

Everybody Knows

Janis Ian

I'm sitting here all alone
You don't know how I cry
Oh, it's no fun to be alone, made of stone
You don't know how to try
Jeannie with the light brown hair comes up the stair
Tells me what to wear, says it's there
I know she's a fool
Wish she could sing to you, maybe even bring to you
some kind of ring or two for you
but that wouldn't be cool
You've been a bad, girl.
You've been had, girl
Your mama's in the pantry
with your other daddy
Quietly
turn off the electricity
Everybody knows that
you've been wearing no clothes
ever since the time you tried to
fly from the Eiffel Tower
The power of the flower is dead
I'm sitting here all alone
You don't know how I cry
Oh it's no fun to be alone, made of stone
You don't know how to die
June is a flower-child.
She tries to run wild
She says it's only the style.
I know she's truthful
Sitting on a stone all alone.
Never know how it grows
through the holes in your clothes
I know it's beautiful
You've been a bad boy.
You've been had, boy
Your daddy took the toys
to the neighbor cop to investigate
Your daddy's upper plate is made of gold
Nobody told you.
No one wants to hold you
Nobody showed you.
I could have told you to
watch it, kid
You might end up dead
Don't mind the words of my song,
they're not strong
I'll get along
Don't get tangled with the do-you-inners
They can eat you for dinner
You're a full-time sinner, yeah
Everybody knows, everybody knows
Ask them why,
they reply that it shows
Everybody knows, everybody knows
all about the holes in your clothes,
how they grow
'til they're shown on a screen

to the Queen