

# The Grateful Dead, Queen Jane Approximately

Now when your mother sends back all your invitations  
And your father to your sister he explains  
That you're tired of yourself and all of your creations  
Won't you come see me, Queen Jane?  
Won't you come see me, Queen Jane?

Now the flower lady wants back what she has have lent you  
And the smell of her roses does not remain  
When all your children start to resent you  
Won't you come see me, Queen Jane?  
Won't you come see me, Queen Jane?

Now when all the clowns that you have commissioned  
Have all died in battle or in vain  
And you find yourself sick of all this repetition  
Won't you come see me, Queen Jane?  
Won't you come see me, Queen Jane?

Now when all of your advisers heave their plastic  
At your feet to convince you of your pain  
Trying to prove that your conclusions should be more drastic  
Won't you come see me, Queen Jane?  
Won't you come see me, Queen Jane?

Now when all the bandits that you turned your other cheek to  
All throw down their bandannas and complain  
Maybe you want somebody you don't have to speak to  
Won't you come see me, Queen Jane?  
Won't you come see me, Queen Jane?