

Golden Earring, Mitch Mover

Hello, this is a song
'bout a guy called Mitch Mover
A strange little character
That's what he is
Keeps collecting butterflies and bees
And things like that, you know

Early in the morning when the sun goes up
Mitch Mover awakes and he drinks a cup
Of tea and he takes his botanical case
On his back, oh boy, what a chase

Butterflies and bees, they can't stand him anymore

There he goes again
Good luck and I'll see you again
Tonight when he is tired of chasing hornets

He admires a boy

At night he selects all the insects
And carefully he puts pins through their heads
Peering through the gloom, it seems as if his room
Was a biological museum

Butterflies and bees, they won't fly anymore

There he goes again
Good luck and I'll see you again
Tonight when he is tired of chasing hornets
He admires a boy

Mitch Mover, Mitch Mover, Mitch Mover