

# Brian Eno, Third Uncle

There are tins  
There was pork  
There are legs  
There are sharks  
There was John  
There are cliffs  
There was mother  
There's a poker  
There was you  
Then there was you.  
There are scenes  
There are blues  
There are boots  
There are shoes  
There are Turks  
There are fools  
They're in lockers  
They're in schools  
There in you  
Then there was you.  
Burn my fingers  
Burn my toes  
Burn my uncle  
Burn his books  
Burn his shoes  
Cook the leather  
Put it on me  
Does it fit me  
Or you?  
It looks tight on you.