

Eno, Brian, No One Receiving

It will shine and it will shudder
As I guide it with my rudder
On its metaled ways
It will cut the night before it
As it leaves the day that saw it
On its metaled ways
Nobody passes us in the deep quiet of the dark sky
Nobody sees us alone out here among the stars

In these metal ways
In these metal days
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In these metal ways
In these metal days
In these metal ways
In these metal days

Through a fault of our designing
We are lost among the windings
Of these metal ways
Back to silence back to minus
With the purple sky behind us
In these metal ways
Nobody hears us when we're alone in the blue future
No one receiving the radio's splintered waves

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