

Porcupine Tree, My Ashes

All the things that I needed
And wasted my chances
I have found myself wanting
When my mother and father
Gave me their problems
I accepted them all
Nothing ever expected
I was rejected
But I came back for more

And my ashes drift beneath the silver sky
Where a boy rides on a bike but never smiles
And my ashes fall on all the things we said
On a box of photographs under the bed

I will stay in my own world
Under the covers
I will feel safe inside
A kiss that will burn me
And cure me of dreaming
I was always returning

And my ashes find a way beyond the fog
And return to save the child that I forgot
And my ashes fade among the things unseen
And a dream plays in reverse on piano keys
And my ashes drop upon a park in Wales
Never ending clouds of rain and distant sails