

Sesame Street, Butterfly

Butterfly ...
Butterfly ...

Orange and black, bright dusty wing
Flutter through fields where the summer birds sing
Blown like a paper, hour by hour
Over the grass, from flower to flower
Butterfly ...
Butterfly ...

When flowers close and darkness grows deep ...
When children run home and stars start to peep ...
When it is nighttime, where do you sleep, butterfly?

Butterfly ...

(?), soft as a rose

Rest on my hand; open and close

(??)

Tell me the secret; I have to know
(?)
When the moon rises, where do you go?
Where do you go?
Butterfly ...
Butterfly ...
Butterfly ...
Butterfly ...
Butterfly ...
Butterfly!