

## **Barclay James Harvest** **"The Iran Maiden"**

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She walks on through the night  
Her circumstances slight  
Are only helping her to fail  
And though she feels she's right  
She tries with all her might  
And makes the deepest peril pale  
Oh, but she is unreal  
Oh, but she doesn't feel  
Oh, but she is unreal  
She chooses who to love  
And then unlike a dove  
She takes the laughter from their smile  
She wears a velvet glove  
Her friends may find it rough  
It is a gauntlet all the while  
Oh, but she is unreal  
Oh, but she doesn't feel  
Oh, but she is unreal

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