



No need to save the queen

When it comes to cars, you know what to do,
changing a sparkplug is easy for you.
But mechanic's job was not meant to last,
in the 1950s your life changed fast.
To be a queen, that was your fate,
rule the country, be the head of state.



Your pets are trained and well-maintained,
lots of fame even they have gained.

Your corgis were there to offer support,
as you fell from heaven,
aside 007.



For your diamond jubilee a party was thrown,
in your front yard rock'n'roll.

60 years down 3 to go,
a new record soon you will hold.



Of all the places your face could be found,
the most special of course, is the british pound.
We must face the fact, there's nothing more to say.
Our words cant describe, your infinite fame.

