

Marianne Faithfull, Electra

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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