

Bob Dylan - Queen Jane Approximately

Now when all of the flower ladies want back what they have lent you And the smell of their roses does not remain And all of 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 died in battle or in vain And you're sick of all this repetition Won't you come see me Queen Jane Won't you come see me Queen Jane

When all of your advisors 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 other bandits that you turned the other cheek to All lay down their bandanas and complain And 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

Dm - XX2211

Acordes

