

# 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