

# 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)