

Oedipus

Pythia

I'm the king's thirty second son
Born to him in thirty seconds time
Born to him the night still young
Born to him with two eyebrows on
And that's all I was wearing
When I woke up staring at the world
My mom had been around the graves of queens
But not at all a sex machine
She liked to keep her body clean, clean
Thought the world to be quite obscene
But she retired to her chamber
And we remain quite strangers
And to see me made her awful sad
And to touch me made her awful sad
And to see me made her awful
And to touch me made her awful
I'm the king's thirty second son
And all it took was thirty seconds time
But a spoiled little prince I was not
Had a chamber maid and a chamber pot
And there's thirty-one others just like me
There's thirty-one others I can be
Sometimes I'd stand by the royal wall
The sky'd be so big that it broke my soul
And I stood on my toes to catch a glimpse
Of my mother's eyes and my mother's skin
And she retired to her chamber
And we remain quite strangers
And to see me made her awful sad
And to touch me made her awful sad
And to see me made her awful
And to touch me made her awful
And one morning I woke up
And I thought Oedipus, Oedipus, Oedipus, Oedipus
Then one morning I woke up and I thought Rex, Rex, Rex
Then one morning I woke up
And I thought Oedipus, Oedipus, Oedipus, Oedipus
Thirty-two's still a goddamn number
Thirty-two's still counts, gonna make it count

Gonna make it count, gonna oh oh

Thirty-two's still a goddamn number
Thirty-two still counts, gonna make it count

Gonna make it count gonna oh oh
Long live the king, long live the king
Long live the king, long live the king
Long live the king, long live the king
Long live the king, long live the

I'm the king's thirty second son
There's thirty-one others just like me
There's thirty-one others on the way
There's thirty-one others after that
Sometimes I stand by the royal gate

People screaming love and hate
And they scream and they scream
And they scream and they scream
Long live the king, long live the queen
And to see me made her awful sad
And to touch me made her awful sad
And to see me made her awful
And to touch me made her awful

And one morning I woke up
And I thought Oedipus, Oedipus, Oedipus, Oedipus
Then one morning I woke up and I thought Rex, Rex, Rex

Then one morning I woke up
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Thirty-two's still a goddamn number
Thirty-two's still counts, gonna make it count

Gonna make it count, gonna oh oh
Thirty-two's still a goddamn number
Thirty-two's still a goddamn number
Thirty-two's still a goddamn number
Thirty-two's still a goddamn number
Thirty-two, thirty-two, thirty-two, thirty-two
Thirty-two, thirty-two, thirty-two

Long live the king
Long live the king
Long live the king

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