

# Spinning Away

## Brian Eno & John Cale

Up on a hill, as the day dissolves  
With my pencil turning moments into line  
High above in the violet sky  
A silent silver plane - it draws a golden chainOne by one, all the stars appear  
As the great winds of the planet spiral in  
Spinning away, like the night sky at Arles  
In the million insect storm, the constellations formOn a hill, under a raven sky  
I have no idea exactly what I've drawn  
Some kind of change, some kind of spinning away  
With every single line moving further out in time  
And now as the pale moon rides (in the stars)  
Her form in my pale blue lines (in the stars)  
And there, as the world rolls round (in the stars)  
I draw, but the lines move round (in the stars)  
There, as the great wheels blaze (in the stars)  
I draw, but my drawing fades (in the stars)  
And now, as the old sun dies (in the stars)  
I draw, and the four winds sigh (in the stars)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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