

Little Queen

Heart

You'd rather have wine than gin
And only the finest by your skin
Always runnin' after time
Catching your fancy with rhymes
Shinin' on the front page again Now you're hot on the presses today, little queen
Makin' your passion play, little queen
Nobody knows your melancholy mind, little queen Away from the sellers, the papers said
Your crown was tight and heavy on your head
But still you danced and you sang all night
The telephone rang
And music kept on playin' from your pen Now you're hot on the presses today, little queen
Makin' your passion play, little queen
Nobody knows your melancholy mind, little queen
Yeah, little queen, yeah, little queen, yeah, little queen You better shine, you better shine, you know
You better shine, shine, shine tonight, oh (Raining)
He knows your soul ain't free
(Raining)
Oh an' he feels you, little queen, yeah (Raining)
(Raining)
I see you, I see you raining
(Raining)
He knows you're raining
(Raining)
Oh yeah You're slippin' away with your gypsy band
You're hot on your music and playin' a winning hand
You were standin' in the line, thinkin' how you moved his mind
And feeling like he held you in his hand And you're hot on the presses today, little queen
Making your passion play, little queen
Nobody knows your melancholy mind, little queen
Yeah, little queen, yeah, little queen, yeah, little queen Magazine, little queen, yeah
Ooh, oh no, no, no, little queen
Oh , ooh, no, no, no, Little queen

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