

Queenie

Brazzaville

When I see
My life of sin
All the creeps
That I have been
Makes me wonder why
You stayed
You're my Queen
Of Summer Rain

You make it all OK
My Queen of Summer Rain

Underneath
The falling stars
We live our lives
With heavy hearts
This world can make you
Want to die
But there's another world
On high

You make it all OK
My Queen of Summer Rain
Soon I'll be on a plane
And home with you again