

## Porcupine

## Echo & the Bunnymen

There is no comparison  
Between things about to have been  
Missing the point of our mission  
Will we become misshapen?

A change of heart  
Will force the nail  
Nailed to the door  
To all avail

There are no divisions  
Between things about to collide  
Hitting the floor with our vision  
A focus at some point arrives

A change of mind  
Will force the nail  
To hit the head  
And set the sail

A change of skin  
Will shed the tail  
Hung on the wall  
For use again  
A change of heart  
Will force the nail...  
(There is no comparison  
Between things about to have been)

Smash the pig  
This pork is mine  
I'm pining for the pork  
Of the porcupine  
I'd best be on my best behaviour  
Best behave yourself you hear

There are silent ways of wishing now  
Wish I had what's turning round  
Round the corridor  
There are people there  
Through the peephole I can see me down

Very nice  
Some pressure feelings  
You know how you hope  
For something to hope for

There  
What is that paper there  
Paper is a collander  
Collander's picking holes in me  
He's the holy water there  
Water's paper like an impure  
A strange moment as your

Paper is a collander  
Collander is picking holes in me

Suck the pig this pork is mine  
'Pining for the pork of the porcupine  
find out  
I'm beginning to see the light