Footprints

Porcupine Tree

I saw her footprints on the sea
I knew her eyes were watching me
So I ventured further in my mind
In the hope that I would findTangerine trees and marmalade skies and
Plasticine porters with looking glass tiesMy mind had formed a mental prison
I cried aloud no-one would listen
Then floating through the heavy mist
My vision took a sudden twistTangerine trees and marmalade skies and
Plasticine porters with looking glass tiesEmpty people stood in grey
Children laughing far away
An empty courtyard wept alone
Rain lashed down on darkened stoneTangerine trees and marmalade skies and
Plasticine porters with looking glass ties
Tangerine trees and marmalade skies and
Plasticine porters with looking glass tiesA crystal glove points to the door
A threshold I had crossed before
On turning back all I could see
Were her footprints on the sea

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