

Eye of the Day

Frank Turner

They called me Margaretha the day that I was born
The day I died the soldiers called me H21
In the circuses and palaces, a hundred names I've borne
From the Belle of the Epoque to eye of the storm
But if anybody asks, I named myself after the sun

I was a teacher when I was young
But I ran away from home
To the East Indies and warm, warm sun
To wed a man I did not know
He called me Lady McCleod
But the times did not allow
My complaints as drinking dragged him down
So in dancing peace I found

They called me a tourist when I began to dance
An amateur and courtesan when I came to France
On the stages, in the salons, I held my tongue
I was never owned by any man nor known by anyone
And if anybody asks, I named myself after the sun

I never cared much for their war
I had seen men fight before
Seen the sickness in their esprit de corps
I would dance for them no more
They came to take me away
From the Hotel Champs Elysée
Told the soldiers I'd nothing to say
They wouldn't have listened anyway
Too many men had died, and somebody had to pay
They set a date for my dying day

But as I stood in that killing field, refusing a blindfold
Staring down the soldiers and the hatred of the world
I felt the warmth of the Malay sun and I smiled for them all
They all thought they had the best of me
But not one of them could say what I was called

Just before the darkness came
I whispered my real name
I am Mata Hari, eye of the day
In the cells my body lay unclaimed

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