

Jim White, Bluebird

Bluebird on a telephone line. How are you? I'm feeling fine. Sweetly do I whisper your name. Lonely cheap motel on the wrong side of the tracks. The facts are tricky to explain. Cold front bearing down on Birmingham. By dawn the window's wet with icy rain. Behind fourteen doors, a sad parade of paraded white rocks at sorrow's window pane. Me, I've found someone to love more than the rain. Salvation army kingdom come and wishing wells. Hey Santa Claus I see your junkie eyes. It's the devil and the devil's friends I hope I never see again all tangled up with misery and lies. The lonely hiss of passing cars and ancient scars, like ghosts beneath my bed rattling chains. No good luck charm or remedy ever proved nor bad medicine served to ease my pain. Had to find someone to love more than the rain. Now, on this pile of junk setting in my yard... souvenirs from the wrecking ball of dreams. You spend a lifetime down, it gets to feel like hallowed ground is a shallow grave where ne'er the bluebird sings. Last time I sang this song, you said "Dad, it's sad, and way too long." And I pulled you close and held you close. You wears a thin disguise 'cause I can see the heaven in your eyes. And I thank God them years I searched for someone finally found someone to love more than the rain. Bluebird I love you more than the rain.