

Even Less (full Version)

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 manAnd I may just waste away from doing nothing

But you're a martyr for even less, for even less

For even lessA choirboy is buried on the moor

Where we used to go dreaming when we were bored

Some kids are best left to fend for themselves

And others were born to stack shelvesAnd I may just waste away from doing nothing

But you're a martyr for even less, for even less

For even less

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