Don't Hate Me

Steven Wilson

A light snow is falling on London
All sign of the living has gone
The last train pulls into the station
And no one gets off and no one gets onDon't hate me
I'm not special like you
I'm tired and I'm so aloneOne light burns in a window
It guides all the shadows below
Inside the ghost of a parting
And nothing is left, just the cigarette smokeDon't hate me
I'm not special like you
I'm tired and I'm so alone
Don't fight me
I know you'll never care
Can I call you on the telephone, now and then?

Songwriters
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