

# 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