Put a Straw Under Baby

Brian Eno

Put a straw under baby
Your good deed for the day
Put a straw under baby
Keep the splinters awayLet the corridors echo
As the dark places grow
Hear superior's footsteps
On the landing belowThere's a place in the orchard
Where no one dare go
The last nun who went there
Turned into a crowTurned into a crow, crow
Turned into a crow
The last nun who went there
Turned into a crow

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