

# Brian Eno, Crime In The Desert

Crime and punishment in tuscon  
Back to normal in the sun  
Playing blackjack in the drive-in  
Shooting snake-eyes in the mud  
And when the moonlight came out, we were gone, long gone.  
They found a body on the race-track;  
No identifying signs  
In his pocket was a notebook  
With a number inside  
And guadalajara's just a few miles down the line.  
She adored the broken-hearted  
And those who showed her a bad time  
They didn't care for her body  
They took advantage of her mind.  
So they took her ideas and they left her behind.