

St. Vincent, Prince Johnny

Prince Johnny you're kind but you're not simple.
By now I think I know the difference.
You wanna be a son of someone.

Remember the time we went and snorted.
That piece of that berlin wall that you extorted.
And we had such a laugh of it.
Prostrate on my carpet.

You traced that andes with your index.
And brag of when and where and who you're going to bed next.
Oh we're sons of someone's.
Oh we're sons of someone's.

I saw you pray to, oh oh oh oh oh, to make you a real boy.
Saw you pray to oh oh oh oh oh, to make you a real boy.

Prince Johnny you're kind but do be careful.
By now I know just when to stand clear.
When all your friends and acolytes.
Holding quiet in bathroom stalls.
Where you pray to, oh oh oh oh oh, to make you a real boy.
Saw you pray to oh oh oh oh oh, to make you a real boy.

But honey, don't mistake my affection.
For another spit in penny style redemption.
Cause we're all sons of someone's
We're all sons of someone's
I'll mean more than I mean to you.
I'll mean more than I meant to him

So I pray to, oh oh oh oh oh, to make me a real girl.
So I pray to, oh oh oh oh oh, to make me a real girl.
So I pray to, oh oh oh oh oh, oh oh oh oh oh, oh oh
Oh oh oh, oh oh oh oh oh.