Way Out Of Here

Porcupine Tree

Out at the train tracks
I dream of escape
But a song comes onto my iPod
And I realize it's getting late

And I can't take the staring
And the sympathy
And I don't like the questions "How do you feel?"
"How's it going in school?"
and "Do you wanna talk about it?"

Way out
Way out of here
Fade out
Fade out, vanish

And I'm trying to forget you
And I know that I will
In a thousand years, or maybe a week
Burn all your pictures, and cut out your face

The shutters are down and the curtains are closed
And I've covered my tracks
Disposed of the car
Trying to forget even your name and the way that you look
When you're sleeping
Dreaming of this

Way out
Way out of here
Fade out
Fade out, vanish

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