# My Ashes

## Porcupine Tree

All the things that I needed
I wasted my chances
I have found myself wanting

When a mother and father
Gave me their problems
I accepted them all

Nothing ever expected
I was rejected
But I came back for more

And my ashes drift beneath the silver sky
Where a boy rides on a bike and never smiles

And my ashes fall over all the things we've said
On a box of photographs under the bed

I will stay in my own world
Under the covers
I will feel safe inside

The kiss that will burn me
Cure me of dreaming
I was always returning

And my ashes find a way beyond the fog
And return to save the child that I forgot

And my ashes fade among the things unseen
And a dream plays in reverse on piano keys

And my ashes drop upon a park in Wales
Never-ending clouds of rain, and distant sails... distant sails

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