

# Steve Hackett, What's My Name

Stone mirror mountain rises from a low stream  
The scent of flowers like an ocean of weeds  
I take a boat formed like a long handled sword  
The Heavens are vast and the sea is broad  
What's my name

We find the great cave of burning clouds  
The water horses come flickering down  
A gap in consciousness a picture takes shape  
I hear a thundering  
A tidal wave breaks  
What's my name