

# Ophelia

Natalie Merchant

Ophelia was a bride of god  
A novice Carmelite  
In sister cells the cloister bells  
Tolled on her wedding night

Ophelia was a rebel girl  
A blue stocking suffragette  
Who remedied society  
Between her cigarettes

Ophelia was a sweetheart  
To the nation over night  
Curvaceous thighs  
Vivacious eyes  
Love was at first sight...

Ophelia was a demigoddess  
In pre war Babylon  
So statuesque a silhouette  
In black satin evening gowns

Ophelia was the mistress to a  
Vegas gambling man  
Signora Ophelia Maraschina  
Mafia courtesan

Ophelia was a circus queen  
The female cannonball  
Projected through five flaming hoops  
To wild and shocked applause...

Ophelia was a cyclone, tempest  
A god damned hurricane  
Your common sense  
Your best defense  
Lay wasted and in vain

Ophelia'd know your every woe  
And pain you'd ever had  
She'd sympathize  
And dry your eyes  
And help you to forget...

Ophelia's mind went wandering  
You'd wonder where she'd gone  
Through secret doors  
Down corridors  
She'd wander them alone  
All alone...