

Butterflies

Sponge Cola

I've the aftertaste of maple
Of this early morning treat
One would think the taste of coffee
Would overcome the sweet
The sunny side up part of breakfast
Is I get to cast a view
And that's me looking at you, looking at me

I've got the butterflies
And it's a feeling I can't deny
I'm way up in the sky
Catch me if I fall

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You make the busy street seem breezy
And a traffic's but a ghost
And the dodgy parts look preety
Like the pacific highway coast
Cause the thing with all that's out there
Everything is just a cue
All of the twists and all of the turns
They lead me to you

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Pa ra ra ra ra ra ra ra ra (Woah)
Pa ra ra ra ra ra ra ra ra

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Woah oh