

Ophelia's Shadow

Toyah

She takes the night train
With her Bible of dreams
A suitcase pretty pink
A cassette of fresh screams
Her treasures decompose
Her treasures decay

This is the Gospel
In the garden of delights
Ophelia can pretend
To be a priestess or a femme fatale
But Ophelia can't escape her shadow
A little purse of promises
With which to elope
A butterfly net and a killing jar
To silence all her hopes

Ophelia's shadow
Is haunting the humans
Ambushed by ghosts
And other aspects of her lonely heart

This is the Gospel
In the garden of delights
Ophelia is Joan's burning body
A little purse of promises
With which to elope
A butterfly net and a killing jar
To silence all her hopes

Can't escape her shadow
Nor the givers of advice
Or the queue of emotional debts
Nor the virtues, nor the vice
Sowing the seeds
Of the never never tree

This is the Gospel
In the garden of delights
Oh Ophelia
Come, Ophelia
Sweet Ophelia
Oh, Ophelia can't escape her shadow

Dancing in their discos
Talking down their telephones
Eating in their restaurants
Visiting their homes
Trying on their clothes
Wearing their skin and bones

Ophelia
Ophelia
Come, Ophelia
We decompose
Ophelia
Come, Ophelia

Let's decay
Let's decay
Let's decay