

Yellow Butterfly

Michael Nesmith

The rain falls through Chicago skies People stare and wonder
why And some where sails a yellow butter fly A jaguar
circles in the night The jungle glistens by
moonlight And some where sails a yellow
butterfly All in all in all in all Like an island
waterfall Days and nights revolve around Her flying,
silent sound Mother wakes and Father turnsA candle
flame surreally burns And some where sails a yellow
butterfly All in all in all in all Like an
island water fall Days and nights revolve around Her
flying, silent sound Mother wakes and Father
turnsA candle flame surreally burns And some where sails
a yellow butter fly A yellow butter fly A yellow
butter fly A yellow butter fly