Where We Would Be

Porcupine Tree

Tied, tied to a time when we knew that the sun would shine
And you were all smiles and we could just talk for a whileOf where we would be when the future comes?
And how you would paint while I wrote my songs?If I could find you and tell you about my life
Or maybe just write and remind you of when we would dreamOf where we would be when the future comes?
And how you would paint while I wrote my songs?

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