

# Buttercup

Lazlo Bane

I passed the car crash  
I think I know the survivor.  
She drove the same Ford Fairlane,  
Not much of a driver  
It's always been the intersection of disaster  
When the police arrive, they know to arrest her

Chorus:

So take her down  
And lock her up  
And take good care of my Buttercup  
And take her down  
And lock her up  
And take good care of my Buttercup

Your Honor you know we've got testimony  
Beyond the shadow of a doubt that she is guilty  
And ladies and gentlemen of the jury  
Would you please put her away so you can rescue me

Chorus

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Chorus