Queen Jane Approximately

Chris Dylan

When your mother sends back all your invitations
And your father to your sister, he explains
That you're tired of yourself and all of your creations
Won't you come see me Queen Jane
Won't you come see me Queen Jane
Now when all of the flower ladies want back what they have learnt you
And the smell of their roses does not remain
And all of your children start to resent you
Won't you come see me Queen Jane
Won't you come see me Queen Jane
Now when all the clowns that you have commissioned
Have died in battle or in vain
And you're sick of all this repetition
Won't you come see me Queen Jane
Won't you come see me Queen Jane
Oh when all of your advisers heave their plastic
At your feet to convince you of your pain
Trying to prove that your conclusions should be more drastic
Won't you come see me Queen Jane
Won't you come see me Queen Jane
Now when all of the bandits that you turn your other cheek to
All lay down their bandannas and complain
And you want somebody you don't have to speak to
Won't you come see me Queen Jane
Oh, won't you come see me Queen Jane

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