

Here Come the Warm Jets

Brian Eno

[Further] we make claims on [our teas]
[Dawn inner here] for we've nowhere to be
Nowhere to be
Nowhere to be

[Father stains], we're all on our knees
Down on our words and we've nothing to be
Nothing to be
Nothing to be

Further down we're all on our [sails]
[Paid to upheed] though we've nothing these days
Nothing these days
Nothing these days

[Further still, their stall in a daze]
We're down on our knees and we've nothing to say
Nothing to say
Nothing to say...