

Porcupine Tree, Deadwing

And something warm and soft just passed through here
It took the precious things that I hold dearer
It rifled through the grey and disappeared
The creeping darkness makes the small hours clearer

Like a cancer scare
In the dentist's chair
Sucking in the air
Wire across the stair
Kicking down the door
At your local store
With the world at war
Voices through the floor
Unexpected news
Wearing high heeled shoes
Blowing out the fuse
Paying all your dues
Deadwing lullaby
Like a fracture tied
It's a worthless lie
To the public eye

I don't take waifs and strays back home with me
My bleeding heart does not extend to charity

Yes I'd have to say I like my privacy
And did you know you're on closed circuit TV? So smile at me

And a dream you had
Of your mum and dad
On a beach somewhere
And the poison air
With the cancer threat
In a cigarette
Deadwing lullaby
Find a place to hide

And from the yellow windows of the last train
A spectre from the next life breathes his fog on the pane
I look with you into the speeding black rain
Afraid to touch someone, afraid to ask her for her name

And in the morning when I find I have lost you
I throw a window open wide and step through