

# Joe Jackson, Shanghai Sky

Strange  
How the world got so small  
I turned around and there was nowhere left to go  
So sad  
The dream always dies  
Each new arrival closes places in my mind  
But I can dream  
Until I go  
Of smells that I don't recognize  
And by the river  
In Shanghai  
The colour of the sky  
Is something I've never seen  
After the summer rain  
Children smile  
Curious and kind  
And the world is big again