

Chicago, Mah Jong

Chicago
Stone Of Sisyphus
Mah Jong
A third floor walk-up...
One block east of chinatown.
She walked by my window,
While the rain is pouring down.
Looking in she sees the easy money life everywhere
And it's clear she don't approve.
(and it's clear she don't approve)
Through a cloud of smoke i shoot a little smile over there.
And i

She don't mah jong, mah jong she don't play.
She don't mah jong, wait she don't let me wait.
She don't mah jong, mah jong she don't play.
But she loves to play

With the dark eyes burning,
I am opening the wall.
Can there be no other chance?
I feel my fortune's turning,
And i wish for nothing else at all.
Looking up i see her signal with her fingers through her hair
Telling me the hands are clean.
On the i turn a dragon tail into a pair.
And the game is over.

She don't mah jong, mah jong she dont play.
She don't mah jong, wait she don't let me wait.
She don't mah jong, mah jong she don't play.
Though i don't obey her,
Still she loves to play her
(repeat chorus)

A tree blows up
From where the lanterns light the parlors on the street
.... waiting at the

And though there are not many things a pawn would
I'll beat.
We enjoyed the difference.

She don't mah jong, mah jong she don't play
(out)