

# Dead Finks Don't Talk

Brian Eno

Oh cheeky cheeky  
Oh naughty sneaky  
You're so perceptive  
And I wonder how you knew.

But dead finks don't walk too well (oh no)  
A bad sense of direction (oh no)  
And so they stumble round in threes (oh no)  
Such a strange collection.

Oh, you headless chicken  
Can those poor teeth take so much kicking?  
You're always so charming  
As you make your way up here.

And dead finks don't dress too well  
No discrimination  
To be a zombie all the time  
Requires such dedication.

"Oh please sir, will you let it go by,  
'Cos I failed both tests with my legs both tied  
In my place the stuff is all there  
I've been ever so sad for a very long time.

My my, they wanted the works:  
Can you this? and that? I never got a letter back  
More fool me, bless my soul  
More fool me, bless my soul."

Oh perfect masters  
They thrive on disasters  
They all look so harmless  
Till they find their way up here.

But dead finks don't talk too well  
They've got a shaky sense of diction  
It's not so much a living hell  
It's just a dying fiction.