

## Shallow

Porcupine Tree

I don't remember  
Did something in my past create a hole?  
Don't use your gender  
To drive a stake right through my soul

I live to function  
On my own is all I know  
No friends to mention  
No distraction, nowhere to go

Shallow, shallow Give it to me  
Scissors cutting out your anger  
Shallow, shallow No good to me, not if you bleed  
Bite your tongue, ignore the splinter

This city drains me  
Well maybe it's the smell of gasoline  
The millions pain me  
It's easier to talk to my PC