Luminol

Steven Wilson

Here we all are
Born into a struggle
To come so far
But end up returning to dust

Oxfam panache tips his hat
(Laces undone)
He has no truck with idle chat
(Work to be done)
The songs he learned from scratched LP's
Stops in mid-flow to sip his tea

He strums the chords with less than grace
(Songs we all know)
Each passing year etched on his face
(Sun, rain or snow)
The words he sings are not his own
They speak of things he'll never know

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written by WILSON, STEVEN JOHN
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