

# Cordoba

Brian Eno

A man was sleeping under a tree  
He wrote to me from Cordoba  
After the theatre, we went to his house  
He's a very generous Cordoban

We waited at the door, but he didn't come  
According to his father, he's very ill

There was a long line of cars in front of me  
I came as soon as I could  
I left without paying, a suitcase under my arm  
I won't see you until Sunday  
I'll come as soon as I can

I'll meet you alone in the shoe shop near the bakery  
By the two-storey house, very pretty, like a villa

The lift stops between two floors  
You start to walk towards the station  
I walk towards the bus  
We'll have to wait at the station  
Leave the parcel on the top deck

You start to walk towards the station  
I'll walk towards the bus  
You walk towards the station  
I'll walk towards the bus  
You walk towards the station  
I'll walk towards the bus  
You walk towards the station