

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?