Beyoncé’s Quadruple Platinum Single
—An English to English translation

All the single ladies, all the single ladies
All the single ladies, all the single ladies
All the single ladies, all the single ladies
All the single ladies

Now put your hands up
Up in the club, we just broke up,
I'm doing my own little thing
Decided to dip and now you wanna trip
’Cause another brother noticed me

I'm up on him, he up on me
Don't pay him any attention
Just cried my tears, for three good years
Ya can't be mad at me

’Cause if you liked it, then you should have put a ring on it
If you liked it, then you shoulda put a ring on it
Don't be mad once you see that he want it
’Cause if you liked it, then you shoulda put a ring on it
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh

I got gloss on my lips, a man on my hips
Got me tighter in my Dereon jeans
Acting up, drink in my cup I can care less what you think
I need no permission, did I mention
Don't pay him any attention
’Cause you had your turn, and now you gonna learn
What it really feels like to miss me

All the big beautiful women, bondage women,
divorced women, bisexual, female-to-male women.
All the drug-free, gay, non-religious, Latter Day Saints,
social drinker, straight, widowed with kids women.

Look at the blue ceiling.
Dance because the ghost is gone.
Your husk was brutalized. It’s gone too.
You’ve left the bear, the torpedo, the poodle moth.
There is someone else now.

The man is an almond in a bloom.
Don’t touch his childhood.
3 years is not like a straw, it’s a house.
Find liberty somewhere else.

You didn’t marry the bear.
You didn’t marry the torpedo.
You didn’t marry the poodle moth.
There was no ring for you.
There will be someone else now.

Remember the blue light.
Remember the man.
You can hear him thinking
until he forgets who you are.
Call him the president of your body,
then show him how it must be
to be a president without country.