

Porcelain And The Tramps

"Dislocated Day"

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Written by Steven Wilson

A dislocated day
Peers in to the ether
Counts the stars inside the sky
And flies in to the never

Looped around my eyelids
A thousand shining flecks
Pale against the canvas
Which hangs around my neck

Dislocated day
I will find a way
To make you say
The name of your forgiver

Stood beside an inlet
A starfish leads a dance
It dreams it is a human
And falls into a trance

A hole inside my body
Is wired up to a charge
Chemical imbalance
Tells me who you are

Insects hide the silence
November brings deep rain
Between the flow to freezing
And yesterday's sustain

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