

# 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