

Momus

"Guitar Lesson"

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the guitar lesson - momus

The pupil is twelve, attractive withdrawn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 open her book 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 me her bracelet, the lesson is done

I turn it around between finger and thumb
We sit face to face and it seems to me 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 it's hard to recall
The guitar lesson left no traces at all
Now from afar it seems to resemble
A strange composition in oil
Of a man, a guitar and an innocent little girl

more information and lyrics are welcomed

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