

Cindy Tells Me

Brian Eno

Cindy tells me, the rich girls are leaving,
Cindy tells me, they've given up sleeping alone
And now they're so confused
By their new freedoms.

And she tells me
They're selling up their maisonettes
Left their Hotpoints to rust in their kitchenettes
And they're saving their labours for insane reading.

Some of them lose -- and some of them lose,
But that's what they want --
And that's what they choose.
It's a burden --
such a burden
Oh what a burden to be so relied on.

Cindy tells me,
What will they do with their lives?
Living quietly -- like labourers' wives...
Perhaps they'll re-acquire those things
They've all disposed of.