

Brian Eno

MGMT

So tired
Soul searching
I followed the sounds to a cathedral
Imagine my surprise to find that they were produce by Brian Eno

Past the gates
Quite stark
The roses trimmed and the windows dark
I see the walls through a limestone crack
Not red not blue not yellow but black
And all the space left for you
If the sky was synthesized you'd probably know

He taught me many things
The wisdom of o bleak stratagems
The prophet of a sapphire soul
Presented through creative freedoms
And everything i say is true
Cuz if i was telling lies it'd probably show

I can tell that he's kind of smiling
But what does he know?
We're always one step behind him, he's Brian Eno
Brian Eno

When I was stuck he'd make me memorize elaborate curses
Tinctures and formulas to ditch the chori and flip the verses
My whole foundation came unglued
When i tried to humanize by ambient light
Dipping swords in metaphors yeah but what does he know?
He's go the whole world behind him he's Brian Eno
Brian Eno!

He promised pretty worlds and all the silence
I could dream of Brian peter George St John Le
Baptiste De La Salle Eno

Well all alone by the oldest stone where the shade
Trees grow the creature by the water feature with a
Ghostly glow making sure that time's preserved
Well we reap what we sow he's go the whole
World behind him he's Brian Eno etc. etc.