

## Men Without Hats

### "Suburban Queen"

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Welcome to the city, my suburban queen  
Did you find it so exciting, the sub-proletarian scene  
Did you watch the dreamers dreaming, staring into thin  
air  
Always climbing ladders that should not be there?

It's down to you  
So don't blame me  
It's the age-old story  
And it probably was the plan  
A suburban queen  
And a workin' man

I'm as nutty as a fruit cake, and you're as mad as hell  
All my mates are thieving bastards, yours wear Chanel  
We moved into a flat near King's Cross, and we had the  
time of our lives  
But every good party comes to an end sometime

Did you thrive upon our poverty, have orgasms over  
our desperation?  
And all the time you had a ticket back to that old  
suburban station  
Where you watch the dreamers dreaming, staring into  
thin air  
Always climbing ladders that should not be there

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