

# Marillion, This Strange Engine

(Hogarth/Kelly/Mosley/Rothery/Trewavas)

There was a boy who came into this world  
At the hands of a holy woman in a holy place  
He wore a red coat and walked a bulldog  
Saw them reflected in the mirror of the lakes  
Lived in the shadow of the mountains  
With the smells of disinfectant, dusty old leather  
And the polished wood of his bed  
No more than a baby feeding swans on the river  
Holding the hands of his mother  
And the wax paper bag of yesterday's bread  
And his father on the other side of the world  
On the ships railings and some far away tide  
With the silent dry tear of home thoughts from abroad  
In his far away eyes  
In his far away eyes

The smell of the wax on the wooden floor  
Mixture of polish and soap  
No children to fear or to play with  
Rows of empty hooks for the coats  
An upright piano and the boys in the choir  
Still remind him of just before he was born  
Remind him of just before he was breathing  
Strange misty visions of God  
Turn the cities into families  
Into villages of souls  
Hovering in the air while they're sleeping  
With their houses invisible  
Chase the moon between the buildings  
Running as fast as I could run  
Send to me the ghosts of Christmas  
Whispering, &quot;You're the only one&quot;

And ever since I was a boy  
I never felt that I belonged  
Like everything they did to me  
Was an experiment to see  
How I would cope with the illusion  
In which direction would I jump  
Would I do it all the same  
As the actors in the game  
Or would I spit it back at them  
And not get caught up in their rules  
And live according to my own  
And not be used, not be used  
To find the fundamental truths  
It was going to take some time  
Thirty five summers down the line  
The wisdom of each passing year  
Seems to serve only to confuse  
Seems to serve only to confuse

Daddy came out the navy and took us away  
To his dirty grey home town  
And he worked down on a coal mine for National Service  
So that he could be around  
There was a magical purple in the chrome of the exhaust  
Of his Triumph motor bike  
And a warmth of oil and metal and the thrill of the hard corner  
Holding tight

From the horizon  
Came home from the Navy to the mine  
From the horizon  
To buried alive  
Took his dream underground  
Buried his treasure in his faraway eyes

And one day as the boy lay sleeping in the sunshine  
Of a half remembered afternoon  
A cloud of bees with no particular aim, and no brain  
Found the boy, decided that his time had come  
Came down out of the sky  
Stung him in the face  
Again and again  
Blue pain  
Screaming like baptism  
Intravenous, Jesus!  
Like being chosen  
Blue pain from something with no brain  
I can't explain  
It's happening again  
It's happening again

Oh Mummy, Daddy, will you sit a while with me  
Oh Mummy, Daddy, will you jog my memory  
Tell me tall tales of Montego Bay  
Table mountain, flying fish, banana spiders, pots of paint  
And the sun on the equator  
Setting like an ember thrown to deep water  
From crimson to black  
But coming back  
Tomorrow  
On the horizon

The blue pain  
Fades to a point where it doesn't fade  
It stayed  
Blue  
Stirred his red coat heart to this strange engine  
This love

This love  
This inconvenient, blind, blood-diamond  
This puzzle  
I don't understand  
That knows no faith  
And tries and fails  
And tries again  
Stares at the sea  
The night's dark deep  
For one last time  
And bleeds  
And bleeds  
And dies for you  
And lies  
And is to blame  
And is ashamed  
And is not the same  
And is true  
And is true