

The Guitar Lesson (Momus cover)

Steven Wilson

The pupil is twelve-- attractive, withdrawn
In a midnight blue school uniform Lips just a little too full for her face
Distant eyes full of space In her posture no trace of coquette
No defiance She fingers the frets, looking forlorn
Crossing her legs where her tights have been torn Starts as her mother comes into the room
And the afternoon grows still And her mother feels a chill, shivers
And buttons her coat I gently correct the curve of her back
And I open my back in the now empty flat At the classical piece I've had her prepare
And her arms are bare as she plays And I draw back behind her ear
A few strands of hair gone astray She shows her my bracelet, the lesson is done
I turn it around between finger and thumb
We sit face to face, and it seems to me then
That her face is the face of a cat And touching the place where her breasts will be
I press my hand flat She comes into my lap
I turn her around
Her hands clasp my neck
And her feet skim the ground Her skirt travels up under my palm
But the pupil sits looking so calm As if listening to the distant sound
Of a burglar alarm What happened next is hard to recall
The guitar lesson left no traces at all
But now, from afar, it seems to resemble
A strange composition in oil Of a man, a guitar
And an innocent little girl

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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