

Lukather Steve

"Bluebird"

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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

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