Stranger by the Minute

Porcupine Tree

Ghosts in the park
Appear just after dark
Killers, children ...
But no-one has a harp
They look like tourists
It makes me want to laugh

Under floorboards
It's hard to fly a kite
Underwater
My cigarette won't light
Standing in the shade
I'm getting frostbite

Strange as I seem
I'm getting stranger by the minute
Look in my dreams
They're getting stranger by the minute

When I'm drowning
You drag me up to you
Rings in the water
My only residue
But you're just fiction
And I'm a twisted boy

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written by BARBIERI, RICHARD / WILSON, STEVEN JOHN / BALCH, COLIN EDWIN / MAITLAND, CHRIS
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