

Peter Hammill

"Ophelia"

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That token drag on your cigarette,
that well-known face in the fire,
it could be someone you can't forget,
someone you've learnt to admire.
And it's strange
how the feeling goes;
all change -
down the river Ophelia goes.
You're treading water, the price is steep,
you say you'll cope with it all;
you've made some promises you can't keep,

you throw yourself against the wall,
you throw yourself against the wall.
And it's strange...
You heard a noise in the firegrate,
you look to see who goes there -
it's just the stranger, he's come too late
and even he's unprepared
to find the cupboard so bare
And it's strange...
down the river Ophelia goes.

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