

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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