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Porcupine Tree "Trains"

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Train set and match spied under the blind Shiny and contoured the railway winds And I've heard the sound from my cousin's bed The hiss of the train at the railway head

Always the summers are slipping away

A 60 ton angel falls to the earth A pile of old metal, a radiant blur Scars in the country, the summer and her

Always the summers are slipping away Find me a way for making it stay

When I hear the engine pass I'm kissing you wide The hissing subsides I'm in luck

When the evening reaches here You're tying me up I'm dying of love It's OK

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When the evening reaches here You're tying me up I'm dying of love It's OK

Always the summers are slipping away Find me a way for making it stay

Always the summers are slipping away Always the summers are slipping away

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