

Eno, Brian, China My China

In the haze of the morning, China sits on Eternity
And the opium farmers sell dreams to obscure fraternities
On the horizon the curtains are closing

Down in the orchard the aunties and uncles play their games
(like it seems they always have done)
In the blue distance the vertical offices bear their names
(like it seems they always have done)
Clocks ticking slowly, dividing the day up

These poor girls are such fun they know what God gave them fingers for
(to make percussion over solos)

China my China, I've wandered around and you're still here
(which I guess you should be proud of)
Your walls have enclosed you, have kept you at home for thousands of years
(but there's something I should tell you)
All the young boys are dressing like sailors

I remember a man who jumped out from a window over the bay
(there was hardly a raised eyebrow)
The coroner told me 'This kind of thing happens every day'
You see, from a pagoda, the world is so tidy.