

Deerhoof, Cast Off Crown

Hey, mister, hey, mister
Out of this picture
I'm only their sister
Royalty on land
I will become queen of the cast-offs
I will thrice refuse

Oh, lover, all other
Where is the thunder?
How long for the summer?
Like a bird, I will fly
Back to the sky
Queen of the cast-offs
I will rise and be free

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