

Butterflies

Natalie Imbruglia

Swallow purple terror candy
Don't forget to breathe
Sickened by the wanting
And drowning from the need
This dichromatic vision
Of one who does not care
To sipping cocktail sedatives
Two months to hide somewhere
Butterflies, butterflies
Cut the stomach out and
Hand it over
Butterflies, butterflies
My heart will be
The bridge that
You walk over

The wolf has
Caught the chicken
And now I feel unsteady
Emotions on the blink again
So kick me
When you're ready
Here lies a violet coffin
The death of my control
Along with all my skeletons
They put them in a hole

Sickened by the notion
I give myself again
Choking on the bullet
The gun that's found a friend
So raise your glass to sorrow
And dring to all the pain
Tie a silver ribbon around
The pieces that remain

Butterflies, butterflies
Cut the stomach out and
Hand it over
Butterflies, butterflies
My heart will
Be the bridge that
You walk over