

Dia & Ian

"Yellow Butterfly"

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She was just five years old. A slightly moody day...
She couldn't stay away from that river's edge, and I...
I turned by back to count all the daffodil seeds that
surrounded.
I closed 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 hear that face sink beneath the waves.
"Baby, please breathe for me. Give me time i am here.
Where did you go? Where'd you go? Where'd you go?
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. Now she can taste it.
It took her away.

It's been five years since then, and when it hits
September
I'll feel like I'm dying again. Ian 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.

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 breathe for me. Give me time. I am here.
Where did you go? Where'd you go? Where'd you go?"

Where'd you go?"

Were the angels that lonely? Couldn't they suffice for
anybody else?
Can't everybody else 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 baby loved. Now she can taste it.
It took her away.

When the pain hits me like gunshot, (oh) and I'm
headed 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.

Were the angels that lonely? Couldn't they suffice for
anybody else?
Can't everybody just lie to me, 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. Now she can taste it.
It took her away. Oh, it took her away... took her away.

So I had a coma, when I crashed my car in the lake.
I saw your face, darling. I knew it was no 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.
I'll like it too even though it scares me now.
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, butterflies.

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