

Dead Butterflies

Gorillaz

(Mike WiLL Made-It)

When was I supposed to
Bow down with you
What can I be praying for?
There's nothing in this fire
(Can we just loop that last piano part for a bit?)
Bow down with you
What can I be praying for?
There's nothing in this fire

When was I supposed to
Bow down with you
What can I be praying for
If no one in this world like you?

We are dead butterflies
Laid out on a sprung floor
Waiting for the low tide
To pick us up and fly
We are dead butterflies

I'm all in, let me you know what I'm thinking
Catch feels, wind down while we figure this out
Right now
Deja que fluya pa' no perder el control
No queda de otra, vamo' a 'tar en lo mismo
Estoy dispuesta a darte todo el cariño

Two-stepping while I move reckless
New settings, booze and nudes pending
Loose evidence and news trending
Effortlessly truth-bending, who's treacherous?
Searching for feelings of a new friendship
There's but a few endings
Everyone's a winner till you lose bredrin
Old time when we used to hold tight
Levitate to Most High and fuck up the whole skyline
Bright lights, I hope that feeling can replenish
Regretful 'cause if I let you lef me then I'll be rush rouletting
With a whole full clip in, pow
Cashmere drippage now
And memories lift me up
But still a man's tears dripping down
On to these photographs of what we used to be
But over time that puddle turns into a sea
But when I observed you cry a stream, I was just surfing on your grief
That hurt I can't delete, just come to terms with who is me
But who are we?
These mirrors don't reflect perfection
Just put on your crep selection
Come and two-step to heaven with me

We are dead butterflies
Laid out on a sprung floor
Waiting for the low tide
To pick us up and fly

'Cause of it's not me then
Who's it gonna be, baby
If it's not us
There's nothing in this world for me

We are dead butterflies
Dancing on a sprung floor now
Waiting for the low tide
To pick us up and fly
When was I supposed to
Bow down with you
What can I be praying for
If no one in this world like you?

We are dead butterflies