

## Stranger by the Minute

Porcupine Tree

Ghosts in the park  
Appear just after dark  
Killers, children ...  
But no-one has a harp  
They look like tourists  
It makes me want to laugh

Under floorboards  
It's hard to fly a kite  
Underwater  
My cigarette won't light  
Standing in the shade  
I'm getting frostbite

Strange as I seem  
I'm getting stranger by the minute  
Look in my dreams  
They're getting stranger by the minute

When I'm drowning  
You drag me up to you  
Rings in the water  
My only residue  
But you're just fiction  
And I'm a twisted boy