

Brian Eno

"Spinning Away"

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Up on a hill as the day dissolves
With my pencil turning moments into line
High above in the violet sky
A silent silver plane, it draws a golden chain

One by one all the stars appear
As the great winds of the planet spiral in
Spinning away like the night sky at Arles
In the million insect storm, the constellations form

On a hill under a raven sky
I have no idea exactly what I've drawn
Some kind of change, some kind of spinning away
With every single line moving further out in time

And now as the pale moon rides in the stars
In the stars
Her form in my pale blue lines in the stars
In the stars

And there as the world rolls round in the stars
In the stars
I draw, but the lines move 'round in the stars
In the stars

And there as the great wheels blaze in the stars
In the stars
I draw, but my drawing fades in the stars
In the stars

And now as the old sun dies in the stars
In the stars
I draw and the four winds sigh in the stars
In the stars

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