

## Poor Butterfly

Frank Sinatra

Poor Butterfly  
'Neath the blossoms waiting  
Poor Butterfly  
For she loved him so  
The moments pass into hours  
The hours pass into years  
And as she smiles through her tears  
She murmurs low  
The moon and I  
Know that he'll be faithful  
I know he'll come to me  
By and by  
But if he don't come back  
Then I'll never sigh or cry  
I just must die  
Poor Butterfly