

Four Chords That Made a Million

Porcupine Tree

Six of one and half a dozen
Black guitars and plastic blues
Hide behind a wall of nothing
Nothing said and nothing new
Four chords that made a million
Four chords that made a million, million, million
You belong there on the cover
You are the emperor in new clothes
A man who thinks he owns the future
Will sell your vacuum with his prose
Four chords that made a million
Four chords that made a million, million, million
Four chords that made a million, million, million
And then a moron with a cheque book
Will take you out to lunch, who knows?
He will tell you, you're a saviour
And then he'll drop you like a stone
Four chords that made a million
Four chords that made a million, million, million
Four chords that made a million, million, million
And I have tried and I have died
Trying to get through
But in the end, I can't defend you
Four chords that made a million
Four chords that made a million, million, million
Four chords that made a million, million, million
Four chords that made a million, million, million

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