

Men of Wood

Porcupine Tree

Come together men of wood
Burning sunsets where you stood
Like three hats lying in the snow
There's nowhere left for you to go
Light escaping through the door
Leaking pain across the floor
There's nothing more for me to say
Men of wood turn white to gray
Sweet men of woodMen of wood
Where you stood
Men of wood
Where you stoodAn old man sitting beside the pier
Prepared himself to disappear
He raised his head for one last look
Then closed his eyes and left the book
Sweet men of woodMen of wood
Where you stood
Men of wood
Where you stoodMen of wood
Where you stood
Men of wood
Where you stoodMen of wood
Where you stood
Men of wood
Where you stoodMen of wood
Where you stood
Men of wood
Where you stoodSweet men of wood

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