

# And the Swallows Dance Above the Sun

## Porcupine Tree

I'm sitting in the concrete, I'm listening for a heartbeat  
I'm sitting in the painting, I promised I'd be waiting  
I'm sitting in the window, I'm listening to the wind blow  
I'm sitting in an hour glass, I'm waiting for the march past I'm sitting in the doorway, I'm wishing for a new day  
I'm choking in the landscape, I'm cutting through the red tape  
I'm sitting in the concrete, I'm listening for a heartbeat  
I'm sitting in the concrete, I'm listening for a heartbeat And the joke has crossed the line and the final word is  
mine  
And the mist has touched the wood and the words are understood  
And the sand has drifted high and the blind man gave a cry  
And the swallows dance above the sun  
And the swallows dance above the sun, yeah I'm sitting on the ceiling, I had to know the feeling  
I'm sitting in the shelter, I'm going down, helter-skelter  
I'm sitting in the concrete, I'm listening for a heartbeat  
I'm sitting in the concrete, I'm listening for a heartbeat And the joke has crossed the line and the final word is  
mine  
And the mist has touched the wood and the words are understood  
And the sand has drifted high and the blind man gave a cry  
And the swallows dance above the sun  
And the swallows dance above the sun, yeah Every time I turn around, there's another face watching me  
Every time I turn around, there's another voice calling me  
Every time I turn around, there's another fool reading me  
Every time I turn around, there's another silence drowning me

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