

Brian Eno, Mother Whale Eyeless

I can think of nowhere
I would rather be
Reading morning papers
Drinking morning tea.
She clutches the tray
And then we talk just like a kitchen sink play
Nothing ventured nothing gained
Living so close to danger
Even your friends are strangers
Don't count upon their company.
Places for the fingers
Places for the nails
Hidden in the kitchen
Right behind the scales.
What do I care
I'm wasting fingers like I have them to spare
Plugging holes in the Zuider Zee
Punishing Paul for Peter
Don't ever trust those meters
What you believe is what you see.
In my town, there is a raincoat under a tree
In the sky there is a cloud containing the sea
In the sea there is a whale without any eyes
In the whale there is a man without his raincoat.
In another country
With another name
Maybe things are different
Maybe they're the same.
Back on the train
The seven soldiers read the papers again
But the news it doesn't change
Swinging about through the creepers
Parachutes caught on steeples
Heroes are born
But heroes die.
Just a few days
A little practice and some holiday pay
We're all sure
You'll make the grade
Mother of God if you care
We're on a train to nowhere
Please put a cross upon our eyes
Take me I'm nearly ready you can take me
To the raincoat in the sky
Take me my little pastry mother take me
There's a pie shop in the sky.