

# Mark Eitzel, Queen Of No One

Lights flash in the half-filled night club  
He stands alone with big soft eyes  
Hes brittle as Goodwill dishes  
Drained of blood drained of wishes  
Hes a solitary ghost under a clock  
Hes good only for leaving quarters behind  
Hes a gold mine in reverse  
Dripping water and an ancient curse

Some of them are queens of prejudice and pride  
that dine on heroism  
Some of them are queens of the chaos inside  
and celebrate their indecision  
Raise a toast to being empty inside  
To the new queen of no one

A shot and a beer for a buck  
Surreal visions when you run out of luck  
Hes the crocodile who swallowed the clock  
Waiting to make his soul come unstuck

Some of them are queens of the ant farms and the ants  
In plain brown paper wrapping  
Well some of them are queens of beauty and truth  
Waiting for someone to help them  
Well raise a toast, long live the queen  
The new queen of no one  
New queen of no one

All the unhappy drunks with their broken backs  
Sooner or later they hang up their hats  
But his life is like a cut that wont bleed  
Leaving him high and dry and stupid with need

Well some of them are queens of cowardice and luck  
And of soft sky blue distraction  
And some of them are queens of hopelessness and beauty  
And some are at least the queens of someone  
Well raise a toast, salute the queen  
The new queen of no one  
The new queen of no one  
The new queen of no one