

The Divine Comedy, Going Downhill Fast

One butterfly
Spies a glint in his eye,
Birds sing as he cycles by.
Oh! Why should he feel sad?
This world's not so bad, and besides,
Woe betide he who would frown
When natural beauty abounds.
And now with wheels spinning free
He's picking up speed.

Two butterflies
Tie knots in his stomach,
They love it when he goes too fast.
Wind whistles past,
Whilst oceans of air
That will mess up his hair,
Though he no longer cares any more
For overindulgence and vanity,
Vacuous vice!
Just once or twice,
Thrice,
Four times in five we forget we're alive
And neglect to remind ourselves.

Three butterflies
Realise when it's time to depart,
They have tickled his ribs
They have fluttered his heart,
But the starting is easy compared to the stop
And the bottom is hard when compared to the top.

Oh la la la la etc...