

Brian Eno, The Paw Paw Negro Blowtorch

My, my, my, we're treating each other just like strangers
I can't ignore the significance of these changes
But you can't treat it lightly, and you'll have to face the consequences
All my worst fears are grounded
You have to make the choice between the Paw Paw Negro Blowtorch and me (no, no, no).
By this time I got to looking for a kind of substitute
I can't tell you who I found, except that it rhymes with dissolute
But my baby's so lazy, she is almost unable, and it's driving me crazy
And her loving's just a fable that we try, with passion, to recall
Send for an ambulance or an accident investigator
He's breathing like a furnace
So I'll see you later, alligator
He'll set the sheets on fire
Mmm, quite a burning lover
Now he'll barbeque your kitten
He is just another learner lover
You have to make the choice between the Paw Paw Negro Blowtorch and me.