

# Story from a Thin Wall

## Marillion

I heard the battle raging on the other side of the wall  
Buried my head in a pillow and tried to ignore it all  
Every night when I hear you, I dream of breaking down your door  
An avenging knight in shining armor to rescue you from it all  
From the family business When I see you in the supermarket  
With sunglasses in the shade  
Averting your eyes from the staring questions  
How were those bruises made  
It's family business Children clutching to your legs  
They've got so much they want to say  
But daddy's sitting home drunk again  
So they bite their lips and pray And daddy don't like no strangers prying  
And noses in his private affairs  
And if anyone asks from the social  
Well, you fell down the stairs  
It's family business So I'll become an accessory  
And I don't have an alibi  
To the victim lying on my doorstep  
The only way I could justify  
It's family business 'Cause every day it's getting harder  
Try to see, to go away  
To all the people that surround you  
You have to sit down and explain To be the writing on the wall inside  
To be the pledge you call your own  
And if you run into the day  
You sure, you know you'll find a home  
You sure, you know you'll find a home The traffic lights shine upon  
And the broken home  
Everyone could be so far away  
And the white lines lead the way The writing on the wall  
They're carving out the martyrs Could've been the same this way  
Could've been the same this way  
Tell them I'm the same today  
We could have been much younger  
It could have been much longer Until the real time too far  
You run away today  
Tomorrow, you take away the time  
You took away a mind Something to the light she said  
Everyone's burning

We could have been much younger

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