

So alone

I should be a butterfly
to fly with you everywhere you are,
to be with you all the time
there or here –
not important at all, important at all.

And I feel it seven days a week,
twenty four hours a day,
so alone, so alone
oh without you.

Want to be the cloud there over your head,
to follow you and keep the rain away,
to be your smile as you always say,
to be there over you when you sleep.

Just a little butterfly up in the sky.

And I dream my dream of you
now at the moment.
And all the time
missing you come, come,
come my little flower, come to me.

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twenty four hours a day,
so alone, so alone
oh without you.

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