

Divine Comedy "Going Downhill Fast"

Visit "[Going Downhill Fast](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

One butterfly spies a glint in his eye;
The birds sing as he cycles by.
Oh, why should he feel sad?
This world ain't so bad,
And besides -
Woe betide he who would frown
When natural beauty abounds.
And now, with wheels spinning free,
He's picking up speed...
Two butterflies tie knots in his stomach -
They love it when he goes too fast!
The wind whistles past
In vast oceans of air that will mess up his hair,
Though he no longer cares anymore for
Over-indulgence in vanity's

Vacuous vice
Just once or twice, thrice
Four times in five we forget we're alive
And neglect to remind ourselves
Wait, then, for me
Oh great Mercury!
As late as you may be,
Will you wait for me?
Three butterflies realise when it's time to depart -
They have tickled his ribs, they have fluttered his heart,
But the starting is easy compared to the stop,
And the bottom is hard when compared to the top.

Visit [Divine Comedy](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.