

# Mellotron Scratch

## Porcupine Tree

A tiny flame inside my hand  
A compromise, I never planned  
Unravel out the finer strands And 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 hear The scratching of a mellotron  
It always seemed to make her cry  
Well, maybe she remembers us  
Collecting space up in the sky The scratching of a mellotron  
It always seemed to make her cry I lay her gently on my clothes  
She will leave me, yes I know And 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 sky The scratching of a mellotron  
It always seemed to make her cry  
Well, maybe she remembers us  
Collecting space up in the sky Don't look back into black  
Don't let the memory of the sound  
Drag you down Don't look back into black  
Don't let the memory of the sound  
Drag you down Don't look back into black  
Don't let the memory of the sound  
Drag you down

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