

# Porcupine Tree, Men Of Wood

Come together men of wood  
Burning sunsets where you stood  
Like three hats lying in the snow  
There's nowhere left for you to go

Light escaping through the door  
Leaking pain across the floor  
There's nothing more for me to say  
Men of wood turn white to grey

Sweet men of wood

Men of wood  
Where you stood

An old man sitting beside the pier  
Prepared himself to disappear  
He raised his head for one last look  
Then closed his eyes and left the book

Sweet men of wood