

Electra

Marianne Faithfull

I know that woman in the mirror
Not quite yours and not quite mine
Who she is can't say for sure
Could be from another tide
She's the Queen of Sheba, my father's mother
Her face is low flying Africa
She says to me she is not me
So tell me, tell me who is she?
Tell me, tell me who is she?

You'd think she owns the streets of Dublin
They say she's king of Torquay island
She trades in piracy and sinning
She knows where you go at night
And when you think you've finally reached her
She laughs and says, "Babe, it's all right."

I know that woman in the mirror
That creature has my thoughts as eyes
He saw her once and then forgot her
She remembers all his lies
He spoke in secrets and in German
Kissed in tongues and slept in sighs
She says to me she's not my father
So tell me, tell me who is she?
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