Elusive Butterfly

Bob Lind

You might wake up some morning
To the sound of something moving past your window in the wind
And if you're quick enough to rise
You'll catch the fleeting glimpse of someone's fading shadowOut on the new horizon
You may see the floating motion of a distant pair of wings
And if the sleep has left your ears
You might hear footsteps running through an open meadowDon't be concerned, it will not harm you
It's only me pursuing something I'm not sure of
Across my dreams with nets of wonder
I chase the bright elusive butterfly of loveYou might have heard my footsteps
Echo softly in the distance through the canyons of your mind
I might have even called your name
As I ran searching after something to believe inYou might have seen me runnin'
Through the long abandoned ruins of the dreams you left behind
If you remember something there
That glided past you followed close by heavy breathingDon't be concerned, it will not harm you
It's only me pursuing something I'm not sure of
Across my dreams with nets of wonder
I chase the bright elusive butterfly of loveAcross my dreams with nets of wonder
I chase the bright elusive butterfly of love

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