

Burning Airlines Give You So Much More

Brian Eno

When I got back home
I found a message on the door
Sweet Regina's gone to China
Cross legged on the floor Of a burning jet that's smoothly flying
Burning airlines give you so much more How does she intend
To live when she's in far Cathay?
I somehow can't imagine her
Just planting rice all day Maybe she will do a bit of spying
With micro cameras hidden in her hair I guess Regina's on the plane
A news week on her knees
While miles below the curlews call
From strangely stunted trees The painted sage sits just as though he's flying
Regina's jet disturbs his wispy beard When you reach Kyoto
Send a postcard if you can
And please convey my fond regards
To Chih-Hao's girl Yu-Lan I heard a rumor, they were getting married
But someone left the papers in Japan Left them in Japan, left them in Japan
Left them in Japan, left them in Japan
Left them in Japan, left them in Japan
Left them in Japan

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