

Golden Earring, Vanilla Queen

Fascinating lady, snowflake in the sun
You make me feel so bourgeois
Oh, you've captured everyone
I hear you've been a dancer
At some filthy Paris show
Million dollar lovers
Neatly saw you to your door
Nineteen fifty-seven
Sweetheart of the year
Secret of your beauty
Was your mountain and your fear
And now you run this city
You're still honey to the flies
Attract the in-crowd dandies
Faraway look in their eyes

{Chorus}:

You're the bright
Nocturnal vanilla queen
Your mask is sterile dignity
Tell me why, nocturnal vanilla queen
You haunt me even in my dreams

It couldn't be avoided
We were bound to meet
I knew you would drag me down
And toss me off my feet
Sweet moments of desire
Sweet moments of relief
You blew down my fences
You're natural make-believe

{Chorus}