

Dead Finks Don't Talk

Brian Eno

Oh cheeky cheeky
Oh naughty sneaky
You're so perceptive
And I wonder how you knew.

But dead finks don't walk too well (oh no)
A bad sense of direction (oh no)
And so they stumble round in threes (oh no)
Such a strange collection.

Oh, you headless chicken
Can those poor teeth take so much kicking?
You're always so charming
As you make your way up here.

And dead finks don't dress too well
No discrimination
To be a zombie all the time
Requires such dedication.

"Oh please sir, will you let it go by,
'Cos I failed both tests with my legs both tied
In my place the stuff is all there
I've been ever so sad for a very long time.

My my, they wanted the works:
Can you this? and that? I never got a letter back
More fool me, bless my soul
More fool me, bless my soul."

Oh perfect masters
They thrive on disasters
They all look so harmless
Till they find their way up here.

But dead finks don't talk too well
They've got a shaky sense of diction
It's not so much a living hell
It's just a dying fiction.