

# Queen Jane Approximately

Bob Dylan

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 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? Oh 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 of the bandits that you turn your 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?  
Ah, Won't you come see me, Queen Jane?

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