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 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 wallsThe 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 come, it will surely come
King's lead hat was a mother to desire
It will come, it will come, it will surely comeThe 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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