

# Duke Ellington, Black Butterfly

You're a BLACK BUTTERFLY  
With your wings frayed and torn,  
Laughter's yours so is scorn  
As they point to you in shame.  
You're a BLACK BUTTERFLY  
With your wings near fire,  
But confess when your tire,  
Is the candle worth the flame?  
Your Queen of the Night  
But with morning's early light  
There's not a hear to really call your own;  
So before it's too late,  
Change your ways and repent,  
Take my love that was meant  
For BLACK BUTTERFLY along.  
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