

## St. Elmo's Fire

Brian Eno

Brown eyes and I was tired  
We had walked and we had scrambled  
Through the moors and through the briars  
Through the endless blue meanders.

In the blue August Moon  
In the cool August Moon

Over the nights and through the fires  
We went surging down the wires  
Through the towns and on the highways  
Through the storms in all their thundering.

In the blue August Moon  
In the cool August Moon

Then we rested in a desert  
Where the bones were white as teeth  
And we saw St Elmo's fire  
Splitting ions in the ether.

In the blue August Moon  
In the cool August Moon

In the blue August Moon  
In the cool August Moon.