

# The Sky Moves Sideways

Porcupine Tree

We lost the skyline  
We stepped right off the map  
Drifted in to blank space  
And let the clocks relapse

We laughed the rain down  
Slow burn on the lawn  
Ghosts across the lawn  
Swallowed up the storm

Sometimes I feel like a fist  
Sometimes I am the colour of air  
Sometimes it's only afterwards  
I find that I'm not there

In the dream dusk  
We walked beside the lake  
We watched the sky move sideways  
And heard the evening break

Sometimes I feel like a fist  
Sometimes I am the colour of air  
Sometimes it's only afterwards  
I find that I'm not there