

## Yellow Butterfly

Meg & Dia

She was just 5 years old.  
A slightly moody day.  
She couldn't stay away from the river's edge and I.  
I turned my back to count.  
All the daffodil seeds that surrounded.  
I closed my eyes and then heard the water wake up.

And I.  
I can still hear that scream.  
It's still lingering in the air,  
everywhere, mother please, save me.  
Grab my hand, I can't, I can't.  
I can still hear that face, sink beneath the waves.  
Baby, please breathe for me give me time I am here.  
Where did you go?  
Where'd you go?  
Where'd you go?  
Where'd you go?

Were the angels that lonely?  
Couldn't they suffice for anybody else?  
Can't everybody just lie to me?  
She's home, she's home, crying for me now.  
Every night on a Monday.  
I will visit the same spot that I hate.  
Yes, the place that baby loved.  
Now she can taste it. It took her away.

It's been 5 years since then.  
And when it hits September.  
I feel like I'm dying again.  
Ian still won't even talk to me.  
Talk to me.  
Isn't this pain guilt enough?  
I can't even look out the window.  
Without seeing figures distorted in the sun.

And I.  
I can still hear that scream.  
It's still lingering in the air, everywhere, mother please, save me.  
Grab my hand, I can't, I can't.  
I can still see that face, sink beneath the waves.  
Baby, please breathe for me give me time I am here.  
Where did you go?  
Where'd you go?  
Where'd you go?  
Hey, where'd you go?

Were the angels that lonely?  
Couldn't they suffice for anybody else?  
Can't everybody just lie to me?  
She's home, she's home, crying for me now.  
Every night on a Monday.  
I will visit the same spot that I hate.  
Yes, the place that baby loved.  
Now she can taste it. It took her away.

And when the Pain hits me like gunshot  
oh, and I'm heading on the way to the floor.  
I hear her name and it kills me.  
Oh. Bottles up, bottles up, bottles up.  
And I'm trying my best to hurt me.  
Ian says it's never enough.  
A razor to the wrist for each unshed tear.  
Cough it up.  
Drink it up.  
Drink it up.

Were the angels that lonely?  
Couldn't they suffice for anybody else?  
Can't everybody just lie to me?  
She's home, she's home, crying for me now.  
Every night on a Monday.  
I will visit the same spot that I hate.  
Yes, the place that baby loved.  
Now she can taste it. It took her away.  
Oh, it took her away, took her away.

So I had a coma.  
When I crashed my car in the lake.  
I saw your face baby, I knew it was no mistake.  
So I went to the doctor.  
And I told him oh my heart will break.  
If I couldn't see you.  
He just gave me more pills.

But I saw you up there.  
Still floating by the river.  
God you always loved that river.  
I bet your heaven looks just like it.

Then I'll like it too, even though it scares me now.  
But, when I'm with you,  
I'll be just fine, I'll be just fine  
We can sit.,  
We talk about,  
Talk about.  
Butterflies,  
Butterflies,  
Butterflies,  
Butterflies.