

Bad Religion, Queen Of The 21st Century

From the time she could crawl she was all draped in macrame
She was preen and redeemed in a church that tried
To show the way, she was taught to never ask for more
They had no idea of what she had in store
She's the queen of the 21st century
Just a ghost of what her parents thought a little girl should be
Analog heart, analog nerves, analog brain
But a fixture of the digital domain, whoa
From the time she could read she could see
That there was urgency, no debate, just a spate of ignorance
In a splintering community she could never meet their expectations
Then she came to symbolize the nation
She's the queen of the 21st century
Just a shell of what her parents thought a little girl should be
Steeped in spite, coddled in fear, drenched in novelty
Oh but, masterful of sensual technology, oh
She's the queen

She's the queen
No rules in her empire
She's the queen
Just libido and desire
She's a lean, mean fighting machine
The stuff for modern media lore
And she always knows the score
She's the queen of the 21st century
Just a ghost of what her parents thought a little girl should be
Fallen star, black and blue, broken hearts, wasted youth
Rusted cars, twisted roots, mental scars, the ugly truth, oh
She's the queen of the 21st century
And she's a modern day romantic, a walking controversy
She's the queen of the 21st century
She's the queen