

# My Ashes

Porcupine Tree

All the things that I needed  
And wasted my chances  
I have found myself wanting

When my mother and father  
Gave me their problems  
I accepted them all

Nothing ever expected  
I was rejected  
But I came back for more

And my ashes drift beneath the silver sky  
Where a boy rides on a bike but never smiles  
And my ashes fall over all the things we said  
On a box of photographs under the bed

I will stay in my own world  
Under the covers  
I will feel safe inside

A kiss that will burn me  
And cure me of dreaming  
I was always returning

And my ashes find a way beyond the fog  
And return to save the child that I forgot

And my ashes fade among the things unseen  
And a dream plays in reverse on piano keys

And my ashes drop upon a park in Wales  
Never-ending clouds of rain, and distant sails