

Here Come the Warm Jets

Brian Eno

Father, we make claims on our knees
Dawn enter here for we've nowhere to be
Nowhere to be
Nowhere to be Father, stains they're all on our knees
Down on our words and we've nothing to be
Nothing to be
Nothing to be Father, down we're all on our saints
Paid to appease though we've nothing these days
Nothing these days
Nothing these days Father, here they're sprawled in a daze
We're down on our knees and we've nothing to say

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