

Echo & The Bunnymen, Porcupine

There is no comparison
Between things about to have been
Missing the point of our mission
Will we become misshapen?

A change of heart
Will force the nail
Nailed to the door
To all avail

There are no divisions
Between things about to collide
Hitting the floor with our vision
A focus at some point arrives

A change of mind
Will force the nail
To hit the head
And set the sail

A change of skin
Will shed the tail
Hung on the wall
For use again
A change of heart
Will force the nail...
(There is no comparison
Between things about to have been)

Smash the pig
This pork is mine
I'm pining for the pork
Of the porcupine
I'd best be on my best behaviour
Best behave yourself you hear

There are silent ways of wishing now
Wish I had what's turning round
Round the corridor
There are people there
Through the peephole I can see me down

Very nice
Some pressure feelings
You know how you hope
For something to hope for

There
What is that paper there
Paper is a collander
Collander's picking holes in me
He's _____ the holy water there
Water's paper like an impure _____
A strange moment as your _____

Paper is a collander
Collander is picking holes in me
Suck the pig this pork is mine
'Pining for the pork of the porcupine
_____ find out
I'm beginning to see the light