

# Brian Eno, Cindy tells me

Cindy tells me, the rich girls are weeping  
Cindy tells me, they've given up sleeping alone  
And now they're so confused by their new freedoms  
And she tells me they're selling up their maisonettes  
Left the Hotpoints to rust in the kitchenettes  
And they're saving their labour for insane reading.  
Some of them lose - and some of them lose  
But that's what they want - and that's what they choose  
It's a burden - such a burden  
Oh what a burden to be so relied on.  
Cindy tell me, what will they do with their lives  
Living quietly like labourer's wives  
Perhaps they'll re-acquire those things they've all disposed of.