The Incident (live)

Porcupine Tree

At junction 8 the traffic starts to slow
Artilleries of braking lights and bluish glow
Ascending in a plumage of twisted steel
Shattered glass and confetti dashed upon the wheelWhen a car crash gets you off you've lost your grip
When a fuck is not enough you know you've slipped
When the church is full it means you've just been had
When the world has gone to seed you're so detachedGot a feeling that I want you to be thereDriving by on my way to somewhere else
I fill my lungs with a noxious burning smell
There is weed and grey concrete like this for miles
Dead souls in my rear view mirror hitch a ride for a whileI want to be loved

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