

# Tabitha's Secret, Loss Strain And Butterflies

He got bad, and she got mad, and he lowered one more time  
And she got even  
No one heard a single word but as the clock ticked from next door  
I could hear her breathing

Well then I said good morning Mrs. Sumner I would, like you to meet my friend, Mr. Boney  
He has a house made out of butterflies, yeah  
Well I can't sleep sometimes but I've been told  
It's a lonely condition called growing old  
Let me stumble sometimes

And, I'm looking for a soul to cling to, well  
Girl, what you think about that

Yeah, this time, well it all comes down  
To loss and strain and butterflies  
Then it comes right down to me

Well, hello, have you been alright  
Did you find a piece of something wrapped around the light side of your life  
To make you feel better  
Yeah, well did you get out with your sanity  
Did you save a little something for the people in need  
Did you know with the rain in your pockets  
You can change the weather

Well, I'm looking for a soul to cling to, yeah  
Girl, what you think about that

Yeah, this time, well it all comes down  
To loss and strain and butterflies  
Does it comes right down to me, yeah

Yeah, this time, this time, well it all comes down, in the end  
To loss and strain and butterflies  
Well, come on down to me, yeah to me  
Yeah, hey, hey, hey, hey

Is this just the total for the wages of our sins, or  
And have you made yourself a victim  
In a game that you can't win  
And our we caving in  
Does it all depend, on loss and strain and butterflies  
Does it come right down to me, anymore

Yeah, this time mamma, does it all come down, in the end  
To loss and strain and butterflies  
Hey, yeah, yeah, well  
Come on down to me