

Porcupine Tree, Open Car

Nothing like this
Felt in her kiss
Cannot resist her
Fell for her charm
Lost in her arms
I keep a photograph
Give me a glimpse
Let me come in
Be there inside her
Here it begins
Here is the sin
Something to lie about

You think you're smart
I think you're art
We agree on this
It doesn't work
Feeling like dirt
Feeling like you don't care
We get a room
And in the gloom
She lights a cigarette
Clothes on the bed
Love me she said
I give myself to her

I'm getting feelings I'm hiding too well
(Bury the horse-shaped shell)
Something broke inside my stomach
I let the pieces lie just where they fell
(Being with you is hell)

Hair blow in an open car
Summer dress slips down her arm
Hair blown in an open car

OK what's next?
After the sex
What do we do now?
Finding the time
Drawing the line
And never crossing it
Gave her the hours
Gave her the power
Cannot erase her
Gave her the truth
Gave her the proof
I gave her everything

I'm getting feelings I'm hiding too well
(Bury the horse-shaped shell)
Something broke inside my stomach
I let the pieces lie just where they fell
(Being with you is hell)

Hair blown in an open car
Summer dress slips down her arm
Hair blown in an open car
On a drive out to the farm
Hair blown in an open car

Hair blown in an open car
Summer dress slips down your arm
Hair blown in an open car

