

Butterflies

Natalie Imbruglia

Swallow purple terror candy
Don't forget to breathe
Sickened by the wanting
And drowning from the need
This dichromatic vision
Of one who does not care
To sipping cocktail sedatives
Two months to hide somewhere
Butterflies, butterflies
Cut the stomach out and hand it over
Butterflies, butterflies
My heart will be the bridge that you walk over
The wolf has caught the chicken
And now I feel unsteady
Emotions on the blink again
So kick me when you're ready
Here lies a violet coffin
The death of my control
Along with all my skeletons

They put them in a hole
Butterflies, butterflies
Cut the stomach out and hand it over
Butterflies, butterflies
My heart will be the bridge that you walk over
Sickened by the notion
I give myself again
Choking on the bullet
The gun that's found a friend
So raise your glass to sorrow
And drink to all the pain
Tie a silver ribbon around
The pieces that remain
Butterflies, butterflies
Cut the stomach out and hand it over
Butterflies, butterflies
My heart will be the bridge that you walk over
That you walk over
That you walk over

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