

Peter Hammill, Empress's Clothes

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
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 and you want to tell her
so much to disclose
this idea you've got to sell her.

You want her to wear that finery,
the style that's never seen,
you're trying to break the deadlock
of this strangleholding 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
and you want to tell her
so much to disclose
this idea you've got to sell her
a new set of empress's clothes.

You want her to wear that finery,
the style that's never seen;
(And you want to tell her)
You're trying to break the deadlock
of this strangleholding scene;
(There's so much to disclose)
she makes you want to confess it all
you don't know what it means,
but she makes you see
Empress's clothes.
Empress's clothes.
A new set of empress's clothes.
A new set of empress's clothes.
She makes you see empress's clothes.
She makes you see empress's clothes.
"(repeat to fade)"