

# Snow Queen

Carole King

High on a snow-covered mountain  
From her throne she looks down at the clowns  
Who think youth can be found in a fountain

High on the wings of her rhythms  
She will smile at the guys who come on with their eyes  
But she'll never dance with them

And in smoke-filled rooms of electric sound  
A legend is built around  
The Snow Queen

You may believe you're a winner  
But with her you will soon bite the dust  
And discover you're just a beginner

You may not think you're a loser  
But in mid-air you'll be hung while you trip on your tongue  
And it'll only amuse her

In the morning air you are frozen there  
Caught in the icy stare of  
The Snow Queen

No, my friend, she doesn't want what you're selling  
My friend, there must be a place you can hide  
And into the night you'll fade, knowing you lost the game  
And just how she got her name of  
The Snow Queen