

# Ophelia's Shadow

Toyah

She takes the night train  
With her Bible of dreams  
A suitcase pretty pink  
A cassette of fresh screams  
Her treasures decompose  
Her treasures decay

This is the Gospel  
In the garden of delights  
Ophelia can pretend  
To be a priestess or a femme fatale  
But Ophelia can't escape her shadow  
A little purse of promises  
With which to elope  
A butterfly net and a killing jar  
To silence all her hopes

Ophelia's shadow  
Is haunting the humans  
Ambushed by ghosts  
And other aspects of her lonely heart

This is the Gospel  
In the garden of delights  
Ophelia is Joan's burning body  
A little purse of promises  
With which to elope  
A butterfly net and a killing jar  
To silence all her hopes

Can't escape her shadow  
Nor the givers of advice  
Or the queue of emotional debts  
Nor the virtues, nor the vice  
Sowing the seeds  
Of the never never tree

This is the Gospel  
In the garden of delights  
Oh Ophelia  
Come, Ophelia  
Sweet Ophelia  
Oh, Ophelia can't escape her shadow

Dancing in their discos  
Talking down their telephones  
Eating in their restaurants  
Visiting their homes  
Trying on their clothes  
Wearing their skin and bones

Ophelia  
Ophelia  
Come, Ophelia  
We decompose  
Ophelia  
Come, Ophelia

Let's decay  
Let's decay  
Let's decay