

Brian Eno

Adam Harth

So tired, soul searching
I followed the sounds to a cathedral
Imagine my surprise to find that
They were produced by Brian Eno
Past the gates, quite stark
The roses trimmed and the windows dark
I see the walls through a limestone crack
Not red, not blue, not yellow but black
And all the spaces left for you
If the sky was synthesized you'd probably know
He taught me many things
The wisdom of oblique stratagems
The prophet of a sapphire soul
Presented through creative freedoms
And everything I say is true
'Cause if I was telling lies it'd probably show
I can tell that he's kind of smiling
But what does he know?
We're always one step behind him
He's Brian Eno, Brian Eno
When I was stuck he'd make me memorize elaborate curses
Tinctures and formulas to ditch the choruses and flip the verses
My whole foundation came unglued
When I tried to humanize by ambient light
Dipping swords in metaphors, yeah
But what does he know?
We're always one step behind him
He's Brian Eno, Brian Eno
He promised pretty worlds
And all the silence I could dream of
Brian Peter, George St. John
Le Baptiste De La Salle Eno
Well, all alone by the oldest stone
Where the shade trees grow
The creature by the water
Feature with a ghostly glow
Yeah, he's making sure that time's preserved well
We reap what we sow
We're always one step behind him

He's Brian Eno
Yeah, I can tell that [Incomprehensible], yeah
But what does he know?
I'm always one step behind him
He's Brian Eno
Yeah, dipping swords in metaphors, yeah
But what does he know?
[Incomprehensible] blind to foolish 'cause I don't know
Brian Eno
I can tell that he's kind of smiling
But what does he know?
I will always be a step behind him
He's Brian Eno
Yeah, he's making sure that time's preserved well
We reap what we sow
I'm always one step behind him
'Cause I don't know Brian Eno

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