

Blues Traveler, Nefertiti

Nefertiti claimed she needed no one at all
Majestic in her empire like so many I've seen rise and fall
Suitors by the dozen, even one who'd give her everything
Assuming the queen even needs a king
And what's so wrong with freedom?
Is there a cost too high?
But the slogans turn to mist in Nefertiti's eyes

And the heart of the lioness
Lay down gentle like a lamb
Her Majesty runs like a girl
No composure or command
And I know I should be glad for her
But I can't forget her fire
It just makes me lonely
One more goddess to retire

Now I have been brought down by less
That felled my mighty lioness
But what I see which makes me sad
Is when the loneliness gets bad
She has to run, she cannot take
That fragile fundamental ache

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Lay down gentle like a lamb
Her Majesty runs like a girl
No composure or command
And I know I should be glad for her
But I can't forget her fire
It just makes me lonely
One more goddess to retire

Amazed she puts me in my place
A royal tear rolls down her face
But what for me may hurt worst of all
Is one less soldier on the wall
That much lonelier for me
As I salute my fallen queen

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Lay down gentle like a lamb
Her Majesty runs like a girl
No composure or command
And I know I should be glad for her
But I can't forget her fire
It just makes me lonely
One more goddess to retire
No one should be glad for her
For I can't forget her fire
It just makes me lonely
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