

# Porcupine Tree, Mellotron Scratch

A tiny flame inside my hand  
A compromise I never planned  
Unravel out the finer strands

And I'm looking at a blank page now  
Should I fill it up with words somehow?

I whispered something in her ear  
I bare my soul but she don't hear

The scratching of a mellotron it always seemed to make her cry  
Well maybe she remembers us collecting space up in the sky

Nothing rises from my feet of clay, but it's OK  
Red mist spreads across my fingertips, ardour slips

I lay her gently on my clothes  
She will leave me yes I know

And I'm looking at a blank page now  
Should I fill it up with words somehow?

The scratching of a mellotron it always seemed to make her cry  
Well maybe she remembers us collecting space up in the sky

Nothing rises from my feet of clay, but it's OK  
Red mist spreads across my fingertips, ardour slips

Don't look at me with your mother's eyes or your killer smile  
Sing a lullaby

Don't look back into black  
Don't let the memory or the sound drag you down  
To end as friends; so painful  
Don't look down; shut it down