

Procol Harum "Butterfly Boys"

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They tell us that we're savages
Who haven't got a hope
We're burning in the furnaces
We're choking at the smoke

They say we haven't got a choice
Refuse to recognize our voice
Yet they enjoy commissions
From the proceeds of the joke

Those Butterfly Boys
At play with their toys
Stinging like bees
Itching like fleas

Butterfly Boys
You got the toys
You got the breeze
We caught the freeze

Butterfly Boys
Give us a break
We got the groceries
You got the cake

They tell us that we're savages
Who cannot understand
We're sailing on a sinking ship
We're swimming in the sand

They put their fingers in their ears
Refuse to recognize our fears
And fly off to Jamaica
When we call them underhand

Those Butterfly Boys
At play with their toys
Stinging like bees
Itching like fleas

Butterfly Boys
You got the toys

You got the breeze
We caught the freeze

Butterfly Boys
Give us a break
We got the groceries
You got the cake

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