

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

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