

Queen of the Scene

American Aquarium

She was tall and pale, she's the queen of her scene
She hates the way I talk but she loves the way I sing
She spends too much time being something she ain't
When the smoke all clears there's always
Someone to blame

When you spend all your time trying to make things right
Guess you can't clean it up if it's broken inside
Never wants to listen to single word I say
No matter how much I ask her

I am what I am and I ain't what I ain't
I'm not yet a killer, but I'm far from a saint
I don't really think it matters what I do
I don't think I'll ever be good enough for you

She doubted me like Thomas when I needed her like Paul
Turned her back on me like Judas and let me take the fall
She called me a traitor, she called me a lie
She fed me to the lions and hung me
She hung me out to dry

So I hear you got a new boy, he looks a lot like me
I bet he can't sing like I sing
So I'll just sit back, babe, and I'll play my part
He may have your hand but I still got your heart