

John Cale "Queen Victoria"

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Words: leonard cohen

Queen victoria,
My father and all his tobacco loved you,
I love you too in all your forms,
The slim and lovely virgin floating among german
beer,
The mean governess of the huge pink maps,
The solitary mourner of a prince.

Queen victoria,
I am cold and rainy,
I am dirty as a glass roof in a train station,
I feel like an empty cast iron exhibition,
I want ornaments on everything,
Because my love, she gone with other boys.

Queen victoria,
Do you have a punishment under the white lace,
Will you be short with her, make her read those little
bibles,
Will you spank her with a mechanical corset.
I want her pure as power, I want her skin slightly musty
with petticoats

Will you wash the easy bidet out of her head?

Queen victoria,
I'm not much nourished by modern love,
Will you come into my life
With your sorrow and your black carriages,
And your perfect
Memories.

Queen victoria,
The twentieth century belongs to you and me.
Let us be two severe giants not less lonely for our
partnership,
Who discoloured test tubes in the halls of science,
Who turned up unwelcome at every world's fair,
Heavy with proverb and correction
Confusing the star-dazed tourists

With our incomparable sense of loss.

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