

Hawksley Workman, A Moth Is Not A Butterfly

A moth is not a butterfly
And I know why, I know why
It kind of makes you want to cry
That a moth is not a butterfly

But some are happy in the bluest sky
And others search in the dark of night
And sadness is a silent right
A moth is not a butterfly

A stone is not a grain of sand
It's hard, I guess, to understand
Both broken parts scatter the land
A stone is not a grain of sand

And one has lived for longer still
The other longs to break until
The wind can lift it in its hand
A stone is not a grain of sand

A desert's not a mountainside
And I know why, I know why
'cause one is vast and one divides
A desert's not a mountainside

'cause one has need for open space
The other simply in its place
It must be known far and wide
That a desert's not a mountainside

A moth is not a butterfly
And I know why, I know why
It kind of makes you want to cry
That a moth is not a butterfly