Cindy Tells Me

Brian Eno

Cindy tells me, the rich girls are leaving
Cindy tells me, they've given up sleeping alone
And now they're so confused
By their new freedomsAnd she tells me
They're selling up their maisonettes
Left their Hot points to rust in their kitchenettes
And they're saving their labor for insane readingSome of them lose and some of them lose
But that's what they want and that's what they choose
It's a burden, such a burden
Oh, what a burden to be so relied onSome of them lose and some of them lose
But that's what they want and that's what they choose
It's a burden, such a burden
Oh, what a burden to be so relied onCindy tells me what will they do with their lives?
Living quietly like laborers' wives
Perhaps they'll re-acquire those things
They've all disposed of

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