

Loss, Strain, And Butterflies

Tabitha's Secret

He got bad, and she got mad, he lowered one more time
And she got even
No one heard a single word and as the clock ticked from next door
I could hear her breathing
And I said good morning Mrs. Sumner I would like you to meet my
friend Mr. Jones
He has a house made out of butterflies
I can't sleep sometimes but I've been told
It's a lonely condition called growing old
Let me stumble sometimes
(intro to chorus)
I'm looking for a soul to cling to
Girl what you think about that
(chorus)
This time, well it all comes down
To loss and strain and butterflies
Then it comes right down to me
Hello have you been alright
Did you find a piece of something wrapped around the light side
of your life
To make you feel better
Did you get out with your sanity
Did you save a little something for the people in need
And did you know with the rain in your pockets
You can change the weather
(intro to chorus)
(chorus)
(chorus)
Is it just the total for the wages of our sins
And have you made yourself a victim
In a game that you can't win
And our we caving in
And does it all depend on loss and strain and butterflies
And does it come right down to me anymore
This time
Does it all come down
To loss and strain and butterflies
Come on down to me