Rebecca

Steve Hackett

Manderley was a dream of
Full moon and empty sky
Lost lands and sunken cities
Wave of silk from a perfect smileThough the gates are held fast
Once again you're inside
There the key to the past
Is buried by her sideRebecca
Shattered Cupid stowed away
You behaved like a parlour maid
Tongue tied newly wed brideBack in all your yesterdays
Dressed to kill at the ball
Eager to show what you wear
Never to excelIn a house that she still shares
Rebecca
Day by day she's your reality
Day by day a stronger personalityIf by fire she could reclaim
The very walls that scream her name
Ashes aglow on the breeze above
Her house of plenty but not of loveDrowning just as in life
The manicured lawns are gone
Fleeting as her kiss
Lonely as her song
Rebecca

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