

Toyah

"Ophelia's Shadow"

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Gunn/Willcox/Geballe/Beavis)

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
Lets decay
Lets decay
Lets decay

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