

Buying New Soul

Porcupine Tree

Dried up, a guitar upon my knee
I should have sold out when the devil came for me
Dig a hole and throw it out to sea
Break the code, how happy I could be

I still wave at the dots on the shore
And I still beat my head against the door
I still rage and wage my little war
I'm a shade and easy to ignore

White wall, I had to paint a door
I always find that I've been through it before
Close it up and throw away the key
Break the code, how happy I could be

I woke up and I had a big idea
To buy a new soul at the start of every year
I paid up and it cost me pretty dear
Here's a hymn to those that disappear