

Snow Queen

Mary Epworth

High on a 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 rhythm
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 will soon bite the dust
And discover you're just a beginner
You may not think you're a loser, but in midair
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 lost the game and just how she got
Her name the snow queen

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