

The Collector

The Everly Brothers

I'm a collector of beautiful things
I capture and keep them
And pin down their wings
Red butterflies
Green dragonflies
Pretty blue beetles
But she will be
My most precious prize

I'm a collector of beautiful things
I capture and keep them
And pin down their wings

No longer free
She begs to be free
With no-one to help her
She'll learn to care
Depending on me

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She begs to be free
With no-one to help her
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I'm a collector of beautiful things
And I have collected a beautiful dream