

# Snow Queen

[Carole King](#)

High on her snow covered mountain  
From her throne she looks down at the clowns  
Who think youth can be found in a fountain  
High on the wings of her rhythms  
She will smile at the guys who come on  
With their eyes but she'll never dance with them  
And in smoke filled rooms of electric sound  
A legend is built around the Snow Queen  
You may believe you're a winner  
But with her you'll soon bite the dust  
And discover you're just a beginner  
You may not think you're a loser  
But in mid-air you'll be hung while  
You trip on your tongue and it'll only amuse her  
In the morning haze you are frozen there  
Caught in the icy stare of the Snow Queen  
No my friend she doesn't want what you're selling  
Go my friend there must be a place you can hide  
And into the night you'll fade knowing you've lost the game  
And just how she got the name of the Snow Queen

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