

## Four Chords That Made a Million

Porcupine Tree

Six of one a half a dozen  
Black guitars and plastic blues  
Hide behind a wall of nothing  
Nothing said and nothing new

4 Chords that made a million

You belong there on the cover  
You are the emperor in new clothes  
A man who thinks he owns the future  
Will sell your vacuum with his prose

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And then a moron with a cheque book  
Will take you out to lunch who knows ?  
He will tell you you're a saviour  
And then he'll drop you like a stone

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And I have tried and I have died  
Trying to get through  
But in the end I can't defend you.

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