

Porcupine

Echo & The Bunnymen

There is no comparison
Between things about to have been
Missing the point of our mission
Will we become misshapen?A change of heart
 Will force the nail
 Nailed to the door
To all availThere are no divisions
 Between things about to collide
 Hitting the floor with our vision
A focus at some point arrivesA change of mind
 Will force the nail
 To hit the head
And set the sailA change of skin
 Will shed the tail
 Hung on the wall
 For use again
 A change of heart
 Will force the nail...
 (the) is no comparison
Between things about to have been)Smash the pig
 This pork is mine
 I'm pining for the pork
 Of the porcupine
 I'd best be on my best behaviour
Best behave yourself you hearThere are silent ways of wishing now
 Wish I had what's turning round
 Round the corridor
 There are people there
Through the peephole I can see me downVery nice
 Some pressure feelings
 You know how you hope
 For something to hope forThere
 What is that paper there
 Paper is a collander
 Collander's picking holes in me
 He's _____ the holy water there
 Water's paper like an impure_____
 A strange moment as your _____

Paper is a collander
Collander is picking holes in me
Suck the pig this pork is mine
'pinning for the pork of the porcupine
_____ find out
I'm beginning to see the light

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