Mellotron Scratch

Porcupine Tree

A tiny flame inside my hand
A compromise, I never planned
Unravel out the finer strandsAnd I'm looking at a blank page now
Should I fill it up with words somehow?I whispered something in her ear
I bare my soul but she don't hearThe scratching of a mellotron
It always seemed to make her cry
Well, maybe she remembers us
Collecting space up in the skyThe scratching of a mellotron
It always seemed to make her cryI lay her gently on my clothes
She will leave me, yes I knowAnd I'm looking at a blank page now
Should I fill it up with words somehow?The scratching of a mellotron
It always seemed to make her cry
Well, maybe she remembers us
Collecting space up in the skyThe scratching of a mellotron
It always seemed to make her cry
Well, maybe she remembers us
Collecting space up in the skyDon't look back into black
Don't let the memory of the sound
Drag you downDon't look back into black
Don't let the memory of the sound
Drag you downDon't look back into black
Don't let the memory of the sound
Drag you down
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