

Now That We're Apart

Deborah Conway

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It was all in black and white
And now I feel so blue
One piece of crinkled paper
Making short work of you
The whole thing's a muddle
But Madame Butterfly is in trouble
There was a plan made
But not followed
What will they say about tonight
It was written in the stars
That we three would collide
You and me sprawled in the rubble
(And our good friend) Madame Butterfly is in trouble
You know it's all just howdy doody
So why get so uptight
Love's a frame-up
Whoever's out there could be in bed with me tonight
I'd take anyone just to cuddle
That's why Madame Butterfly's in trouble
And if God looked me straight in the eye
And told me he loved me
I'd think he was lying
So what hope have we got?
If we all dress like Liberace
And dance like Fred Astaire
If we become so much larger
Than our little lives could bare
It's the riddle in the bubble
(coming out of some cartoon)
And Madame Butterfly's still in trouble
Call me diva
Call me princess
Put me on the stage
Let me sing high take my clothes off
And watch you be outraged
I need to shock and make you goggle
(very immature)
But Madame Butterfly lives to make trouble
I was dreaming
But I'm awake now
And I have been deceived
She's the sly one she's the sly one
So why do I have to leave
But in the mirror I see double
(she is me alright)
And Madame Butterfly is trouble