I Drive The Hearse

Porcupine Tree

When this freedom stains my coat
With the winter in my throat
When I'm lost I dig the dirt
When I fall I drive the hearse
And silence is another way
Of saying what I wanna say
And lying is another way
Of hoping it will go away
And you were always my mistake...
Given time I fix the roof
Given cash I speak the truth
And silence is another way
Of saying what I wanna say
And lying is another way
Of hoping it will go away
And you were always my mistake...

When I'm down I drive the hearse
When this boredom wears me out
Then the sky begins to cloud
Sleeping with my ball and chain
When she cries I take the blame
And pride is just another way
Of trying to live with my mistakes
Denial is a better way
Of getting through another day
And silence is another way
Of saying what I wanna say
And lying is another way
Of hoping it will go away
And you we're always my mistake...
When I'm down I drive the hearse

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