

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.