

The Ship

Brian Eno

The Ship was from the willing land
The waves about it roll

And as aglow by powdered sand
We lift, we loot, we haul

The time is still
The sky is young
Drawn on towards the goal
And we are as the undescribed
To take and lose control

Oh hallelujah, pray for me,
the man who turned away.

My desert in a grain of sand.
My life within a day.

So smooth the stones that count the tides,
the piper plays a reed.

But we are as the undefined,
breaking of the wing.

When pray with time at memory day
And pray the tie told
The sail is down the wind is gone
The sky is blessed with growth
The slave to host a pistody
Illusion of control
And we are as the unrefined
The wake about to roll

[Background female voice talking]
"Can I take the freedom and forget you?
How can it, form contractions
Don't talk that I'm frightened
Do I know exactly my husband?
That I Love You. We miss you, after that
Go get brethren (grab her then)
I still act"

[Intermixed by different men voices interjecting words]
"Go about it, A song
Another ghost, by himself, I like that
you are too polite
Cup
The thing
Hello
-No wait!-
Times
Come back
A man
Chance
In twos
A timer
The sand

Imp
Glass
Funny
Way
Stretched
Light up
The vibration
Awe
That pearly
What a waste
Of help
As Wave

After Wave
After Wave [x3]