

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