Arriving Somewhere But Not Here (live)

Porcupine Tree

Never stop the car on a drive in the dark
Never look for the truth in your mother's eyes
Never trust the sound of rain upon a river
Rushing through your ears

Arriving somewhere but not here

Did you imagine the final sound as a gun?
Or the smashing windscreen of a car?
Did you ever imagine the last thing you'd hear as you're fading out was a song?

All my designs, simplified
And all of my plans, compromised
All of my dreams, sacrificed

Ever had the feeling you've been here before?
Drinking down the poison the way you were taught
Every thought from here on in your life begins
And all you knew was wrong?

Did you see the red mist block your path?
Did the scissors cut a way to your heart?
Did you feel the envy for the sons of mothers tearing you apart?

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