

# 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