Backwater

Brian Eno

Backwater
We're sailing at the edges of time
Backwater
We're drifting at the waterline
Oh, we're floating in the coastal waters
You and me and the porter's daughters
Ooh, what to do? Not a sausage to doAnd the shorter of the porter's daughters
Dips her hand in the deadly waters
Ooh, what to do in a tiny canoe?Black water
There were six of us, but now we are five
We're all talking
To keep the conversation alive
There was a senator from Ecuador
Who talked about a meteor
That crashed on a hill in the south of PeruAnd was found by a conquistador
Who took it to the emperor
And he passed it on to a Turkish guruHis daughter
Was slated for becoming divine
He taught her
He taught her how to split and define
But if you study the logistics and heuristics of the mystics
You will find that their minds rarely move in a lineSo its much more realistic
To abandon such ballistics
And resign to be trapped on a leaf in a vineBackwater
We're sailing at the edges of time
Backwater
We're drifting at the waterline
Oh, we're floating in the coastal waters
You and me and the porter's daughters
Ooh, what to do? Not a sausage to doAnd the shorter of the porter's daughters
Dips her hand in the deadly waters
Ooh, what to do in a tiny canoe?

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/