

## Garbage "Butterfly Col"

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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 because you want their minds  
And you just don't care 'cause you've got no brain  
It's just that face on your pillowcase that thrills you

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

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 you surely must know the thrill between your legs  
has worn off

And I don't care about morals  
Because 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

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

You carry on because 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 you surely must know the thrill between your legs

has worn off

And I don't feel any sorrow towards the kings and  
queens of the butterfly collectors

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