Brian Eno "Here Come The Warm Jets"

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[...Inaudible...]
[Further] we make claims on [our teas]
[Dawn inner here] for we've nowhere to be
Nowhere to be
Nowhere to be

[Father stains], we're all on our knees
Down on our words and we've nothing to be
Nothing to be
Nothing to be

Further down we're all on our [sails]

[Paid to upheed] though we've nothing these days Nothing these days Nothing these days

[Further still, their stall in a daze]
We're down on our knees and we've nothing to say
Nothing to say...

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