Trains

Porcupine Tree

Train set and match spied under the blind
Shiny and contoured the railway winds
And I've heard the sound from my cousin's bed
The hiss of the train at the railway headAlways the summers are slipping away60 ton angel falls to the earth
A pile of old metal, radiant blur
Scars in the country, summer and herAlways the summers are slipping away
Find me a way for making it stayWhen I hear the engine pass, I'm kissing you wide
The hissing subsides, I'm in luck
When the evening reaches here you're tying me up
I'm dying of love, it's okayWhen I hear the engine pass, I'm kissing you wide
Hissing subsides, I'm in luck
When the evening reaches here you're tying me up
I'm dying of love, it's okayAlways the summers are slipping away
Find me a way for making it stayAlways the summers are slipping away
Always the summers are slipping away

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