

## **Brian Eno**

### **"Dead Finks Don't Talk"**

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Oh cheeky, cheeky  
Oh naughty sneaky  
You're so perceptive  
And I wonder how you knew

But these finks don't walk too well  
A bad sense of direction  
And so they stumble 'round in three's  
Such a strange collection

Oh you headless chicken  
Can those poor teeth take so much kicking?  
You're always so charming  
As you peck your way up there

And these finks don't dress too well  
No discrimination  
To be a zombie all the time  
Requires such dedication

Oh please sir, will you let it go by  
'Cause I failed both tests with my legs both tied  
In my place the stuff is all there  
I've been ever so sad for a very long time

My, my they wanted the works, can you this and that?  
I never got a letter back  
More fool me, bless my soul  
More fool me, bless my soul  
More fool me, bless my soul

Oh perfect masters  
They thrive on disasters  
They all look so harmless  
Till they find their way up there

But dead finks don't talk too well  
They've got a shaky sense of diction  
It's not so much a living hell  
It's just a dying fiction

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