

The Butterbeer Experience "On Thestrals Wings"

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There is a girl,
Radishes in her ears.
Around her neck,
She wears the corks,
From her butterbeers.
She reads the Quibbler,
Upside down,
Sees the world,
The other way around.
She's kinda strange,
But that's okay.

People stare, people stare, Luna.
But you don't care, you don't care, do ya?
You're one in a million,
And a million in one.
So don't be shy, don't be shy,
Luna.
If you try, if you try, you can
Touch the sky, touch the sky,
And on thestrals wings,
You'll fly.

Her eyes are filled
With a million dreams,
Of nargles and all other magical beings.
Her voice is soft,
Like floating on air.
She walks around,
Without a care.
She's kinda strange,
But that's okay.
People stare, people stare, Luna.
But you don't care, you don't care, do ya?
You're one in a million,
And a million in one.
So don't be shy, don't be shy,
Luna.
If you try, if you try, you can
Touch the sky, touch the sky,

And on thestrals wings,
YouÃfÃçâ, Ñ™ ll fly.

SheÃfÃçâ, Ñ™ s beautiful, brave,
And has a smile on her face.
SheÃfÃçâ, Ñ™ s true to the end,
No one can replace her.

People stare, people stare, Luna.
But you donÃfÃçâ, Ñ™ t care, you donÃfÃçâ, Ñ™ t
care, do ya?
YouÃfÃçâ, Ñ™ re one in a million,
And a million in one.

People stare, people stare, Luna.
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