

## Even Less

## Porcupine Tree

A body is washed up on a Norfolk beach  
He was a friend that I could not reach  
He thought I was cold but I understand  
But for the grace of god goes another man

And I may just waste away from doing nothing  
But you're a martyr for even less

A choirboy is buried on the moors  
Where we used to go dreaming when we were bored  
So some kids are best left to fend for themselves  
And others were born to stack shelves

And I may just waste away from doing nothing  
But you're a martyr for even less  
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