

## **Brian Eno**

# **"Every Mother/Step Up"**

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Something went badly wrong.

At first we didn't notice. We got used to bumping about  
together and stepping  
on each other's toes. Funny how that happens.

We felt it in different ways. Some people thought they  
were getting bigger or  
their skin was over-sensitive and they needed to  
insulate themselves with  
something. But others felt squeezed, choked, and  
confined and sought open  
spaces which they never found.

But the world was getting smaller and smaller. It was  
like a balloon going  
down. Everything getting tiny, brighter, more intense  
and squashed up together.  
It was cluttered, uncomfortable - you couldn't find  
anywhere to sit down.

I was everybody's mother in nightly tears before the  
television news. My  
children in floods, sackings and revolution. It was all  
going sour. It was all  
going sour.

I was scrubbing individual stones on a huge beach. I  
was making sandwiches for  
the whole of Somalia. I was shouting 'Fire!' in a  
thousand languages. I was  
plugging a million dykes with my failing fingers. I was  
baking languages in a  
million fires. I extended trillions of fine wires. I was  
scrubbing fingers upon  
a beach in Wales. I was firing nights...

I was suddenly very tired.  
How do I miss you. Really miss you.  
(indecipherable)..  
In one bigger bay  
You gave all the frozen wind

You gave them away

Set up, boy, set up  
The boys set up for the show  
No one who was there last night  
Gave out or ought to know

Set up, boy  
Set up my boys  
Below that river bend  
It's all that we take care of  
It's all we have to show

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