

Porcupine Tree, Where We Would Be

[Written by Steven Wilson]

Tied - tied to a time
When we knew that the sun would shine
And you were all smiles
And we could just talk for a while...

Of where we would be when the future comes
And how you would paint while I wrote my songs

If I could find you
And tell you about my life
Or maybe just write
And remind you of when we would dream...

Of where we would be when the future comes
And how you would paint while I wrote my songs

Strange how you never become
The person you see when you're young