

Steven Wilson

"Home In Negative"

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Bricks and mortar and so much more
The piano drifts through an open door
A glass of wine and the twilight fades
Shadows march as the dark invades

Think a witch lives inside the woods
I heard her singing and she plays real good
Crawling into my hiding place
A hint of perfume and a touch of lace

You're antisocial but you make my day
I'll always stay with you come what may
How maladjusted and an introvert
I know you're there when I'm lost and hurt

It seems to me that I always wait
A hundred years in this hiding place
Please find me now and release the spell
An age of reason and a tale to tell

You're antisocial but you make my day
I'll always stay with you come what may
How maladjusted and an introvert
I know you're there when I'm lost and hurt

So I wait through the winter
Holiday, holiday I wait
So I wait through the summer
Holiday, holiday I wait

So I wait through the winter
Holiday, holiday I wait
Summer me all winter

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