Bluebird by Stephen Stills (1967)

G(½)   G/B(½)   D   G(½)   G/B(½)   D
Listen to my   blue bird laugh. She can't tell you why
G(½)   G/B(½)   D   C(½)   G/B(½)   D
Deep within her   heart you see.   She knows only crying,
C(½)   G/B(½)   D   C(½) G/B(½)   G   G
        just crying,   yeah

G(½)   G/B(½)   D   G(½)   G/B(½)   D
There she sits, a lofty perch, strangest color   blue
G(½)   G/B(½)   D   C(½)   G/B(½)   D
Flying is for   gotten now.   She thinks only of   you,
C(½)   G/B(½)   D   C(½) G/B(½)   D7
         just you,   aww...

        D   D   D
        So get all those blues, must be a thousand hues and he just
        D   C(½)   G/B(½)
        differently used you just know.   You sit there
        D   D   D
        mesmerized by the depth of her eyes that you could could categorize, she got
        C(½) G/B(½)   C(½) G/B(½)   C(½) G/B(½)   D   C(½) G/B(½)   D
        soul.   She got soul,   she got soul,   she got soul...
        C(½)   G/B(½)   D   D   D

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

G(½)   G/B(½)   D   G(½)   G/B(½)   D
Soon she's going to fly away. Sadness is her   own
G(½)   G/B(½)   D   C(½)   G/B(½)   D   C(½)   G/B(½)   D
Fill herself a   bath of tears   and go home,   and go home
C(½)   G/B(½)   D   C(½)   G/B(½)   D