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

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