

Poor Butterfly

Judy Garland

Poor butterfly, needs 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'm sure he'll come to me by and by

But if he won't come back
Then I'll never sigh or cry
I just must die
Poor butterfly

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