

Eno, Brian, Backwater

Backwater

We're sailing at the edges of time

Backwater

We're drifting at the waterline

Oh, we're floating in the coastal waters

You and me and the porter's daughters

Ooh what to do, not a sausage to do

And the shorter of the porter's daughters

Dips her hand in the deadly waters

Ooh what to do, in a tiny canoe

Black water

There were six of us but now we are five

We're all talking

To keep the conversation alive

There was a senator from Ecuador

Who talked about a meteor

That crashed on a hill in the south of Peru

And was found by a conquistador

Who took it to the Emperor

And he passed it on to a Turkish guru

His daughter

Was slated for becoming divine

He taught her

He taught her how to split and define

But if you study the logistics

And heuristics of the mystics

You will find that their minds rarely move in a line

So it's much more realistic

To abandon such ballistics

And resign to be trapped on a leaf in the vine