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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