

Postcard

Steven Wilson

Steven Wilson - Postcard

C Em
I think it s time that I got off the kitchen floor
C Em
But is there really any point at all?
C Em
Waking up this morning felt the same
C Em
I better sleep while life is so mundane

Am G F Em

C Em
It could have been yesterday that I locked the door
C Em
I blocked the windows up so I can t be sure
Am G
Now I haven t even got the will to Wii
F
I m lame and self-obsessed
Em
That I will concede

C Em

C Em

Am G

F Em

C Em
I d like to light a cigarette but I cannot
C Em
The light is dead and the gas has been cut off

Am G F Em

C Em
I m the one you always seem to read about
C Em
The fire inside my eyes has long gone out
Am G
There s nothing left for me to say or do
F Em
Cause all that matters disappeared when I lost you