

Catch Another Butterfly

John Denver

Do you remember days not so very long ago, when the world was run by people twice your size?
And the days were full of laughter and the nights were full of stars,
and when you grew tired you could close your eyes.
Yes, the stars were there for wishing and the wind was there for kites,
and the morning sun was there for rise and shine.
And even if the sniffles kept you home from school in bed,
you couldn't hardly stay there after nine
And I wonder if the smell of morning's faded,
what happened to the robin's song that sparkled in the sky?
Where's all the water gone that tumbled down the stream? Will I ever catch another butterfly?

Do you remember campouts right in your own backyard wondering how airplanes could fly?
And the hours spent just playing with a funny rock you found with crystal specks as blue as all the sky.
And I wonder if the smell of morning's faded,
what happened to the robin's song that sparkled in the sky?
Where's all the water gone that tumbled down the stream? Will I ever catch another butterfly?

Now I watch my son, he's playing with his toys, he's happy, I give him all I can.
But I can't help feeling just a little tingly inside when I hear him say he wants to be a man.
And I wonder if the smell of morning's faded,
what happened to the robin's song that sparkled in the sky?
Where's all the water gone that tumbled down the stream? Will I ever catch another butterfly?