

Porcupine Tree, Trains

Train set and match spied under the blind,
Shiny and contoured the railway winds,
And I've heard the sound from my cousin's bed,
The hiss of the train at the railway head

Always the summers are slipping away

A 60 ton angel falls to the earth,
A pile of old metal, a radiant blur,
Scars in the country, the summer and her

Always the summers are slipping away,
Find me a way for making it stay

When I hear the engine pass
I'm kissing you wide,
The hissing subsides
I'm in luck

When the evening reaches here
You're tying me up,
I'm dying of love
It's OK

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