

# 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