

Carole King, Snow Queen

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 rhythms
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 mid-air you'll be hung while you trip on your tongue
And it'll only amuse her

In the morning air you are frozen there
Caught in the icy stare of
The Snow Queen

No, my friend, she doesn't want what you're selling
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 of
The Snow Queen