

# Steve Hackett, In memoriam

For someone else the blues and greens  
The dreaming spires the skin-tight jeans  
The armchair armies on the march  
The transfer unit tube and mask  
Who needs all the endless lies  
That serve to keep the world alive  
To taste the sweetness of the grave  
And not regret mistakes I've made  
In memoriam  
Goodbye to all the angry dawns  
Committee meetings pistols drawn  
You can keep the rave reviews  
The priests the guards the prisons and zoos  
Goodbye to all the nation's pride  
Farewell to those all choosing a side  
In hut number twelve they're issuing guns  
But only for the chosen ones  
In memoriam