

# 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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