

## 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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