

My Ashes

Porcupine Tree

All the things that I needed
And wasted my chances
I have found myself wanting When my mother and father
Gave me their problems
I accepted them all Nothing ever expected
I was rejected
But I came back for more And my ashes drift beneath the silver sky
Where a boy rides on a bike and never smiles And my ashes fall on all the things we said
On a box of photographs under the bed I will stay in my own world
Under the covers
I will feel safe inside A kiss that will burn me
Cure me of dreaming
I was always returning And my ashes find a way beyond the fog
And return to save the child that I forgot And my ashes fade among the things unseen
And a dream plays in reverse on piano keys And my ashes drop upon a park in Wales
Never-ending clouds of rain, and distant sails... distant sails

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