

# Glen Campbell, Elusive Butterfly

You might wake up some morning  
To the sound of something moving past your window in the wind  
And if you're quick enough to rise  
You'll catch the fleeting glimpse of someone's fading shadow  
Out on the new horizon you may see the floating motion of a distant pair of wings  
And if the sleep has left your ears  
You might hear footsteps running through an open meadow  
Don't be concerned it will not harm you  
It's only me pursuing something I'm not sure of  
Across my dreams with nets of wonder I chase the bright elusive butterfly of love

You might have heard my footsteps  
Echo softly in the distance through the canyons of your mind  
I might have even called your name as I ran searching after something to believe in You might have  
Through the long abandoned ruins of the dreams you left behind  
If you remember something there  
That glided past you followed close by heavy breathing  
Don't be concerned it will not harm you  
It's only me pursuing something I'm not sure of  
Across my dreams with nets of wonder I chase the bright elusive butterfly of love  
I chase the bright butterfly of love I chase the bright butterfly of love  
Bu-bu-bu-butterfly of love bu-bu-bu-butterfly of love