

# Don't Hate Me

Steven Wilson

A light snow is falling on London  
All sign of the living has gone  
The last train pulls into the station  
And no one gets off and no one gets on

Don't hate me  
I'm not special like you  
I'm tired and I'm so alone

One light burns in a window  
It guides all the shadows below  
Inside the ghost of a parting  
And nothing is left, just the cigarette smoke

Don't hate me  
I'm not special like you  
I'm tired and I'm so alone  
Don't fight me  
I know you'll never care  
Can I call you on the telephone, now and then?

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