And The Swallows Dance Above The Sun

Porcupine Tree

I'm sitting in the concrete, I'm listening for a heartbeat
I'm sitting in the painting, I promised I'd be waiting
I'm sitting in the window, I'm listening to the wind blow
I'm sitting in an hour glass, I'm waiting for the march pastI'm sitting in the doorway, I'm wishing for a new day
I'm choking in the landscape, I'm cutting through the red tape
I'm sitting in the concrete, I'm listening for a heartbeat
I'm sitting in the concrete, I'm listening for a heartbeatAnd the joke has crossed the line and the final word is mine
And the mist has touched the wood and the words are understood
And the sand has drifted high and the blind man gave a cry
And the swallows dance above the sun
And the swallows dance above the sun, yeahI'm sitting on the ceiling, I had to know the feeling
I'm sitting in the shelter, I'm going down, helter-skelter
I'm sitting in the concrete, I'm listening for a heartbeat
I'm sitting in the concrete, I'm listening for a heartbeatAnd the joke has crossed the line and the final word is mine
And the mist has touched the wood and the words are understood
And the sand has drifted high and the blind man gave a cry
And the swallows dance above the sun
And the swallows dance above the sun, yeahEvery time I turn around, there's another face watching me
Every time I turn around, there's another voice calling me
Every time I turn around, there's another fool reading me
Every time I turn around, there's another silence drowning me

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