

## **Brian Eno**

# **"Backwater"**

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Backwater, we're sailing at the edges of time  
Backwater, we're drifting at the waterline  
Oh, we're floating in the coastal waters  
You and me and the porter's daughters

Ooh, what to do not a sausage to do?  
And the shorter of the porter's daughters  
Dips her hand in the deadly waters  
Ooh, what to do in a tiny canoe?

Blackwater, there were six of us, but now we are five  
We're all talking to keep the conversation alive  
There was a senator from Ecuador who talked about a  
meteor  
That crashed on a hill in the south of Peru

And was found by a conquistador  
Who took it to the emperor  
And he passed it on to a Turkish guru

His daughter, was slated for becoming divine  
He taught her, he taught her how to split and define  
But if you study the logistics and heuristics of the  
mystics

You will find that their minds rarely move in a line  
So it's much more realistic to abandon such ballistics  
And resign to be trapped on a leaf in a vine

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