

Eno, Brian, Everybody's Mother/Step Up

Something went badly wrong.

At first we didn't notice. We got used to bumping about together and stepping on each other's toes. Funny how that happens.

We felt it in different ways. Some people thought they were getting bigger or their skin was over-sensitive and they needed to insulate themselves with something. But others felt squeezed, choked, and confined and sought open spaces which they never found.

But the world was getting smaller and smaller. It was like a balloon going down. Everything getting tiny, brighter, more intense and squashed up together. It was cluttered, uncomfortable - you couldn't find anywhere to sit down.

I was everybody's mother in nightly tears before the television news. My children in floods, sackings and revolution. It was all going sour. It was all going sour.

I was scrubbing individual stones on a huge beach. I was making sandwiches for the whole of Somalia. I was shouting 'Fire!' in a thousand languages. I was plugging a million dykes with my failing fingers. I was baking languages in a million fires. I extended trillions of fine wires. I was scrubbing fingers upon a beach in Wales. I was firing nights...

I was suddenly very tired.

How do I miss you. Really miss you.

(indecipherable)...

In one bigger bay

You gave all the frozen wind

You gave them away

Set up, boy, set up

The boys set up for the show

No one who was there last night

Gave out or ought to know

Set up, boy

Set up my boys

Below that river bend

It's all that we take care of

It's all we have to show