

## Steven Wilson

### "Postcard"

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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 mundane

It 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 concede

I'd like to light a cigarette but I cannot  
The lighter's dead and the gas has been cut off

I'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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