

We Let It In

Brian Eno

Your deep sun, sun, sun, sun

The soul of it is running gay
With open arms through golden fields
And even though the corn is high
And sometimes harsh against the heels

We open to the blinding sky
And let it in, and let it in
With open hearts through burning fields
The soul of it in gorgeous flame
The whole of it in gorgeous flame

We let it in, we let it in
We let it in, we let it in
We let it in, we let it in
We let it in, we let it in