A Message from your Public Health Unit // Brooke Lunderville

She was always looking for the brighter side Am D
And never would believe that her lover had lied G Am
When your plans fall short you do what you know D Am
A butterfly looking for flowers in the snow D Am
A butterfly looking for flowers in the snow D Am

He was a man whose word you could always trust
Just as you can be sure wet iron will rust
For it didn't much matter how the dice would fly
When the truth didn't flatter he would pretty up a lie
When the truth didn't flatter he would pretty up a lie

She yearned for him with a love so pure
Which isn't what I'd call what he felt for her
But the devil's own lust or the dove's pure flight
Will both do for kindling in the middle of the night
They will both do for kindling in the middle of the night

Their passion was a flame that burned so red
But the morning light showed her only ashes in the bed
You may think her simple you can call her naive
She was the only one shocked to see him leave
The only one surprised to see him leave

So you darlings pierced by cupid's dart
Should beware of more than just a broken heart
A broken rubber will hurt you more
You may find he has grieved you sore, you sore
You may find he has grieved you sore.

Now it's customary in a tale like this
For the penalty to burden just the innocent miss
But we'll break with traditional cautionary lore
As the miss had been fooled by many men before
Yeah, he wasn't the first to pay her court
And he won't be the last to get her genital warts

So you scoundrels all who court sweet young maids
Consider what it is beside love that you trade
For when you play false some sweet young thing
You may find a butterfly has a scorpion's sting
You may find a butterfly has a scorpion's sting