

# Steve Hackett, Rebecca

Manderley was a dream of  
Full moon and empty sky  
Lost lands and sunken cities  
Wave of silk from a perfect smile

Though the gates are held fast  
Once again you're inside  
There the key to the past  
Is buried by her side  
Rebecca

Shattered Cupid stowed away  
You behaved like a parlour maid  
Tongue tied newly wed bride  
Back in all your yesterdays

Dressed to kill at the ball  
Eager to show what you wear  
Never to excel  
In a house that she still shares  
Rebecca

Day by day she's your reality  
Day by day a stronger personality

If by fire she could reclaim  
The very walls that scream her name  
Ashes aglow on the breeze above  
Her house of plenty but not of love

Drowning just as in life  
The manicured lawns are gone  
Fleeting as her kiss  
Lonely as her song  
Rebecca