

Tina Arena

"Alexander Beetle"

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I had a little Beetle, so that Beetle was his name
And I called him Alexander and he answered just the
same

And I put him in a matchbox and I kept him all the day
But Nanny let my Beetle out, Nanny let my Beetle out
She went and let my Beetle out, and Beetle ran away

She said she didn't mean it and I never said she did
She said she wanted matches and she just took off the
lid

She said I mustn't worry and I really mustn't mind
That there's lots and lots of beetles that she's certain
we could find

She said I mustn't worry, but it's difficult to catch
An excited sort of beetle you've mistaken for a match

If we looked in all the places that a beetle might be
near
And we made the kind of noises that a beetle likes to
hear

And I heard a kind of something and I gave a sort of
shout
It was a beetle house and Alexander Beetle coming out

It was Alexander Beetle, I'm as certain as can be
And he had a kind of look as though he thought it
might be me

And he had a kind of look as though he thought he
ought to say
I'm really very sorry that I tried to run away

And Nanny's very sorry too, 'cause you know what she
did
She's writing Alexander very blackly on the lid

So Nan and me are friends because it's difficult to

catch

An excited sort of beetle you've mistaken for a match

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