

Queen Jane Approximately

Bob Dylan

předehra: **D G D G D G D**

D G Fismi Emi D
When your mother sends back all your invitations

G Fismi Emi A
And your father to your sister he explains

D G D Hmi
That you're tired of yourself and all of your creations

D G/D D G/D
Won't you come see me, Queen Jane?

D G/D D
Won't you come see me, Queen Jane?

Now when all of the flower ladies want back what they have lent
you

And the smell of their roses does not remain
And all of your children start to resent you

Won't you come see me, Queen Jane?

Won't you come see me, Queen Jane?

Now when all the clowns that you have commissioned
Have died in battle or in vain

And you're sick of all this repetition

Won't you come see me, Queen Jane?

Won't you come see me, Queen Jane?

When all of your advisers heave their plastic
At your feet to convince you of your pain

Trying to prove that your conclusions should be more drastic

Won't you come see me, Queen Jane?

Won't you come see me, Queen Jane?

Now when all the bandits that you turned your other cheek to
All lay down their bandanas and complain

And you want somebody you don't have to speak to

Won't you come see me, Queen Jane?

Won't you come see me, Queen Jane?