

The Take-Off

"Where Do My Bluebird Fly?"

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Oh, well I knew you shook the set-up baby,
of all the leaves up in the ground
And I know our song is all but healthy
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 bluebird fly?

And as the early sign of dawn and 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 our lie was sold and buried
before I knew it was for sale, oh
With all this fever in my mind
I could aim for your kerosene eyes oh
You're just a target in the sky
I say where do my bluebirds fly?
I say where do my bluebirds fly?

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