

And the Swallows Dance Above the Sun

Porcupine Tree

I'm sitting in the concrete
I'm listening for a heartbeat
I'm sitting in the painting
I promised I'd be waiting
I'm sitting in the window
I'm listening to the wind blow
I'm sitting in an hour glass
I'm waiting for the march past

I'm sitting in the doorway
I'm wishing for a new day
I'm choking in the landscape
I'm cutting through the red tape
I'm sitting in the concrete
I'm listening for a heartbeat

And the joke has crossed the line
And the final word is mine
And the mist has touched the wood
And the words are understood
And the sand has drifted high
And the blind man gave a cry
And the swallows dance above the sun
And the swallows dance above the sun
Yeah

I'm sitting on the ceiling
I had to know the feeling
I'm sitting in the shelter
I'm going down helter skelter
I'm sitting in the concrete
I'm listening for a heartbeat

Every time I turn around
There's another face watching me
Every time I turn around
There's another voice calling me
Every time I turn around
There's another fool reading me
Every time I turn around
There's another silence drowning me