

## I Drive the Hearse

Porcupine Tree

When this freedom stains my coat  
With the winter in my throat  
When I'm lost I dig the dirt  
When I fall I drive the hearse

And silence is another way  
Of saying what I wanna say  
And lying is another way  
Of hoping it will go away  
And you were always my mistake...

Given time I fix the roof  
Given cash I speak the truth

And silence is another way  
Of saying what I wanna say  
And lying is another way  
Of hoping it will go away  
And you were always my mistake...

When I'm down I drive the hearse

When this boredom wears me out  
Then the sky begins to cloud  
Sleeping with my ball and chain  
When she cries I take the blame

And pride is just another way  
Of trying to live with my mistakes  
Denial is a better way  
Of getting through another day  
And silence is another way  
Of saying what I wanna say  
And lying is another way  
Of hoping it will go away  
And you we're always my mistake...

When I'm down I drive the hearse