

Ophelia

Natalie Merchant

Ophelia was a bride of god
A novice Carmelite
In sister cells the cloister bells
Tolled on her wedding night

Ophelia was a rebel girl
A blue stocking suffragette
Who remedied society
Between her cigarettes

Ophelia was a sweetheart
To the nation over night
Curvaceous thighs
Vivacious eyes
Love was at first sight...

Ophelia was a demigoddess
In pre war Babylon
So statuesque a silhouette
In black satin evening gowns

Ophelia was the mistress to a
Vegas gambling man
Signora Ophelia Maraschina
Mafia courtesan

Ophelia was a circus queen
The female cannonball
Projected through five flaming hoops
To wild and shocked applause...

Ophelia was a cyclone, tempest
A god damned hurricane
Your common sense
Your best defense
Lay wasted and in vain

Ophelia'd know your every woe
And pain you'd ever had
She'd sympathize
And dry your eyes
And help you to forget...

Ophelia's mind went wandering
You'd wonder where she'd gone
Through secret doors
Down corridors
She'd wander them alone
All alone...