Dead Finks Don't Talk (2004 Remaster)

Brian Eno

Oh cheeky, cheeky
Oh naughty sneaky
You're so perceptive
And I wonder how you knewBut these finks don't walk too well
A bad sense of direction
And so they stumble 'round in three's
Such a strange collectionOh you headless chicken
Can those poor teeth take so much kicking?
You're always so charming
As you peck your way up thereAnd these finks don't dress too well
No discrimination
To be a zombie all the time
Requires such dedicationOh please sir, will you let it go by
'Cause I failed both tests with my legs both tied
In my place the stuff is all there
I've been ever so sad for a very long timeMy, my they wanted the works, can you this and that?
I never got a letter back
More fool me, bless my soul
More fool me, bless my soul
More fool me, bless my soulOh perfect masters
They thrive on disasters
They all look so harmless
Till they find their way up thereBut dead finks don't talk too well
They've got a shaky sense of diction
It's not so much a living hell
It's just a dying fiction

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