The Portrait

James Horner

My mother was obsessed by evil jealousy
She didn't want nobody to even look at Molly
She kept me locked up in this attic till I died
Only 4 years old, my story left untoldOh, Molly
Oh, MollyMother was struck by this infallible idea
If she could paint my portrait I would remain immortal
And I could hang downstairs above the fireplace
A little girl in lace, not a single trace of crime
Trace of crimeEach day and night she worked and autumn turned to spring
For every stroke she painted a little life was ended
At last I felt so weak I could not even speak
But in that fatal portrait my spirit came to life againOh, MollyThat night I made the portrait speak in evil tongue
You're gonna go beyond too, may pain and death bestow you
She grabbed a book and spoke aloud an ancient rhyme
While she burned the portrait in the candle of fateOh, MollyI've gotta see ma

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