

Brian Eno

"Crime in The Desert"

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Crime and punishment in Tuscon
Back to normal in the sun
Playing blackjack in the drive-in
Shooting snake-eyes in the mud
And when the moonlight came out, we were gone, long
gone.
They found a body on the race-track;
No identifying signs
In his pocket was a notebook

With a number inside
And Guadalajara's just a few miles down the line.
She adored the broken-hearted
And those who showed her a bad time
They didn't care for her body
They took advantage of her mind.
So they took her ideas and they left her behind.

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