

# Natalie Merchant, Ophelia

Ophelia was a bride of God, a novice Carmelite  
In sister's cells, the cloister bells tolled on her wedding night  
Ophelia was a rebel girl, a blue-stockinged suffragette  
Who remedied society between her cigarettes  
And Ophelia was the sweetheart to a nation overnight  
Curvaceous thighs, vivacious eyes, love was at first sight  
Love was at first sight, love

Ophelia was a demigoddess in prewar 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 the circus queen, the female cannonball  
Was projected through five flaming hoops to wild and shocked applause  
To wild and shocked applause

Ophelia was a tempest, cyclone, a goddamned hurricane  
Your common sense, your best defense lay wasted and in vain  
For Ophelia would know your every woe and every pain you'd ever have  
She'd sympathize, she'd dry your eyes, help you to forget  
And help you to forget, 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  
Wander all alone, all alone