

## Going Downhill Fast

The Divine Comedy

One butterfly spies  
A glint in his eye  
The birds sing  
As he cycles by  
Oh, why should he feel sad  
This world ain't so bad  
And besides  
Woe betide he who would frown  
When natural beauty abounds  
And now, with wheels spinning free  
He's picking up speed

Two butterflies  
Tie knots in his stomach  
They love it when he goes too fast  
The wind whistles past  
Vast  
Oceans of air  
That will mess up his hair  
Though he no longer cares  
Anymore for  
Over-indulgence in vanities  
Vacuous vice  
Just once or twice  
Thrice  
Four times in five  
We forget we're alive  
And neglect to remind ourselves

Wait, wait for me  
Oh great Mercury!  
As late as you may be,  
Will you wait for me?

Three butterflies realize  
When it's time to depart  
They have tickled his ribs  
They have fluttered his heart  
But the starting is easy  
Compared to the stop  
And the bottom is hard  
When compared to the top