## Merchant Natalie "Ophelia"

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Ophelia was a bride of God

A novice Carmelite

In sister cells

The cloister bells tolled on her wedding night

Ophelia was the rebel girl

A blue stocking suffragette

Who remedied society between her cigarettes

And Ophelia was the sweetheart

To a nation overnight

Curvaceous thighs

Vivacious eyes

Love was at first sight

Love was at first sight

Ophelia was a demigoddess in pre-war Babylon

So statuesque a silhouette in black satin evening

gowns

Ophelia was the mistress

To a Vegas gambling man

Signora Ophelia Maraschina

Mafia courtesan

Ophelia was the circus queen

The female cannonball

Projected through five flaming hoops

To wild and shocked applause

To wild and shocked applause

Ophelia was a tempest cyclone

A goddamn hurricane

Your common sense, your best defense

Lay wasted and in vain

For Ophelia'd know your every woe

And every pain you'd ever had

She'd sympathize and dry your eyes

And help you to forget

Help you to forget

And help you to forget

Ophelia's mind went wandering

You'd wonder where she'd gone

Through secret doors down corridors

She wanders them alone

All alone

fade to different spoken languages

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