

# Black Butterfly

Charles Lloyd

You're a black butterfly  
With your wings frayed and torn,  
Laughter's your's so is scorn  
As they point to you in shame.  
You're a black butterfly  
With your wings near fire,  
But confess when your tire,  
Is the candle worth the flame?  
Your Queen of the Night  
But with morning's early light  
There's not a hear to really call your own;  
So before it's too late,  
Change your ways and repent,  
Take my love that was meant  
For black butterfly along.  
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With your wings frayed and torn,  
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Songwriters

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