

## **Marianne Faithfull "Electra"**

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I know that woman in the mirror  
Not quite yours and not quite mine  
Who she is can't say for sure  
Could be from another tide

She's the Queen of Sheba, my father's mother  
Her face is low flying Africa  
She says to me, she is not me  
So tell me, tell me who is she?  
Tell me, tell me who is she?

You'd think she owns the streets of Dublin  
They say she's king of Torquay island  
She trades in piracy and sinning  
She knows where you go at night  
And when you think you've finally reached her  
She laughs and says, "Babe, it's all right"

I know that woman in the mirror  
That creature has my father's eyes  
He saw her once and then forgot her  
She remembers all his lies

He spoke in secrets and in German  
Kissed in tongues and slept in sighs  
She says to me, she's not my father  
So tell me, tell me who is she?  
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