

# Queen of the Masquerade Ball

Peter Cetera

She lays her cards out on the table  
She always gets what she's going for, and a whole lot more  
Got the movers and the shakers  
Quaking inside their mohair shoes  
After all there's nothing to lose

Cracking that whip  
Making her own decisions  
Taking no lip  
Living with no conditions

There's only one thing that she's missing  
She never tells anybody, she's missing it more and more each night  
And though she cries when she's alone  
By the morning she's ready to go  
She's got the light

Cracking that whip  
Making her own decisions  
Taking no lip  
Living with no conditions

Everything's fine  
Just as long as they do it her way  
Living with style  
She's got it all  
Hail to the queen of the masquerade ball

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