

## Fool's Complaint

Suzanne Vega

How I hate the Queen of Pentacles!  
Sitting on her golden throne  
In her domestic tyranny  
All roads lead back to her alone.

The whole wide world is a great big drain  
And the vortex is her heart.  
Her needs and wants and  
Wishes and whims  
All take precedence on this chart.

But what do I know?  
My card's the fool, the fool, the fool  
That merry rootless man,  
With air beneath my footstep  
And providence as my plan.  
Providence as my plan.

Oh it's such expensive innocence!  
Never knowing any cost.  
She throws around her finery  
For us to fetch when it gets lost.

But what do I know?  
My card's the Fool! The fool, the fool.  
That merry rootless man.  
With air beneath my footstep  
And providence as my plan.  
Providence as my plan.