

My Book of Regrets

Steven Wilson

In the back of a taxi cab in London town
It's like watching TV with the sound turned down
Cause I can feel it I've got a buzzin' in my head
And I'm on my way

I see the kids deserting ships like shopping malls
On street corners they ignore their girlfriend's calls
Cause they got plans now and tonight they won't be home

All of this can be read
In my book of regrets

Don't let it bring you down
Just wait 'til the morning comes

Sore necks and teenage wrecks in subway worlds
And torn tights when drag queens fight suburban girls
But they don't care now 'cos they'll soon be safe at home

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Under neon lights she walks home
Back to her apartment, oh a safe way
Harbored when she locks the door she could slip away

Looking out behind the curtains finding drugs she barely seems
to notice
And the gas fire starts to buzz when the rain sets in.

In the back of a taxi cab in London town
All passed out and dreaming on the underground
Yes I'm someone but I'm no-one all the same

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