

Tupperware Queen

The Beautiful South

This reign of plastic
That replaced the reign of gold
Couldn't have known that you
Would feel so undersold
If love was built on hindsight
Then you surely would have seen
You were joining hands
With the Tupperware Queen

Yes you gave a groan
When I took that throne
But can you choose a Queen
When you behave like a drone
Where the silverware's not expected
And certainly never been
That's the ideal kingdom
Of this Tupperware Queen

I didn't mean to fool you
Into feeling King
Of anything but plastic
And what plastic brings
If gold is what she had
It's what I could've been
The unaffordable dream
Of this Tupperware Queen

Yes you gave a groan
When I took that throne
But don't expect a gem
When you're quarrying for stone
Where the silverware's not expected
And certainty never been
That's the ideal kingdom
Of this Tupperware Queen

In future when that moan
Has turned to prone
And the slightest groan
Feels so overblown
Remember you're a drone
And the Queen however plastic
Runs the honeycomb
Runs the honeycomb

Honeycomb, honey, honey
Remember you're a drone
And the Queen however plastic
Runs the honeycomb