

Consolation Prize

Aztec Camera

A thousand violins will play for you
While you set and roll your deep blue eyes
A thousand to win, a thousand you lose
But I'll be your consolation prize
All you do is sigh

Well I wore my fringe like Roger McGuinn's
I wore it hoping to impress
So frightfully camp, it made you laugh
Tomorrow I'll buy myself a dress
How ludicrous

I don't mean to pry
But didn't that guy
Crumple up your face a thousand times?
He made you cry

I'll be your consolation prize
Although
I know

I'll never be man enough for you
I'll never be man enough for you
I'll never be man enough for you
I'll never be man enough for you

For you
For you