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 someoneRemember 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 carpetYou 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'sI 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 boyPrince 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 boyBut 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 himSo 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
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