

# Ophelia

Peter Hammill

That token drag on your cigarette,  
that well-known face in the fire,  
it could be someone you can't forget,  
someone you've learnt to admire.  
And it's strange  
how the feeling goes;  
all change -  
down the river Ophelia goes.  
You're treading water, the price is steep,  
you say you'll cope with it all;  
you've made some promises you can't keep,  
you throw yourself against the wall,  
you throw yourself against the wall.  
And it's strange...  
You heard a noise in the firegrate,  
you look to see who goes there -  
it's just the stranger, he's come too late  
and even he's unprepared  
to find the cupboard so bare  
And it's strange...  
down the river Ophelia goes.