

Eno, Brian, The True Wheel

We are the 801
We are the central shaft

And we are here to let you take advantage
Of our lack of craft
Certain streets have certain corners
Sooner or later we'll turn your.

We are the 801
We are the central shaft

And thus throughout two years we've crossed the ocean
In our little craft (row, row, row)
Now we're on the telephone
Making final arrangements (ding, ding)

We are the 801
We are the central shaft

Looking for a certain ratio
Someone must have left it underneath the carpet
Looking up and down the radio
Oh, oh, nothing there this time
Looking for a certain ratio
Someone said they saw it parking in a car lot
Looking up and down the radio
Oh, oh, nothing there this time
Going back down to the rodeo
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, here we go!

We are the table the captain's table let's get it understood
Let's get it understood
We are the losers we are the cruisers let's get it understood
Let's get it understood
We are the diners the final diners let's get it understood
Let's get it understood
Most of us are tinkers, some of us tailors
And we've got candlesticks and lots of cocktail sticks
We saw the lovers the modern lovers and they looked very good
They looked as if they could
We are the neighbours the nosy neighbours we think just like you would
We think just like you should.