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 sandOh 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 scrambledSeveral 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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