

Loss, Strain and Butterflies

Tabitha's Secret

He got bad and she got mad
And he lowered one more time
And she got even No one heard a single word
And as the clock ticked from next door
I could hear her breathing And I said, "Good morning Mrs. Sumner
I would like you to meet my friend Mr. Jones
He has a house made out of butterflies" I can't sleep sometimes but I've been told
It's a lonely condition called growing old
Let me stumble sometimes I'm looking for a soul to cling to
Girl what you think about that? This time, well, it all comes down
To loss and strain and butterflies
Then it comes right down to me Hello have you been alright?
Did you find a piece of something wrapped around
The light side of your life
To make you feel better Did you get out with your sanity?
Did you save a little something for the people in need?
And did you know with the rain in your pockets?
You can change the weather I'm looking for a soul to cling to
Girl what you think about that? This time, well, it all comes down
To loss and strain and butterflies
Then it comes right down to me This time, well, it all comes down
To loss and strain and butterflies
Then it comes right down to me Is it just the total for the wages of our sins?
And have you made yourself a victim?
In a game that you can't win And our we caving in
And does it all depend on loss and strain and butterflies?
And does it come right down to me anymore? This time, does it all come down
To loss and strain and butterflies?
Come on down to me

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