

Boy Least Likely To "I Box Up All The Butterflies"

Visit "[I Box Up All The Butterflies](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I find it difficult to
Relax in the summertime
With all the flowers in bloom
I creep across the countryside
With my net and my bait
And a pocketful of bailer twine

I break the promises I made
As I box up all the butterflies

I ruin
Everything
As I sit in a field of grass
In the spring
Listening
To the beat of it's little heart
And to it's wings
Struggling
For air under an upturned glass
And I put a pin
Through it's wings

And I bottle it up,
I box it up,
And bury it in my heart

Just as I know my friends
I also know my enemies
Are the birds and the bees
And my own little insecurities

I creep around in the dark
And I tear up all the dandelions
And I break my own heart
As I box up all the butterflies

Tirelessly,
Following
It's tiny butterfly tracks
Across the field in the spring
With a plastic carrier bag

Full of fish,
Hooks, and string
I lay a little matchbox trap
And I put pin
Through it's wings

And I bottle it up,
I box it up
And bury it in my heart

I folded up it's furry wings
And opened up it's little heart
It might sound stupid
But something about it made me want to pull it apart

I ruin
Everything
As I sit in a field of grass
In the spring
Listening
To the beat of it's little heart
And to it's wings
Struggling
For air under an upturned glass
And I put a pin through it's wing

And I bottle it up,
I box it up,
And bury it in my heart.

Visit [Boy Least Likely To](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.