

Butterfly

Stina Nordenstam

It happened again last night
It happened again alright
Honey it makes me want to cry
Too late I fell out of bed
Hit the ceiling instead
I'd turned into a butterfly

God didn't spend much time
This was a hit and run
Clearly the wings were oversized
In all, nothing was right
Still it was quite a sight
I'd turned into a butterfly

But the last time I looked in a mirror
It looked like it was going to be fine
And the last time I looked in the mirror
It looked like it was going to be fine

Baby I don't know why
I was the average guy
And I was almost satisfied
To be just one in the crowd
Not too tall or too loud
I turned into a butterfly

Tired but always clean
Staying away from dreams
So I lie sleepless by your side most nights
A twitch in my back
Gently life would attack
I'd turned into a butterfly

But the last time I looked in a mirror
It looked like it was going to be fine
And the last time I looked in the mirror
It looked like it was going to be fine

Once past the drowning panic
And the longing to fly
Whatever I see in the mirror
I'm sure that it's going to be fine