I know you're coming from another generation
Cause you can see no demons in my conversation
It's on me that I lack communication
I cannot offer you a diamond or a mortgage
All I wanted was a home-cooked sandwich
But your greedy little fingers couldn't manage (no-oh-oh-oh, no)

Long live the queen of all exaggeration, long live the queen Cause you're just a little girl in a big, big, big, big world Let it do, let it do, let it do, do You're just a little girl in a big, big, big, big world Let it do, let it do, let it do, do Let it do, let it do, do

Sleeping everything for twenty-seven hours
Get a real job, baby take a shower
[?] cars not an issue
Why you screaming on the corner? I'd like to hit you
Scream hard, don't you know I'm trying to fix you?

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If I was your father I would lock you up inside your room Until you figure out exactly how to think of someone but you If I was your father I would spank you until you know what you did

Long live the queen of all exaggeration, long live the queen Cause you're just a little girl in a big, big, big, big world Let it do, let it do, let it do, do
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