

Porcupine Tree, London

A light snow is falling in 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

(chorus)
I search inside my head
Helps me remember the day
That the taxi never came
So I walk on in the rain

One light burns in a window
It guides all the shadows below
Inside, the ghost of a party
No one is left, just the cigarette smoke

(chorus)