The DEFINITE ARTICLE

We ask a celebrity a set of devilishly probing questions – and only accept THE definitive answer. This week it’s Simple Minds frontman Jim Kerr

The treasured item you lost and wish you could have again... All the time I wanted fretting about failing. Success and failure are inseparable.

The book that holds an everlasting resonance... The Master And Margarita by Mikhail Bulgakov, a Russian novel about the devil appearing in the 1930s as a theatrical entertainer.

The priority activity if you were the Invisible Man for a day... I’d read the Kremlin’s files on Russian leaders.

The unending quest that drives you on... To make great music that gives people pleasure.

The pet hate that makes your hackles rise... The lack of decorum in cinemas. I used to love going, but now you get people eating pizza and glued to their phones.

The poem that touches your soul... My Heart’s In The Highlands by Robert Burns. It’s so poignant.

The figure from history for whom you’d most like to buy a pie and a pint... Nelson Mandela. I met him three times and once he told me he wanted to go salmon fishing in the Highlands. I know nothing about fishing, but I’d love to have taken him.

The song that means most to you... “My Heart’s In The Highlands.” I love the morning light in Rome so I’d start with a stroll in the Villa Borghese gardens. I’d have breakfast at the Hotel d’Inghilterra. I’m a vegetarian, so I’d have an omelette. Then I’d walk into the wilds of Aberfoyle, Perthshire. Lunch would be at Min Jiang Chinese restaurant at the Royal Garden Hotel in Kensington, London, with my son James, 25 [from his marriage to Patsy Kensit], and twin grandsons Vincent and Jack, six [he is the son of his daughter Yasmin, from his marriage to Chris Hynde]. The boys support Arsenal – I’m Celtic – and we always eat there before a match. I’d watch the sunset on Santa Monica beach in California and then head home to Glasgow to see my dad, Jimmy, 80.

The crime you would commit knowing you could get away with it... I’d steal the keys to the world’s best art galleries so I could meditate in front of history’s greatest art.

The order of service at your funeral... I have a plot in a graveyard in Glasgow, not far from where I grew up. I want the song I Belong To Glasgow, which is funny so will raise the spirits. I’m tempted to have on my gravestone, ‘Don’t you forget about him!’

The way you want to be remembered... He tried to punch above his weight.

The unfulfilled ambition that continues to haunt you... The lack of experience of the Mafia as I have with the Loch Ness monster.

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