

## Poor Queen

Thee 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 right  
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!  
Will they knock upon my door?"  
All is right all is right  
Little Queen  
She cried herself to sleep  
Last night  
But fear not  
My little Queen