

Garbage, Butterfly Collector

So you finally got what you wanted
You've achieved your aim by making me walk in line

When you just can't get any higher
You've used 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 brains
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

And you carry on 'cause it's all you know
You can't light a fire, you can't cook or sew
You go from day to day by filling your head
But you surely must know the thrill 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 Queens and Kings of the butterfly collectors

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