

Eno, Brian, Put A Straw Under Baby

Put a straw under baby
Your good deed for the day
Put a straw under baby
Keep the splinters away.

Let the corridors echo
As the dark places grow
Hear Superior's footsteps
On the landing below.

There's a place in the orchard
Where no one dare go
The last nun who went there
Turned into a crow.

Turned into a crow-crow
Turned into a crow
The last nun who went there
Turned into a crow.

There's a brain in the table
There's a heart in the chair
And they all live in Jesus
It's a family affair.