Way Out of Here

Porcupine Tree

Out at the train tracks
I dream of escape
But a song comes onto my iPod
And I realize it's getting lateAnd I can't take the staring
And the sympathy
And I don't like the questions "How do you feel?"
"How's it going in school?"
and "Do you wanna talk about it?"Way out
Way out of here
Fade out

Fade out, vanishAnd I'm trying to forget you

And I know that I will

In a thousand years, or maybe a week

Burn all your pictures, and cut out your faceThe shutters are down and the curtains are closed

And I've covered my tracks

Disposed of the car

Trying to forget even your name and the way that you look

When you're sleeping
Dreaming of this Way out
Way out of here
Fade out
Fade out, vanish

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