

Porcupine Tree, Pure Narcotic

You keep me waiting
You keep me alone in a room full of friends
You keep me hating
You keep me listening to the Bends

No amount of pointless days
Can make this go away

You have me on my knees
You have me listless and deranged
You have me in your pocket
You have me distant and estranged

No narcotics in my brain
Can make this go away

I'm sorry that, I'm sorry that I'm not like you
I worry that I don't act the way you'd like me to
I'm sorry that, I'm sorry that I'm not like you

You find me wanting
You find me bloodless but inspired
You find me out
You find me hallucinating fire

No narcotics in my brain
Can make this go away

I'm sorry that, I'm sorry that I'm not like you
I worry that I don't act the way you'd like me to
I'm sorry that, I'm sorry that I'm not like you

Have we ever been here before?
Running headlong at the floor
Leave me dreaming on a railway track
Wrap me up and send me back

Have we ever been here before? (I'm sorry that)
Running headlong at the floor (I'm sorry that I'm not like you)
Leave me dreaming on a railway track (I worry that)
Wrap me up and send me back (I don't act the way you'd like me to)