

Petula Clark, Elusive Butterfly

You might wake up some mornin'
To the sound of something moving past your window in the wind
And if you're quick enough to rise,
You'll catch the fleeting glimpse of someone's fading shadow
Don't be concerned, it will not harm you
It's only me pursuing something I'm not sure of
Across my dream with nets of wonder
I chase the bright elusive butterfly of love
Out on the new horizon,
You may see the floating motion of a distant pair of wings
And if the sleep has left your ears,
You might hear footsteps running through an open meadow
Don't be concerned, it will not harm you
It's only me pursuing something I'm not sure of
Across my dream with nets of wonder
I chase the bright elusive butterfly of love