

# 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

Lyrics provided by

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