

## Deborah Conway "Now That We're Apart"

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Deborah Conway

It was all in black and white  
And now I feel so blue  
One piece of crinkled paper  
Making short work of you  
The whole thing's a muddle  
But Madame Butterfly is in trouble  
There was a plan made  
But not followed  
What will they say about tonight  
It was written in the stars  
That we three would collide  
You and me sprawled in the rubble  
(And our good friend) Madame Butterfly is in trouble  
You know it's all just howdy doody  
So why get so uptight  
Love's a frame-up  
Whoever's out there could be in bed with me tonight  
I'd take anyone just to cuddle  
That's why Madame Butterfly's in trouble  
And if God looked me straight in the eye  
And told me he loved me  
I'd think he was lying  
So what hope have we got?  
If we all dress like Liberace  
And dance like Fred Astaire  
If we become so much larger  
Than our little lives could bare  
It's the riddle in the bubble  
(coming out of some cartoon)  
And Madame Butterfly's still in trouble  
Call me diva  
Call me princess  
Put me on the stage  
Let me sing high take my clothes off  
And watch you be outraged  
I need to shock and make you goggle  
(very immature)  
But Madame Butterfly lives to make trouble  
I was dreaming  
But I'm awake now  
And I have been deceived

She's the sly one she's the sly one  
So why do I have to leave  
But in the mirror I see double  
(she is me alright)  
And Madame Butterfly is trouble

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