

Four Chords That Made a Million

Porcupine Tree

Six of one a half a dozen
Black guitars and plastic blues
Hide behind a wall of nothing
Nothing said and nothing new

4 Chords that made a million

You belong there on the cover
You are the emperor in new clothes
A man who thinks he owns the future
Will sell your vacuum with his prose

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And then a moron with a cheque book
Will take you out to lunch who knows ?
He will tell you you're a saviour
And then he'll drop you like a stone

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And I have tried and I have died
Trying to get through
But in the end I can't defend you.

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