

Porcupine Tree "Four Chords That Made A Million"

Visit "[Four Chords That Made A Million](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Six of one and half a dozen
Black guitars and plastic blues
Hide behind a wall of nothing
Nothing said and nothing new

Four chords that made a million
Four chords that made a million, million, million

You belong there on the cover
You are the emperor in new clothes
A man who thinks he owns the future
Will sell your vacuum with his prose

Four chords that made a million
Four chords that made a million, million, million
Four chords that made a million, million, million

And then a moron with a cheque book
Will take you out to lunch, who knows?
He will tell you, you're a saviour
And then he'll drop you like a stone

Four chords that made a million
Four chords that made a million, million, million
Four chords that made a million, million, million

And I have tried and I have died
Trying to get through
But in the end, I can't defend you

Four chords that made a million
Four chords that made a million, million, million
Four chords that made a million, million, million
Four chords that made a million, million, million

Visit [Porcupine Tree](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.