

## Baby Dream in Cellophane

Porcupine Tree

I am - in my pram  
Look you - I'm so new I am - sleeping there  
Underneath the stairs

If you - wanted to  
You'd find - inside my mind  
Things so surreal  
My lips are sealed

In the rain in cellphane  
Pale dogs and demigods  
They won't bring me down  
The clocks go round, they never stop

I've been - in limousines  
I've nseen - inside your dreams  
It's raining there  
Try not to stare