

The End of Wilhemina

Colin Hay

This is the end of Wilhelmina
She was a girl who took a chance
She could have been a ballerina
But she could never stand the pain

This is the end of Wilhelmina
Smoke and flames they found without a trace
And though it was known she used a double
Guess she was always born for trouble

She promised, she promised me
Alas she lived a life of forgery
Oh if you would see her, she's like a work of art
Leaving only constant memory

I never asked her to explain
How she always won the game
No magic I can find, no water into wine
She had the lucky number nine

She promised, she promised me
She would always sing our lullaby
Oh if you would hear her
She would steal your heart
And you'd still believe her,
As the wind is blowing us apart

I never asked her to explain
How she always won the game
No magic I can find, no water into wine
She had the lucky number nine

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She was a girl who took a chance