

# A-Camp, Chinatown

Every town has a secret heart that beats  
And every citizen an underground  
I set my clock to a bootleg meter  
And broken hands spinning round and round  
I'm on my way just like every day to get milk and kerosene  
But my reflection in the butcher's window isn't me  
I freeze

This is Chinatown

A state of mind

This is Chinatown

It's just a state of mind

The sky was blue but I wouldn't know

I was counting cracks in the concrete

I'd memorized them from A to B

A choreography, a part of me

It's not the future, it's not the past, it's not now

The price will double if you try to look them in the eye

Don't ask why

'Cause this is Chinatown

A state of mind

This is Chinatown

A state of mind

In Chinatown

Read my fortune in my metro card

You'll see nothing if you search too hard

Read my fortune in my metro card

You'll see nothing if you search too hard