

Suzi Quatro, Hey Queenie

Hey sweetie your old and grey
So tell me how you got that way
Those teenage excursions and midnight diversions
Now fallen to disarray

So baby, you're off the hook
You got a face like an open book
Those orgies of pleasure, in satin and leather
Oh yea, you had that look, for sure baby

(Queenie, queenie)
Trapped in the ecstasy
(Queenie, queenie)
Caught in your legacy
(Holding on to)
Visions of yesterday
(Glycerine queenie)
You've run out of time to play

Go go go little queenie
You got no more game to play
Go go go little queenie
Queenie

Hey sweetie, it's your game
You play it like you're still the same
This hard road you've traveled your looks have unravelled
And your body's gone up in flames

Hey baby, strut your stuff
I guess you'll never get enough
My hats off to ya. Attitude, screw ya
Don't like me, well that's tough

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Look at you queenie swinging and swaying
Got you earrings hanging low
Lipstick applied, gender defined
Tripping merrily down the road
Look at you queenie swinging and swaying
Its forever do or die
Put on a show, let yourself go
Then do it one last time

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You've run out of time to play
You've run out of time
Hey queenie