

## **The Meg And Dia Band "Yellow Butterfly"**

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She was just five years old.  
A slightly moody day.  
She couldn't stay away, from that rivers edge and I.  
I turn my back to count.  
All the daffodil seas that surrounded.  
I close my eyes, and then heard the water wake up.

And I, I can still hear that scream, It's still lingering, in  
the air, everywhere.  
"Mother, please save me, grab my hand" (I can't I  
can't)  
I can still see that face, sink beneath the waves. Baby  
please, breath for me, give me time I am here.

Where did you go?  
Where'd you go?  
Where'd you go?  
Hey, where'd you go?

Were the angels that lonely?  
Couldn't they suffice for anybody else?  
Can't everybody just lie to me.  
She's home, she's home. Crying for me now.  
Every night on a Monday, I will visit the same spot that I  
hate.  
Yes the place that baby loved, and now she can taste it,  
oh it took her away.

It's been five years since then.  
And when it hits September..  
I'll feel like I'm dying again.  
I can still won't even talk to me, talk to me!  
Isn't this pain, guilt enough?  
I can't even look out the window, without seeing  
reflections distorted in the sun.

(Repeat: And I can still hear that scream...)

And the pain hits me like gunshot.  
And I'm heading on the way to the floor, I hear her  
name and it kills me.  
Oh, Bottles up, Bottles up, Bottles up.

And I'm trying my best to hurt me.  
Ian says it's never enough.  
A razor to the wrist for each unshed tear, cough it up,  
drink it up, drink it up.

So I had a coma, when I crashed my car in the lake.  
I saw your face down there I knew, it was not a mistake.  
So I went to the doctor. I told him, oh my heart will  
break, If I couldn't see you. He just, gave me more pills.

But, I saw you up there.  
Still floating by the river.  
God, you always loved that river.  
I bet your heaven looks just like it.

Then I'll like it too, even though it scares me now.  
But when I'm with you.  
I'll be just fine, I'll be just fine.

We can sit, we can talk about, talk about...Butterflies.  
Butterflies. Butterflies.

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