

# 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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