

Porcupine Tree, Way Out Of Here

Out at the train tracks I dream of escape
But a song comes onto my iPod
And I realize it's getting late

I can't take the staring and the sympathy
And I don't like the questions,
- How do you feel?
- How's it going in school?
- Do you wanna talk about it?

Way out, way out of here
Fade out,
Fade out, vanish

I'll try to forget you
And I know that I will
In a thousand years
Or maybe a week

I'll burn all your pictures
Cut out your face

The shutters are down and the curtains are closed
And I've covered my tracks
Disposed of the car

And I'll try to forget even your name
And the way that you look when you're sleeping,
And dreaming of this
Way out, way out of here
Fade out,
Fade out, vanish