

The Bluebird

I want so desperately to love you
but I fear I never will.
I am just a little bluebird
outside your window on the sill.

Always I am loving you,
peering through the glass so thin,
so close and yet so far away
for you will never let me in.

Outside I sing a song of passion
the music makes you smile, Dear,
but the words, they never reach you
and chirping sounds are all you hear.

The world is full of little bluebirds
singing to each other, too,
but I can't sing for other bluebirds.
I can only sing for you.