

# Eskobar, Butterflies

there's a silver bike  
you know that I like  
'cause I ride it on home  
to you

there's a wind in the air  
just as smooth as your hair  
and I'm coming on home  
to you

playing butterflies  
playing butterflies  
playing butterflies  
with you

as the sun and the moon  
take the turns over june  
please don't leave me to soon  
in bloom

it's the story of us  
and I feel that i must  
get it out of my system 'cause  
you're gone

playing butterflies  
playing butterflies  
playing butterflies  
with you