

Natalia

Steve Hackett

Moved by the spirit when her country was young
Natalia danced to the moon and the sun
Condemned as a heathen they stole her away
A priest lit her fire on her judgement day

A thousand years on, no chance to rest
Natalia's baby lay still at her breast
Begging for bread at the palace's gate
A royal bullet fired and sealed her fate

Oh Natalia, the woman you could be
Oh Natalia, a chance to set you free

Broken balalaikas, no chance to fly
Natalia dared to ask a man why?
From a red train Siberia bound
Her frozen body was never found

She cried out rejoicing, "Freedom at last!"
But her purse fell empty, again why she asked
A poisoned drink from a woman dressed in mink
Took Natalia's life, a cry in the wind

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