

Mellotron Scratch

Porcupine Tree

A tiny flame inside my hand
A compromise I never planned
Unravel out the finer strands

And I'm looking at a blank page now
Should I fill it up with words somehow?

I whispered something in her ear
I bare my soul but she don't hear

The scratching of a mellotron
It always seemed to make her cry
Well maybe she remembers us
Collecting space up in the sky

Nothing rises from my feet of clay, but it's OK
Red mist spreads across my fingertips, ardour slips

I lay her gently on my clothes
She will leave me yes I know

And I'm looking at a blank page now
Should I fill it up with words somehow?

The scratching of a mellotron
It always seemed to make her cry
Well maybe she remembers us
Collecting space up in the sky

Nothing rises from my feet of clay, but it's OK
Red mist spreads across my fingertips, ardour slips

Don't look at me with your mother's eyes or your killer smile
Sing a lullaby

Don't look back into black
Don't let the memory of sound drag you down
To end as friends so painful
Don't look down
Shut it down