

# Piano Lessons

## Porcupine Tree

I remember piano lessons  
The hours in freezing rooms  
Cruel ears and tiny hands  
Destroying timeless tunes  
She said there's too much out there  
Too much already said  
You'd better give up hoping  
You're better off in bed  
You don't need much to speak of  
No class, no wit, no soul  
Forget your own agenda  
Get ready to be sold  
I feel now like Christine Keeler  
Sleep waking in the rain  
I didn't mean to lose direction  
I didn't want that kind of fame  
(Take your hands off my land)  
Credit me with some intelligence  
(If not just credit me)  
I come in value packs of ten  
(In five varieties)  
And even though I got it all now  
My only stupid dream  
I see you and me together  
And how it should have been  
I remember piano lessons  
Now everything seems clear  
You waiting under streetlights  
For dreams to disappear

Songwriters

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Published by

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