

# Mademoiselle

## Murray Head

Mademoiselle remembers too well  
How once she was belle of the ball  
Now the past she sadly recalls.  
Mademoiselle lived in grand hotels  
Ordered clothes by Chanel and Dior  
Millionaires queued at her door.

Oh, she pleased them and teased them  
She hooked them and squeezed them  
Until like their empires they'd fall  
She very soon learned  
That the more love she spurned  
The more power she yearned  
Until she was belle of the ball.

Oh, Mademoiselle, such a soft machiavel  
Would play bagatelle with the hearts of young men as  
They fell  
Mademoiselle would hide in her shell  
Could then turn cast a spell on any girl  
That got in her way.

She would crave all attention  
Men would flock to her side  
Woe betide any man who ignored  
For she'd feign such affection  
Then break down their pretension  
When she'd won she would turn away.  
Turn away, thoroughly bored.

Mademoiselle, long ago said farewell  
To any love left to sell, for the sake of being belle  
Of the ball  
Mademoiselle knows there's no way to quell  
Her own private hell, just a shell,  
With no heart left at all.  
Poor old Mademoiselle.  
Still a Mademoiselle.

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