

Eno, Brian, Mother Whale Eyeless

I can think of nowhere I would rather be
Reading morning papers, drinking morning tea:
She clutches the tray
And then we talk just like a kitchen sink play
Nothing ventured, nothing gained.
Living so close to danger,
Even your friends are strangers
Don't count upon their company.

This is for the fingers,
This is for the nails:
Hidden in the kitchen,
Right behind the scales.
What do I care?
I'm wasting fingers like I had them to spare,
Plugging holes in the Zuider Zee.
Punishing Paul for Peter,
Don't ever trust those meters
What you believe is what you see.

In my town, there is a raincoat under a tree.
In the sky, there is a cloud containing the sea.
In the sea, there is a whale without any eyes.
In the whale, there is a man without his raincoat.

In another country, with another name
Maybe things are different, maybe they're the same.

Back on the trail,
The seven soldiers read the papers and mail
But the news, it doesn't change.
Swinging about through creepers,
Parachutes caught on steeples
Heroes are born, but heroes die.
Just a few days, a little practice and some holiday pay,
We're all sure you'll make the grade.
Mother of God, if you care,
We're on a train to nowhere
Please put a cross upon our eyes.
Take me - I'm nearly ready, you can take me
To the raincoat in the sky.
Take me - my little pastry mother take me
There's a pie shop in the sky.