

Queen Jane Approximately  
Bob Dylan

**Dm9** **Em** **F** **C**  
When your mother sends back all of your invitations

**Dm9** **Em** **F G7**  
And your father to your sister, he explains

**C** **F** **C** **Am**  
That you re tired of yourself and all of your creations

**C** **F** **C** **F**  
Won t you come see me Queen Jane

**C** **F** **C**  
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

When all of your advisors 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 the other bandits that you turned the 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  
Won t you come see me Queen Jane