

Queen of Denmark

John Grant

I wanted to change the world,
But I could not even change my underwear.
And when the shit got really, really out of hand,
I had it all the way up to my hairline,
Which keeps receding like my self-confidence--
As if I ever had any of that stuff anyway.
I hope I didn't destroy your celebration,
Or your Bat Mitzvah, birthday party or your Christmas.
You put me in this cage and threw away the key.
It was this 'us and them' shit that did me in.
You tell me that my life is based upon a lie.
I casually mention that I pissed in your coffee.
I hope you know that all I want from you is sex,
To be with someone who looks smashing in athletic wear.
And if your haircut isn't right, you'll be dismissed.
You'll get your walking papers and "You can leave now."

I don't know what to want from this world.
I really don't know what to want from this world.
I don't know what it is you want to want from me.
You really have no right to want anything from me at all.
Why don't you take it out on somebody else?
Why don't you bore the shit out of somebody else?
Why don't you tell somebody else that they're selfish,
A weakling, coward, a pathetic fraud?

Who's gonna be the one to save me from myself?
You'd better bring a stun gun and perhaps a crowbar.
You'd better pack a lunch and get up really early.
And you should probably get down on your knees and pray.
It's really fun to look embarrassed all the time--
Like you could never cut the mustard with the big boys.
I really don't know who the fuck you think you are.
Can I please see your license and your registration?

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So Jesus hasn't come in here to pick you up.
You'll still be sitting right here ten years from now.
You're just a sucker, but we'll see who gets the last laugh.
Who knows? Maybe you'll get to be the next queen of Denmark.