

# Eno, Brian, Miss Shapiro

All the peasants in the squares  
At their tables and their chairs  
Set to salvage certain numbers  
From the wonder of the Tundra  
And the muses in the gloom  
Counting needles in their rooms  
On the carpet in the corner  
In a kind of secret slumber  
While the information rain  
Slashed the dirty window pane to the square

(chorus:)

Smoky broads and smoky windows in the square  
Come come charmer come on over for the day  
Disappearing cocoa forests flash and die  
Fortunes crumble all demolished in the bay

Over forty pointed people  
In the perfect pointed steeple  
Looked to see the lucky number  
Yes the wonder of the Tundra  
Had come up to fame and fortune  
Singing his tune, my tune, your tune  
Wooing daughters of the gifted  
On the carpets of the courtrooms  
While the tickets were expensive  
The show was quite relentless in the square

Dalai Llama lama puss puss  
Stella maris missa nobis  
Miss a dinner Miss Shapiro  
Shampoos pot-pot pinkies pampered  
Movement hampered like at Christmas  
Ha-ha isn't life a circus  
Round in circles like the Archers  
Always stiff or always starchy  
Yes it's happening and it's fattening  
And it's all that we can get into the show