

Abby Travis, I Wanna' Be Queen

I wanna be queen
Of my very own metal flake bar
Where the coolest guys with the coolest cars
Are making eyes at me

I wanna be queen
Of secret back room booths
Where legends celebrate abuse
And then tip leisurely
Six string nobility sugh naughty revelery

I wanna be queen of a world of honesty
Without conspiracy
Where greed is heresy
I wanna be queen of a world that's truly free
From fears of tragedy and inequality
So I can be queen of my very own fabulous club
Where everybody is in love and not feel guilty
So I can be queen of my very own fabulous bar
Where everybody is a star
And not feel guilty