

## Here Come the Warm Jets

Brian Eno

[Further] we make claims on [our teas]  
[Dawn inner here] for we've nowhere to be  
Nowhere to be  
Nowhere to be

[Father stains], we're all on our knees  
Down on our words and we've nothing to be  
Nothing to be  
Nothing to be

Further down we're all on our [sails]  
[Paid to upheed] though we've nothing these days  
Nothing these days  
Nothing these days

[Further still, their stall in a daze]  
We're down on our knees and we've nothing to say  
Nothing to say  
Nothing to say...