

# Golden Hours

Brian Eno

The passage of time  
Is flicking dimly up on the screen  
I can't see the lines  
I used to think I could read between  
Perhaps my brains have turned to sand Oh me oh my  
I think it's been an eternity  
You'd be surprised  
At my degree of uncertainty  
How can moments go so slow? Several times  
I've seen the evening slide away  
Watching the signs  
Taking over from the fading day  
Perhaps my brains are old and scrambled Several times  
(Who would believe what a poor set of eyes can show you?)  
I've seen the evening slide away  
Watching the signs  
(Who would believe what an innocent voice could do?)  
Taking over from the fading day  
Changing water into wine  
(Never a silence always a face at the door) Several times  
(Who would believe what a poor set of ears can tell you?)  
I've seen the evening slide away  
Watching the signs  
(Who would believe what a weak pair of hands can do?)  
Taking over from the fading day  
Putting the grapes back on the vine  
(Never a silence always a foot in the door)

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