

506-1000  
Butterfly straight

butterflies, destinations true  
Against the skies, deceptive blue  
Seem to falter, aimless path  
We say they suffer Gaia's wrath

Wisdom theirs, magic flight  
Bouncing 'gainst a sun so bright  
They will get there, you will see  
They'll arrive eventually

We tell our children to find that line  
buy into the daily grind  
Go to college, get a job  
Matters not their youth we rob

Have a goal, reach it thus  
Adults know the way so trust  
Do not stray, for straying's weak  
Of your law degree we want to speak

Butterflies, all a joy  
Landing top a child's toy  
Arrive they will, and happy still  
A destiny theirs to fulfill

So do not listen to your mother  
Do not tarry with your dad  
They are loving but misguided  
The advice they give is very bad

Be a butterfly and waiver  
Relish each and every flavor  
Straight lines are for those who fear  
I hope the butterfly you'll hear