

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 cellophane
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