

## Butterfly



Sitting alone on a hillside confused about what to do  
My choices were all complicated, it was time to think things through  
Spotted a striped caterpillar stretching her face to the sky  
Dragging her cumbersome body an inch at a time  
I was feeling the pain of slow progress when a friend of hers fluttered by  
I leaned close as the caterpillar spoke with a voice as soft as a sigh. She said,

*Butterfly please tell me again I am going to be alright  
I can feel a change is coming  
I can feel it in my skin  
I can feel myself outgrowing  
This life I've been living in  
And I'm afraid, afraid of change  
Butterfly, please tell me again I'm gonna be alright*

I'm like my friend caterpillar, afraid of that dark cocoon  
Wanting to hide in the tall grass, when change is coming soon  
But all of the things that we long for are borne on the wings of change  
And losses can lead us to blessings that we can't explain  
Butterflies remind us, there's magic in every life  
And we can become what we dream of, if fat furry worms can fly. So I say,



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And on the day of my last breath  
I expect to see angels like butterflies over my head and I'll say...

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This life I've been living in  
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