

# 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]