Postcard

Steven Wilson

I think it's time that I got off the kitchen floor
But is there really any point at all?
Waking up this morning felt the same
Better sleep while life is so mundaneIt could have been yesterday that I locked the door
I blocked the windows up so I can't be sure
Now I haven't even got the will to eat
I'm lame and self-obsessed, that I will concedeI'd like to light a cigarette but I cannot
The lighter's dead and the gas has been cut offI'm the one you always seem to read about
The fire inside my eyes has long gone out
There's nothing left for me to say or do
Cos all that matters disappeared when I lost you

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