

# Eno, Brian, Bottomliners

Great lines of numbers  
All bright and shiny  
All through the ether  
Some huge, some tiny  
All though the ether  
From France to China  
Unite the people  
All bottomliners

Some brass, some paper,  
Some gold, some silver,  
Some full of promise,  
Some full of anger,  
In ranks of thousands  
They fall and stumble  
All bottomliners  
We make the number

And in the future,  
New forms of romance:  
Grenade and landmine  
In twilit silence  
With hands that tremble  
And lives that flounder  
All bottomliners  
All undergrounders  
All undergrounders  
All undergrounders  
All undergrounders