

Suzanne Vega, Fool's Complaint

How I hate the Queen of Pentacles!
Sitting on her golden throne
In her domestic tyranny
All roads lead back to her alone.

The whole wide world is a great big drain
And the vortex is her heart.
Her needs and wants and
Wishes and whims
All take precedence on this chart.

But what do I know?
My card's the fool, the fool, the fool
That merry rootless man,
With air beneath my footstep
And providence as my plan.
Providence as my plan.

Oh it's such expensive innocence!
Never knowing any cost.
She throws around her finery
For us to fetch when it gets lost.

But what do I know?
My card's the Fool! The fool, the fool.
That merry rootless man.
With air beneath my footstep
And providence as my plan.
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