

Porcupine Tree, Don't Hate Me

A light snow is falling on London
All sign of the living has gone
The last train pulls into the station
And no-one gets off and no-one gets on

Don't hate me
I'm not special like you
I'm tired and I'm so alone
Don't fight me
I know you'll never care
Can I call you on the telephone, now and then?

One light burns in a window
It guides all the shadows below
Inside the ghost of a parting
And no-one is left, just the cigarette smoke