

# Neil Young, Inca Queen

Once there was an Inca Queen  
She gazed at her sundial  
All around her workers raised  
Golden idols to her smile  
The waiting years weren't hard to see  
Behind the tears of Mercury.

She spoke of silver from the sky  
And many floating safety boats  
To pick them up when they would fly  
Far above their dreams and hopes  
And they a mountain city raised  
Where their queen above the clouds  
Could watch out.

Inca Queen has,  
Inca Queen has,  
Inca Queen has come  
Inca Queen has,  
Inca Queen has,  
Inca Queen has come.

Out in the jungle  
the drums were heard:  
Inca Queen has come  
From the biggest elephant  
to the smallest bird:  
Inca Queen has come  
She spoke of silver from the sky,  
Inca Queen has come  
To pick them up when they would fly,  
Inca Queen has come.

Once there was an Inca Queen  
She gazed at her sundial  
All around her workers raised  
Golden idols to her smile  
And though the air was thin and cold  
Soon the day would come  
the queen had told.

Inca Queen has,  
Inca Queen has,  
Inca Queen has come.