

James Gang, Bluebird

Listen to my bluebird sing
She can't tell you why
Deep within her heart, you see
She knows I must cry
Yeah, cry

If she sits, a lofty perch
Strangest color blue
Flying is forgotten now
She just thinks of you
Yeah you

So, get all those blues
Must be a thousand hues
And each is differently used
You just know

You sit there mes-o-merized
By the depth of her eyes
Can't be categorized

She got soul
She got soul
She got soul
She got soul

Do you think she loves you?
Do you think at all?

Soon she's going to fly away
Worries of her own
Find herself another day
And go home, go home