From these distractions.

From these distractions.

What is this thing in life that persuades me to spend Time away from you?

If you can answer this you can have the moon.

This is the place to be, anyway you can see

There's a lovely view.

Why are there always so many other things to do?

Distractions, like butterflies are buzzing 'round my head,

When I'm alone I think of you

And the life we'd lead if we could only be free

The postman's at the door
While the telephone rings on the kitchen wall,
Pretend we're not at home and they'll disappear.

I want to be with you, tell me what I can do,
Nothing is too small
Away from all this jazz we could do anything at all.
Distractions, like butterflies are buzzing 'round my head.
When I'm alone I think of you
And the things we'd do if we could only be through
With these distractions.
I'll fond the peaceful place far a way from the noise of a busy
Day
Where we can spend our nights counting shooting stars,
Distractions, like butterflies are buzzing 'round my head.
When I'm alone I think of you

And the things we'd do if we could only be through With these distractions, like butterflies they're

And the life we'd lead if we could only be free

Buzzing 'round my head, when I'm alone I think of you