She Never Talks

John Wesley Harding

She had never been the silent type
Didn't wanna be a trophy wife
She had an asp like Cleopatra
And everybody started to point at her
It was her first time at the opera house
She bought a ticket for Die Fledermaus
The Gods peered out from private boxes
She must have caught someone's eye
No-one knows what happened next
But they found her naked at a Texaco
She never talks
She never talks about it
She never talks at all anymore
She was put into a private ward
The kind that mere mortals can't afford
She didn't understand the changes
But she felt the need to speak her mind
She foretold the fall of rock'n'roll
She predicted all the exit polls
She was ridiculed for each suggestion
No-one realised they'd all come true

Now she knew where speaking led
She bit her tongue until it bled
She never talks
She never talks about it
She never talks at all anymore
She never talks at all anymore
People begged her for a final word
Promised solemnly that she'd be heard
But life seemed cruel and pointless
She just wanted to be left alone
She was doomed to speak one final time
Before she gave up for a life in mime
They laughed loudest when she predicted
A happy ending for herself
Now she lives with her dogs and me
In perfect silent harmony
She never talks
She never talks about it
She never talks at all anymore
She never talks
She never talks about it
She never talks at all anymore

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