

# Lifehouse, Butterfly

she watches a darkness creeping up about half past eight  
she sits by the weeping willow says that she can relate  
she dreams of someday getting out of this place  
she says she's never felt at home even in her own face

I know it won't be long  
till you turn into a butterfly  
I know you're weak and you're hanging on  
go and give it another try

she dreams of puppies and those wings that look like parachutes  
she dreams of waterfalls that sweep your feet from under you  
she finds her comfort inside bedtime stories and fairy tales  
anything with a happy ending she says it can never fail

I know it won't be long  
till you turn into a butterfly  
I know you're weak but you're hanging on  
cause you're dreaming of an open sky

she don't wanna talk about it cause that's all that she's done  
she don't wanna think about it she's not the only one  
she doesn't wanna be what she doesn't have to be  
doesn't have to be

she wants to be the girl whose swept off her feet in the end  
she wants to live a life that's real and not just for pretend  
she dreams of laughter echoing and says it's her favorite sound  
she dreams of plastic parents that will never let her down

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till you turn into a butterfly  
I know you're weak and you're hanging on  
cause you're dreaming of an open sky  
go and give it another try  
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