

The Iron Maiden

Barclay James Harvest

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