Seven Deadly Finns

Brian Eno

Oh oh the french girls with the string of pearls
Think it's such a fucking shame
That the local boys with their country joys
Never make them daisy chains
They're swapping disappointing incidents
While at the docks another ship pulls in
And suddenly the door breaks down (ooh la la)
It's the seven deadly finnsOh oh oh soldiers and sailors
Have all been here before
Gigolos and governments
Have stumbled through that door
Because they need all those french girls with all their kiss curls
And powder in their guns
And the seven finns with their deadly grins
Tend to measure beauty in tuns.The first is a freak with a masochistic streak
And the second is a kitten up a tree
The third is a flirt with an awful print skirt
And the fourth is pretending to be me
The fifth wears a mac and never turns his back
The sixth never shows his eyes
But the seventh deadly finn is so tall and slim
He should of never been with those guys.Although variety's the spice of life
A steady rhythm is the source
Simplicity's the crucial thing
Systemically of course (work it all out like Norbert Wiener)
So if those french girls say to you
Would you like your ashes piped?
You'll have to take their word for it
It's the only thing to take

Songwriters
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