

Her Majesty

By:Chumbawamba

Music composed by Paul McCartney

Her Majesty's a pretty nice girl,
But she doesn't have a lot to say.
Her Majesty's a pretty nice girl,
But she changes from day to day.
I wanna tell her that I love her a lot,
But I gotta get a belly full of wine.
Her Majesty's a pretty nice girl;
Some day I'm gonna make her mine oh yeah;
Someday I'm gonna make her mine.

Her Majesty's a pretty nice girl,
But she never does a thing for me.
Her Majesty's a pretty nice girl,
But she keeps the worst company.
All the lords and the ladies in waiting
All crawling in the dirt like swine.
Her Majesty's a pretty nice girl,
But I hope she's the end of the line oh yeah.
I hope she's the end of the line.

Her Majesty's living in a land of curtsies:
A land of bluish blood and Nazis.

Her Majesty's a pretty nice girl,
But I think she ought to call it a day.
Her Majesty's a pretty nice girl,
Without one good reason to stay.
I'd like to take her for a whisky or two,
But I've got a lot of things to do.
Her Majesty's a throwaway song,
Just short of a chorus or two oh yeah.
Short of a chorus or two.

A world of corgies and inbreeding,
The royal corpse is barely breathing.

Her Majesty's a pretty nice girl,
With a circus for a family.
Her Majesty's a pretty nice girl,
But she's stuck with the royal "we."
I'd like to take her around the center of town,
But I haven't got a carpet for her feet.
Her Majesty's a pretty nice girl,
But she's pretty much obsolete oh yeah.
She's pretty much obsolete.