

Caught Between

Brian Eno

Caught between
The Earth and the sky
What too long
And what too high
Fallen free and holding on
Nothing there at all

Dropped and lifted
Gotta breathe
Bottom drifting
On the way
Holding just a few poor words
And nothing at all

Reaching out
To still the sand
No light connects
The breaking moments
Drifting to another shore
There's nothing here
That I could change at all
Nothing at all

Forced to be
A broken line
Let to hold
What we could find
Then to learn
And go again
Nothing sorted out

High above
A single bird
It drifts about
The dead volcano
Who's to lose
And who's to find
There's nothing here
That I could choose at all
Choose at all..