Even Less (live)

Porcupine Tree

A body is washed up on a Norfolk beach
He was a friend that I could not reach
He thought I was cold but I understand
But for the grace of god goes another man

And I may just waste away from doing nothing
But I'm a martyr to even less

A choirboy is buried on the moors
Where we used to go dreaming when we were bored
So some kids are best left to fend for themselves
And others were born to stack shelves

And I may just waste away from doing nothing
But I'm a martyr to even less

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