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 laughUnder floorboards
It's hard to fly a kite
Underwater
My cigarette won't light
Standing in the shade
I'm getting frostbiteStrange as I seem
I'm getting stranger by the minute
Look in my dreams
They're getting stranger by the minuteWhen 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

Songwriters
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