

Porcupine Tree, Baby Dream In A Cellophane

I am - in my pram
Look you - I'm so new I am - sleeping there
Underneath the stairs
If you - wanted to
You'd find - inside my mind
Things so surreal
My lips are sealed
In the rain in cellophane
Pale dogs and demigods
They won't bring me down
The clocks go round, they never stop
I've been - in limousines
I've nseen - inside your dreams
It's raining there
Try not to stare