

# The End of Wilhemina

Colin Hay

This is the end of Wilhelmina  
She was a girl who took a chance  
She could have been a ballerina  
But she could never stand the pain

This is the end of Wilhelmina  
Smoke and flames they found without a trace  
And though it was known she used a double  
Guess she was always born for trouble

She promised, she promised me  
Alas she lived a life of forgery  
Oh if you would see her, she's like a work of art  
Leaving only constant memory

I never asked her to explain  
How she always won the game  
No magic I can find, no water into wine  
She had the lucky number nine

She promised, she promised me  
She would always sing our lullaby  
Oh if you would hear her  
She would steal your heart  
And you'd still believe her,  
As the wind is blowing us apart

I never asked her to explain  
How she always won the game  
No magic I can find, no water into wine  
She had the lucky number nine

This is the end of Wilhelmina  
She was a girl who took a chance