

Peter Cetera, Queen Of The Masquerade Ball

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
(chorus)
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

chorus

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

chorus

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