

# 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.