Porcelain And The Tramps "I Find That I'm Not There"

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Written by Steven Wilson

We lost the skyline We stepped right off the map Drifted in to blank space And let the clocks relapse

We laughed the rain down Slow burn on the lawn Ghosts across the delta Swallowed up the storm

Sometimes I feel like a fist Sometimes I am the colour of air Sometimes it's only afterwards I find that I'm not there

In the dream dusk We walked beside the lake We watched the sky move sideways And heard the evening break

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