

Brian Eno, This

This chord
This water
This son
This daughter
This day
This time
This land
It's all mine

This Calling Bell
This Forge Bell
This Dark Bell
This The Knife Bell
This calling
This burden
This falling
The world's turning

This What I thought I knew
This What I thought was true
This I understood
This In the deep wood
This Ah there I stood a child so fair
This On a certain square
This Down the dirty stairs
This To see the table set
This With golden chairs
This Ah to follow, follow, follow, follow there

This race
And this world
This feeling
And this girl
This revolver
This fire
This I'll hold it up higher, higher, high