

# Steven Wilson, Time Is Running Out

A cigarette on a summer night  
Like the short lived soul of the man inside  
And the noise that you hear as you write off another year

You just lean into the rain  
Pull your head down put your head upon the rail  
Now you realise that God has let you down  
Cos time is running out

You startled deer in the headlights  
You had a panic attack midway through the flight  
You're spending time on the same website  
Taking issue and picking fights  
Cos you no longer care if you're well liked  
But you brood endlessly for your own plight  
Cos time is running out

The future now and the poison girls  
Taking on the kick inside and a war of worlds  
And the sound that you hear as you pass through another year

You're thinking maybe it's too late  
To raise your head and conjure up some kind of break  
Cos it's just rock'n'roll with no quality control  
And time is running out...