

Steven Wilson, Perfect Life

[Katherine Jenkins:]

When I was 13 I had a sister for 6 months.
She arrived one February morning,
Pale and shellshocked,
From past lives I could not imagine.
She was 3 years older than me,
But in no time we became friends.
We'd listen to her mixtapes: Dead Can Dance, Felt, This Mortal Coil
She introduced me to her favorite books,
Gave me clothes... and my first cigarette.
Sometimes we would head down to Blackbirds moor
To watch the barges on Grand Union in the twilight.
She said: "The water has no memory".
For a few months everything about our lives was perfect.
It was only us,
We were inseparable.
But, gradually, she passed into another distant part of my memory
Until I could no longer remember her face, her voice,
Even her name.

[Steven Wilson:]

We have got
We have got the perfect life
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