

Madame Butterfly Is In Trouble

Deborah Conway

Deborah Conway and Paul Kelly
I might be the last to know
What comes so easy to all my friends
I'm so good at letting go
Regrets go belly up towards the end
Said goodbye so many times
It seems a miracle that I'm still sitting here
Staring at these parallel lines
Stretching out and going somewhere
I got a jar of shells by my bedside
I got a silver train running outside
I got a heart running wild, running wild
Love is such a temporary thing
It comes and goes a thousands times a day
No hard feelings in the songs I sing
Just another town to blow my heart away
I got a yellow rose from my garden
And a faded photo of my father
He's still keeping one eye on the weather
I got a heart running wild, running wild
Make believe you're somewhere else
It's a game I've learned to play a lot lately
Driving round here by myself
With the dog palms and the sunsets and the sea
I got a jar of shells by my bedside
I got a silver train running outside
I got a bird that sings in the morning
Shadows on the floor slowly shifting
I got a box of paints but the lid's gone
I got a string of pearls from my last song
I got a heart running wild