

# Blind Iris, The Tattered Tale Of Brown Butterfly

Her world bounces up and down  
Like a girl on a trampoline  
Her dark hair shining  
Like a preacher on Sunday  
Her breathe smells like tangerines  
Her nose is peppered by the sunlight  
Her eye's the deep blue sea  
When she drifts the mood is so soft  
The warm summers breeze

They caught her crying  
In the rear view mirror  
On our way to a sandy beach  
As I bounce between then and now  
I see it's somewhere  
We would never reach

They watched her cry  
In the rear view mirror  
There's no u-turn on a one way street  
As I bounce between then and now  
I see the lesson  
They were trying to teach

Says rainy days look best  
Through a window  
Shut it tight  
Leave the cold outside  
She's just like the Mona Lisa  
A million eyes could never read her mind  
All she asks is for something beautiful  
The truth is something that she won't believe  
What she's got is something beautiful  
How easily she was deceived

So I'd lift her up on butterfly wings  
Let her down like a feather falls  
"We won't listen to your mother say "No, no""  
"Come on baby got to break these walls"

We'd climb high  
Point to a star in the sky  
"You always question but you never ask why"  
"You're heart will never know until she cries"  
"Come on baby got to break these walls"

Says rainy days look best  
Through a window  
Shut it tight  
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So I'd lift her up on butterfly wings  
Let her down like a mountain falls  
"We won't listen to your mother say "No, no""  
"Come on baby got to break these walls"

We'd climb high  
Point to a star in the sky

"You always question but you never ask why"  
"You're heart will never know until she cries"  
"Come on baby got to break these walls"

What she needs is what she really, really wants  
What that is she really doesn't know  
In the winter she waits for the heat  
In the summer she Prays for the Snow  
What she needs is what she really, really wants  
What that is she really doesn't know  
All she holds is all she's ever really lost  
I think it's time she lets it go

Life is just a story made up by our brains  
What we leave on pages is all that will remain  
Long after we're gone it's read or hung up on a wall  
Suddenly your life will be meaningful  
With a pallet full of color  
To show how she felt inside  
She painted a plain picture of a brown butterfly