

## The Great Pretender

Brian Eno

Monica sighed  
Rolled on her side  
She was so impressed that she just surrendered  
She was moved by his wheels  
She was just up from wales  
He was fueled by her coals and he was coming to catch her  
Lose the sense of time  
Nail down the blinds  
And in the succulent dark there's a sense of ending  
Joking aside  
The mechanical bride  
Has fallen prey to the great pretender.  
Let me just point out discreetly  
Though you never learn  
All those tawdry late night weepies  
I could make you weep more cheaply  
As the empty moon enamels  
Monica with spoons and candles  
Bangs around without the light on  
Furniture to get it right on  
Settled in a homely fish pool  
Hung with little eels  
Often thinks that travel widens  
'stay at home, the trout obliges'  
Monica sighed  
Rolled on to her side  
She was so impressed that she just surrendered.