

Brian Eno **"Third Uncle"**

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There are tins, there was pork
There are legs, there are sharks
There was John, there are cliffs
There was mother, there's a poker
There was you, then there was you

There are scenes, there are blues
There are boots, there are shoes
There are Turks, there are fools
They're in lockers, they're in schools
There in you, then there was you

Burn my fingers, burn my toes
Burn my uncle, burn his books
Burn his shoes, cook the leather
Put it on me, does it fit me
Or you? It looks tight on you

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