

# 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 finns Oh 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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