

Prince Johnny (Live On Letterman)

St. Vincent

Prince Johnny you're kind but you're not simple
By now I think I know the difference
You wanna be a son of someone Remember the time we went and snorted
That piece of that berlin wall that you extorted
And we had such a laugh of it
Prostrate on my carpet You traced that andes with your index
And brag of when and where and who you're going to bed next
Oh we're sons of someone's
Oh we're sons of someone's I saw you pray to, oh oh oh oh oh, to make you a real boy
Saw you pray to oh oh oh oh oh, to make you a real boy Prince Johnny you're kind but do be careful
By now I know just when to stand clear
When all your friends and acolytes
Holding court in bathroom stalls
Where you pray to, oh oh oh oh oh, to make you a real boy
Saw you pray to oh oh oh oh oh, to make you a real boy But honey, don't mistake my affection
For another spit in penny style redemption.
Cause we're all sons of someone's
We're all sons of someone's
I'll mean more than I mean to you
I'll mean more than I meant to him So I pray to, oh oh oh oh oh, to make me a real girl
So I pray to, oh oh oh oh oh, to make me a real girl
So I pray to, oh oh oh oh oh, oh oh oh oh oh, oh oh
Oh oh oh, oh oh oh oh oh

Songwriters

ANNE ERIN CLARK Published by

Lyrics © BMG RIGHTS MANAGEMENT US, LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941.
Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>