back to the sky on your own.  
Oh let him go bluebird,  
Ready to fly,  
You and I,  
Here we go.  
Here we go.

This pair of wings worn and rusted,  
Like a carnival ride in the rain.  
They can carry me swear to be,

Sturdy and strong but see,  
Turning them on still causes me pain.

Leave my love in a letter,  
Went to the bes on your side.  
Fine gathered my things, I'll make the best of these  
wings,  
And me and my bird take to the sky.

And so here we go bluebird,  
Gather your strength and rise up.  
Oh let him go bluebird.  
Oh let him go bluebird.  
Oh let him go bluebird.  
Ready to fly,  
You and I,  
Here we go.  
Here we go...

