

# Michael Nesmith, Yellow Butterfly

The rain falls through Chicago skies  
People stare and wonder why  
And somewhere sails a yellow butterfly

A jaguar circles in the night  
The jungle glistens by moonlight  
And somewhere sails a yellow butterfly

All in all in all in all  
Like an island waterfall  
Days and nights revolve around  
Her flying, silent sound

Mother wakes and Father turns  
A candle flame surreally burns  
And somewhere sails a yellow butterfly

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