

Baby I'm a Queen

Sofi Tukker

Baby I'm a queen, so why do you call me baby?
It's been about a week, it's too soon for nicknames
You tire me out but fill me up
And I don't mind it very much
You do not wait to wake me up
Too soon for mourning
I might prefer desire to self control
I might prefer crying to being composed
I might prefer chaos to even flow
It's too soon for sense though
I might prefer desire to self control
I might prefer crying to being composed
I might prefer chaos to even flow
It's too soon for sense though
Maybe I'm a queen, and maybe I'm a baby
It's been over a week, still too soon for nicknames
You tire me out but fill me up
And I don't mind it very much
You do not wait to wake me up
Too soon for mourning
I might prefer desire to self control
I might prefer crying to being composed
I might prefer chaos to even flow
It's too soon for sense though
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