

Porcupine Tree, Shallow

I don't remember
Did something in my past create a hole?
Don't use your gender
To drive a stake right through my soul

I live to function
On my own is all I know
No friends to mention
No distraction, nowhere to go

Shallow, shallow Give it to me, give it to me
Scissors cutting out your anger
Shallow, shallow no good to me, not if you bleed
Bite your tongue, ignore the splinter

This city drains me
Well maybe it's the smell of gasoline
The millions pain me
It's easier to talk to my PC