

Hey There Ophelia

MC Lars

The name's Hamlet and I've got a tale
About madness, lust and a female
Dad's a ghost and he roams the floors
Lurks at night in Elsinore

Got a pale face just like kiss paint
Normal you know this ain't
Something is rotten up in Denmark
A sick mistake

My uncle Claudius, his alibi is fishy
Suspensions of murder because he's acting hella shift
Frailty, thy name is woman because my mom's on his D
A N I S H throne, my dad's ghost tells me

Swear, swear, swear to revenge my regicide
Claudius iced me one night, under my crown he tries to hide
So Hamlet, here's your mission, use your antic disposition
Make them think you're crazy, bring justice, fuse the fission

Meanwhile my girl Ophelia is goth as hell
Keeps a razor by her wrist, rocks out to Soft Cell
This girl's got more issues than Amy Winehouse
I'm like "Get thee to a nunnery, I'm not trying to find a spouse"

And she says, "Screw that, forget about that
I don't want to think about anything like that
Screw that, forget about that
I don't want to know about anything like that"

I've got nothing to do but hang around and get screwed up on you
(Forget it though)
I've got nothing to do but hang around and get screwed up on you
(Just let it go)

I'm an emo prince, non-committal as could be
You'd be non-committal too if you were flawed like me
Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are on my back and I've had it
I've got these players down from Norway, let them practice in the attic

I'll have them reenact the murder, watch my uncle's expression
The play's the thing to catch the king and teach him a lesson
My uncle freaks out at the play, I know he did it just like OJ
Can't 187 while he prays because Hamlet won't play that way, nope

Confront my mom, throw her down on the bed
Because this Oedipus complex, has got me stressed in the head
Then I killed my girlfriend's dad, he was spying, now he's dead
I screamed at my mom while the blood made the carpet turn red

See kings lose crowns but princes stay intelligent
R Kelly has girl problems? This is drama, that's irrelevant
Ophelia bursts in throwing columbines and daisies
Singing songs about virginity gone, she's honest but she's crazy

And she says, "Screw that, forget about that
I don't want to think about anything like that"

Screw that, forget about that
I don't want to know about anything like that"

I've got nothing to do but hang around and get screwed up on you
(You've got to see)
I've got nothing to do but hang around and get screwed up on you
(Not you, it's me)

We've got clowns in the graveyard and I'm talking to skulls
We've got murder and incest, who said Shakespeare was dull?
My girlfriend took her life and I'm like, "Goodness, gracious"
Her brother wants to duel, Laertes is too pugnacious

My uncle dipped the tip of the saber in poison
(Duel time)
Then he poisoned the cup that mom started enjoyin'
(Tool time)

I got stabbed with the poison sword
Then I stabbed my girlfriend's brother
And then I stabbed my uncle
And we've all killed each other

To be or not to be
Well, I guess that solves that one
And I would have stayed in Wattenberg
If I'd known that this would happen

If you're ever up in Denmark on a moonlit night
You'll hear Ophelia's sad song when the full moon's bright
Baby, I'm sorry, I messed up, goodnight, my sweet princess
May flights of angels sing thee to thy rest and they sing

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