

# Buffalo Springfield, Broken Arrow

Listen to my bluebird laugh.  
She can't tell you why.  
Deep within her heart, you see,  
She knows only crying.  
Just crying.  
There she sits, a lofty perch.  
Strangest color blue.  
Flying is forgotten now.  
Thinks only of you.  
Just you.  
So, get all those blues,  
Must be a thousand hues.  
And be just differently used.  
You just know.  
You sit there mesmerized  
By the depth of those eyes  
That you can't categorize.  
She got soul.  
She got soul.  
She got soul.  
She got soul!  
Do you think she knows you?  
Do you think at all?  
Soon she's going to fly away.  
Sadness is her own.  
Reverse of a death of tears  
And go home, and go home.