

## Butterflies

© Andrew McKay

The men used to fish in the bay,  
With their sails of red, yellow and green,  
We called them the butterflies, dancing about,  
Now there's scarcely a sail to be seen.

*Where did the butterflies go?*

*Where did the butterflies go?*

*There once were so many, they seemed everywhere,*

*Where did the butterflies go?*

The oysters grew thick in the bay,  
You could dredge up a fortune each tide,  
But the oysters they dwindled and faded away,  
The butterflies folded and died.

*(chorus)*

The men drifted back to the land,  
For families still must be fed,  
Back to grubbing for pennies where once they plucked pounds,  
Still the butterflies danced in their heads.

*(chorus)*

The oysters one day will return,  
I know that's what many folk say,  
But the next time that butterflies dance out to sea,  
'Twill be visitors coming to play.

*(chorus)*

The men used to fish in the bay,  
With their sails of red, yellow and green,  
We called them the butterflies, dancing about,  
Now there's scarcely a sail to be seen.

*Where did the butterflies go?*

*Where did the butterflies go?*

*There once were so many, they seemed everywhere,*

*Where did the butterflies go?*