

# The Jam, The Butterfly Collector

So you finally got what you wanted  
You've achieved your aim by making the walking lame  
And when you just can't get any higher  
You use your senses to suss out this week's climber  
And the small fame that you've acquired  
Has brought you into cult status  
But to me you're still a collector

There's tarts and whores but you're much more  
You're a different kind 'cause you want their minds  
And you just don't care 'cause you've got no pride  
It's just a face on your pillowcase  
That thrills you

And you started looking much older  
And your fashion sense is second rate like your perfume  
But to you in your little dream world  
You're still the queen of the butterfly collectors

As you carry on 'cause it's all you know  
You can't light a fire  
You can't cook or sew  
You get from day to day by filling your head  
But surely you must know the appeal between your legs  
Has worn off

And I don't care about morals  
'Cause the world's insane and we're all to blame anyway  
And I don't feel any sorrow  
Towards the kings and queens of the butterfly collectors

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