Eno, Brian, The Great Pretender

Monica sighed Rolled on her side She was so impressed that she just surrendered

She was moved by his wheels She was just up from Wales He was fueled by her coals and he was coming to catch her

Lose the sense of time
Nail down the blinds
And in the succulent dark there's a sense of ending

Joking aside The mechanical bride Has fallen prey to the Great Pretender.

Let me just point out discreetly Though you never learn All those tawdry late night weepies I could make you weep more cheaply

As the empty moon enamels Monica with spoons and candles Bangs around without the light on Furniture to get it right on

Settled in a homely fish pool Hung with little eels Often thinks that travel widens 'Stay at home, the trout obliges'

Monica sighed Rolled on to her side She was so impressed that she just surrendered.