

# 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 pastI'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 heartbeatAnd 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, yeahI'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 heartbeatAnd 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, yeahEvery 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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