Backwater

Brian Eno

Backwater, were sailing at the edges of time
Backwater, were drifting at the waterline
Oh, were floating in the coastal waters
You and me and the porters daughtersOoh, what to do not a sausage to do?
And the shorter of the porters daughters
Dips her hand in the deadly waters
Ooh, what to do in a tiny canoe?Blackwater, there were six of us, but now we are five
Were all talking to keep the conversation alive
There was a senator from Ecuador who talked about a meteor
That crashed on a hill in the south of PeruAnd was found by a conquistador
Who took it to the emperor
And he passed it on to a Turkish guruHis daughter, was slated for becoming divine
He taught her, he taught her how to split and define
But if you study the logistics and heuristics of the mysticsYou will find that their minds rarely move in a line
So its much more realistic to abandon such ballistics
And resign to be trapped on a leaf in a vineBackwater, were sailing at the edges of time
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