

## Matchbox 20

# "Loss, Strain, And Butterflies"

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He got bad, and she got mad, he lowered one more  
time  
And she got even  
No one heard a single word and as the clock ticked  
from next door  
I could hear her breathing  
And I said good morning Mrs. Sumner I would like you  
to meet my friend Mr. Jones  
He has a house made out of butterflies  
I can't sleep sometimes but I've been told  
It's a lonely condition called growing old  
Let me stumble sometimes  
(intro to chorus)  
I'm looking for a soul to cling to  
Girl what you think about that  
(chorus)  
This time, well it all comes down  
To loss and strain and butterflies  
Then it comes right down to me  
Hello have you been alright  
Did you find a piece of something wrapped around the  
light side of your life  
To make you feel better  
Did you get out with your sanity  
Did you save a little something for the people in need  
And did you know with the rain in your pockets  
You can change the weather  
(intro to chorus)  
(chorus)  
(chorus)  
Is it just the total for the wages of our sins  
And have you made yourself a victim  
In a game that you can't win  
And our we caving in  
And does it all depend on loss and strain and  
butterflies  
And does it come right down to me anymore  
This time  
Does it all come down  
To loss and strain and butterflies  
Come on down to me

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