

Empress's Clothes

Peter Hammill

She's here now, perfume coiled like a thuggie scarf -
Such a powerful drug to make you so naked and clean.
And you want to tell her
There's so much to disclose
This idea you've got to sell her
A new set of empress's clothes.
Who was that woman in the masquerade,
Do those eyes still give you fever?
Who was that woman in the mystery-play,
Do you still want to please her?
Where is the woman who can offer escape,
Do you look for your freedom?
You see her ref.
You want her to wear that finery,
The style that's never seen,
You're trying to break the deadlock
Of this strangle holding scene...
Oh, look,
A new set of empress's clothes!
The here and now stands in your way;
You carry the bell, book and candle...
She won't make you go
But she won't let you stay ref.
You want her to wear that finery,
The style that's never seen;
You're trying to break the deadlock
Of this strangleholding scene;
She makes you want to confess it all -
You don't know what it means,
But she makes you see,
Empress's clothes.