

# Brian Eno, Here Come the warm Jets

[...Inaudible...]

[Further] we make claims on [our teas]

[Dawn inner here] for we've nowhere to be

Nowhere to be

Nowhere to be

[Father stains], we're all on our knees

Down on our words and we've nothing to be

Nothing to be

Nothing to be

Further down we're all on our [sails]

[Paid to upheed] though we've nothing these days

Nothing these days

Nothing these days

[Further still, their stall in a daze]

We're down on our knees and we've nothing to say

Nothing to say

Nothing to say...