

Poor Queen

Oh Sees

I'm spinning right away
I feel sick and tired but who's on the streets today?
Who's on the same pages, oh yeah
And who will knock upon my door?

All is fine, all is right
A teenage Queen is locked up tight tonight
And on the streets they cry, "Hurray"
The Queen will live to see another day

She's slipping right away
She feels sick and tired, "But who's on the streets," she'd ask
"Where are my sweet pages" Oh yeah
"And will they knock upon my door?"

All is fine, all is right
Little Queen, she cried herself to sleep last night
But fear not, my little Queen
The people still love you it would seem