King's Lead Hat

Brian Eno

Dark alley black star

Four turkeys in a big black car

The road is shiny, bright shiny, the wheels slide

Four turkeys going for a dangerous rideThe lacquer crackles, black tar, the engines roar

A ship was turning broadside to the shore

Splish splash, I was raking in the cash

The biology of purpose keeps my nose above the surfaceKing's lead hat put the innocence inside her

It will come, it will surely come

King's lead hat was a mother to desire

It will come, it will come, it will surely comeIn New Delhi, smelly Delhi, and Hong Kong

They all know that it won't be long

I count my fingers, digit counter, as night falls

And draw bananas on the bathroom walls The killer cycles, humdrum, the killer hertz

The passage of my life is measured out in shirts

Time and motion, motion carried, time and tide

All I know and all I have is time and time and tide is on my sideKing's lead hat put the poker in the fire

It will come, it will surely come

King's lead hat was a mother to desire

It will come, it will come, it will surely come The weapon's ready, ready Freddy, the guns purr

The satellite distorts his voice to a slur

He gives orders, finger pie, which no one hears

The king's hat fits over their earsHe takes his modicate, indecipherable, cold turpentine

He tries to dial out 999999999

He dials reception, moving finger, he's all alone

He's just a victim of the telephoneKing's lead hat made the Amazon much wider

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