

Heart, Little Queen

You'd rather have wine than gin
Only the finest by your skin
Always running after time - catching
You're fancy with rhyme
Shining on the front page again

Hot on the presses today - little queen
Making your passion play - little queen
Nobody knows your melancholy mind -
Little queen

Away from the sellers, the papers said
Your crown was tight and heavy on your head
Still you danced and you sang - all night
The telephone rang
Music kept on playing from your pen.

Hot on the presses today - little queen
Making your passion play - little queen
Nobody knows your melancholy mind -
Little queen

Raining raining- he knows your soul ain't free
Raining raining- he feels you little queen

Slipping away with your gypsy band
Hot on your music and playing a winning hand
He was standing in the line, thinking how you
Moved his mind
Feeling like he held you in his hand