

# Consolation Prize

## Orange Juice

A thousand violins will play it for you  
While you sit and roll your deep blue eyes  
A thousand to win, a thousand you lose  
But I'll be your consolation prize  
All you do is sighI wore my frings like Roger McGuinn's  
I was hoping to impress  
So frightfully camp, it made you laugh  
Tomorrow I'll buy myself a dress  
How ludicrousI don't mean to pry but didn't that guy  
Crumple up your face a thousand times?  
He made you cry  
I'll be your consolation prize  
Although I know  
I'll never be man enough for you

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