St Elmo's Fire

Brian Eno

Brown Eyes and I were tired
We had walked and we had scrambled
Through the moors and through the briars
Through the endless blue meanders
In the blue August moon
In the cool August moon
Over the nights and through the fires
We went surging down the wires
Through the towns and on the highwaysThrough the storms in all their thundering
In the blue August moon
In the cool August moon
Well we rested in a desert
Where the bones were white as teeth, sir
And we saw St. Elmo's Fire
Splitting ions in the ether
In the blue August moon
In the cool August moon

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