

Harum Procol

"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 got the freeze

Butterfly Boys...give us a break

We got the groceries...you've 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 got the freeze

Butterfly Boys...give us a break

We got the groceries...you've got the cake

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