

The Queen of Hearts

Ezra Furman

It's the search for a church in the bottom of your purse
A spiritual home that you can take to the mall
You dig and you dig but you can only find your wallet
And your phone with a hundred missed calls
You could never return them all And I watch you with your purse from the adjacent coffee table
At the Starbucks they built inside my heart
When your makeup starts to run I can see you're getting older
I can see your life has been hard
Your face is worn like an old playing card
The Queen of Hearts I am working in my bedroom, I'm composing all the music
For a film that will never be made
It's the story of my life, a 1, 000, 000-hour epic
About a good man who went down in flames
Who got lost in God's multitude of names
I am searching, I am searching, I am waving my antennae
Trying to pick up some signal through this dream
I'm an ant in a hill, but I think and I feel
And I'm composing these love letters to the
Queen
Hoping somebody will see what I mean
The Queen of Hearts I always hear about God with a wink and a nod
I guess I took it all too seriously
But I was five years old and I took what I was told
To mean that the sublime was in my reach
That the ocean of the known ends at the beach
Just up the street But these days people like that are considered aberrations
And I'm being corrected as we speak
This is my heart, it's a motor, it will search the world over
A search engine--see what I mean
I don't need the Internet, I don't need TV
To find the Queen
So if you ever find that church that fits in your purse
Put it into your cold metal shopping cart
And keep on wandering the aisles on the sick fluorescent tiles
We'll be miles and miles apart
I've got my own search and I'm still just at the start
I'll be out on the highways looking for my counterpart
The Queen of Hearts

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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