

Brian Eno, Big Day

Taking our time before it's through
Passing our days in old shoes
Sister - think I'm returning to peru
Wish that I never came here
They can't pronounce my name here
Everyone asks me "where's peru?"

In peru we've lengthened the day
In peru we've strengthened the dollar
There are mountains piercing our skies
And the ocean at our shores
I will save up all of my wages

Even retail crumby cosmetics
I will work my passage in stages
As the winter slips away.

Miles of golden beaches
Excellent wines and features
Mister - take a week off in gay peru
Penitent monks to stare at
Colonial dons in old straw hats
Everyone's there in old peru
Oo-poo-peru