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What's that thing
About a butterfly wing causing a typhoon
If it's true a wire runs through each thing we do
Then I better stay in my room
Better stay in my room
Better stay in my room
A dressing man will choose the white
By this he saves a life
I don't see her there
'Til he comes up behind the sun shines on white
I see the light I hit the brakes the dead girl walks away
And I better stay in my room
Better stay in my
Better stay in my room
You go for a ride a girl won't come home
Or maybe that's not the way it goes
Maybe she's fine
Maybe you see a light in time
People are born blaze and collide
We go outside
My hand pushes air
I don't care
I don't think
About the butterfly thing
Honey come outside
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