

# Little Queen

## Heart

You'd rather have wine than gin  
And only the finest by your skin  
Always running after time  
Catching your fancy with rhymes  
Shining on the front page again Now you're 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  
But still you danced and you sang  
All night the telephone rang  
And music kept on playing from your pen  
Now you're hot on the presses today  
Little queen  
Making your passion play  
Little queen  
Nobody knows your melancholy mind  
Little queen, yeah  
Little queen, yeah  
Little queen, yeah  
Little queen, ooh You better shine, you better shine, you know  
You better shine, shine shine tonight, oh  
(Raining) He knows your soul ain't free  
(Raining) Oh, and he feels you, little queen, yeah (Raining) Oh, I know  
(Raining) I see you, I see you raining  
(Raining) He knows you're raining  
(Raining) Oh, yeah  
Now you're slipping away with your gypsy band  
And you're hot on your music and playing a winning hand  
You were standing in the line  
Thinking how you moved his mind  
And feeling like he held you in his hand And you're hot on the presses today  
Little queen  
Making your passion play  
Little queen  
Nobody knows your melancholy mind  
Little queen, yeah  
Little queen, yeah  
Little queen, yeah  
Little queen Magazine

Little queen, yeah  
Ooh, oh, no, no, no, little queen  
Oh, ooh, no, no, no, little queen  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songlyrics.band/>