

The Vanilla Queen

Golden Earring

Fascinating lady, snowflake in the sun
You make me feel so bourgeois
Oh, you've captured everyone
I hear you've been a dancer
At some famous Paris show
And million dollar lovers
Neatly saw you to your door

Nineteen fifty seven,
Sweetheart of the year
Secret of your beauty,
Was your moon tan and your fear
And now you run this city
You're still honey to the flies
Attract the in crowd dandies
Faraway-look in their eyes

You're the bright, nocturnal Vanilla Queen
Your mask is sterile dignity
Tell me why, nocturnal Vanilla Queen
You haunt me, even in my dreams
It couldn't be avoided
We were bound to meet
I knew you would drag me down
And toss me off my feet
Sweet moments of desire
Sweet moments of relief
You blew down my fences
You're natural make-believe

You're the bright, nocturnal Vanilla Queen
Your mask is sterile dignity
Tell me why, nocturnal Vanilla Queen
You haunt me, even in my dreams