

# Butterfly Boys

## Procol Harum

They tell us that we're savages  
Who haven't got a hope  
We're burning in the furnaces,  
We're choking at the smoke  
They say we haven't got a choice,  
Refuse to recognize our voice  
Yet they enjoy commissions  
From the proceeds of the joke Those Butterfly Boys  
At play with their toys  
Stinging like bees  
Itching like fleas  
Butterfly Boys  
You got the toys  
You got the breeze  
We caught the freeze  
Butterfly Boys give us a break  
We got the groceries you got the cake They tell us that we're savages  
Who cannot understand  
We're sailing on a sinking ship,  
We're swimming in the sand  
They put their fingers in their ears,  
Refuse to recognize our fears  
And fly off to Jamaica  
When we call them underhand

Songwriters

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