

Poor Butterfly

The Hilltoppers

Poor Butterfly 'neath the blossoms waiting;
Poor Butterfly, for she loved him so.
The moments pass into hours, the hours pass into years,
And as she smiles through her tears, she murmurs low,
"The moon and I know that he'll be faithful;
I'm sure he'll come back, by and by.
But if he don't come back, then I never sigh or cry
I just must die." Poor Butterfly.

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