

BUTTERFLY

by Jana Stanfield and Joyce Johnson Rouse

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

CHORUS

Butterfly, please tell me again, I'm gonna be alright
I can feel a change is comin', 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
So, 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 from change that is coming soon
All of the things that we long for are born on the wings of change
Losses can lead us to blessings that we can't explain
Butterflies remind us, there's magic in every life
And we can be all that we dream of, if fat furry worms can fly

REPEAT CHORUS

On the day of my last breath
I expect to see angels like butterflies over my head, and I'll say

REPEAT CHORUS

Butterfly, please tell me again I'm gonna be alright