

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...