

Brian Eno, Dead Finks don't talk

Oh cheeky cheeky
Oh naughty sneaky
You're so perceptive and I wonder how you knew.
But these finks don't walk too well
A bad sense of direction
And so they stumble round in threes
Such a strange collection.
Oh you headless chicken
Can those poor teeth take so much kicking?
You're always so charming
As you peck your way up there.
And these finks don't dress too well
No discrimination
To be a zombie all the time
Requires such dedication.
Oh please, sir will you let it go by
'Cos I failed both tests with my legs both tied
In my place the stuff is all there
I've been ever so sad for a very long time
My my they wanted the works can you this and that
I never got a letter back
More fool me bless my soul
More fool me bless my soul.
Oh perfect masters
They thrive on disasters
They all look so harmless
Till they find there way up there.
But dead finks don't talk too well
They've got a shaky sense of diction
It's not so much a living hell
It's just a dying fiction.