

# Pseudo Silk Kimono

## Marillion

Huddled in the safety of a pseudo silk kimono  
Wearing bracelets of smoke, naked of understanding  
Nicotine smears, long, long dried tears, invisible tears  
Safe in my own words, learning from my own words  
Cruel joke, cruel joke

Huddled in the safety of a pseudo silk kimono  
A morning mare rides, in the starless shutters of my eyes  
The spirit of a misplaced childhood is rising to speak his mind  
To this orphan of heartbreak, disillusioned and scarred  
A refugee, refugee.

Songwriters

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