

Steve Lukather, Bluebird

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 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