

Butterfly Boucher, Don't Point, Don't Scare It

We hide behind the hills
We walk through tunneled fields
And no-one sees us holding hands

Love
Don't point
Don't scare it
Oh
Love
Don't point
Don't scare it

We sneak into the trees
We hide beneath the leaves
And nobody will find us here

We dance across the lake
We laugh into the wind
And nobody will find us out

Love
Don't point
Don't scare it
Oh
Love
Don't point
Don't scare it
Please

We creep along the lanes
We sneak through seven gates
We pass a flock of birds who didn't flinch a feather
This cliff will keep us safe
We hide beneath its walls
Alone again, as it's time to kiss

Love
Don't point
Don't scare it
Oh
Love
Don't point
Don't scare it
Oh
Love
Love
Love
Don't point
Don't scare it