

Moi Caprice

"Chinese Butterflies"

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66 or 64,
it doesn't really matter anymore
There's no more throwing sticks into the river
And me I've not just grown, I've grown too clever
Just let go

Back then I was French and yet Chinese
I knew songs of butterflies and bees
But the poets killed the vipers and the songs
Chained the princess and carried her along
Just let go

I remember all the songs
Well, that was right and this is wrong
I would really like to sing along
But I won't try as giants have no tongue

It was all a bluff I guess
All things have to end I guess
Just let go

In this one enchanted place
we're back where we began...

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