

Queen Of The Masquerade Ball

Peter Cetera

She lays her cards out on the table, she always gets
What she's going for and a whole lot more
Got the movers and the shakers, quaking inside
Their mohair shoes, after all, there's nothing to lose
Cracking that whip, making her own decisions
Taking no lip, living with no conditions
There's only one thing that she's missing
She never tells anybody, she's missing it more
And more each night and though she cries when she's alone
By the morning, she's ready to go, she's got the light
Cracking that whip, making her own decisions
Taking no lip, living with no conditions

Everything's fine, just as long as they do it her way
Living with style, she's got it all
Hail to the queen of the masquerade ball
And though she cries when she's alone
By the morning she's ready to go, she's got the light
Cracking that whip, making her own decisions
Taking no lip, living with no conditions
Everything's fine, just as long as they do it her way
Living with style, she's got it all
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