

# Porcupine Tree, And The Swallows Dance Above

Lyrics: Alan Duffy / Music: Steven Wilson

I'm sitting in the concrete  
I'm listening for a heartbeat  
I'm sitting in the painting  
I promised I'd be waiting  
I'm sitting in the window  
I'm listening to the wind blow  
I'm sitting in an hour glass  
I'm waiting for the march past

I'm sitting in the doorway  
I'm wishing for a new day  
I'm choking in the landscape  
I'm cutting through the red tape  
I'm sitting in the concrete  
I'm listening for a heartbeat

And the joke has crossed the line  
And the final word is mine  
And the mist has touched the wood  
And the words are understood  
And the sand has drifted high  
And the blind man gave a cry  
And the swallows dance above the sun  
And the swallows dance above the sun  
Yeah

I'm sitting on the ceiling  
I had to know the feeling  
I'm sitting in the shelter  
I'm going down helter skelter  
I'm sitting in the concrete  
I'm listening for a heartbeat

Every time I turn around  
There's another face watching me  
Every time I turn around  
There's another voice calling me  
Every time I turn around  
There's another fool reading me  
Every time I turn around  
There's another silence drowning me