

Poor Butterfly

Frank Sinatra

Poor Butterfly
'Neath the blossoms waiting
Poor Butterfly
For she loved him so
The moments pass into hours
The hours pass into years
And as she smiles through her tears
She murmurs low
The moon and I
Know that he'll be faithful
I know he'll come to me
By and by
But if he don't come back
Then I'll never sigh or cry
I just must die
Poor Butterfly