

Don Henley, Watching Tv

We were watchin' tv...watchin'tv
We were watchin' tv...watchin'tv
In tiananmen square
Lost my baby there
My yellow rose
And her bloodstained clothes
She was a short order pastry chef
In a dim sum dive on the yangtze tideway
She had shiny hair
She was the daughter of an engineer
Won't you shed a tear
For my yellow rose
My yellow rose
And her bloodstained clothes
She had perfect breasts
She had high hopes
She had almond eyes
She had yellow thighs
She was a student of philosophy
Won't you grieve with me
For my yellow rose
Shed a tear
For her bloodstained clothes
She had shiny hair
She had perfect breasts
She had high hopes
She had almond eyes
She had yellow thighs
She was the daughter of an engineer
So get out your pistols
Get out your stones
Get out your knives
Cut them to the bone
They are the lackeys of the grocer's machine
They built the dark satanic mills
That manufacture hell on earth
They bought the front row seats on calvary
They are irrelevant to me
And I grieve for my sister
People of china
Do not forget do not forget
The children who died for you
Long live the republic
Did we do anything after this

I've a feeling we did
We were watchin' tv...watchin' tv
We were watchin' tv...watchin' tv
She wore a white bandanna that said
Freedom now
She thought the great wall of china
Would come tumbling down
She was a student
Her father was an engineer
Won't you shed a tear
For my yellow rose
My yellow rose
And her bloodstained clothes
Her grandpa fought old chiang kai-shek
That no-good low-down dirty rat
Who used to order his troops
To fire on the women and children
Imagine that imagine that

And in the spring of '48
Mao tse-tung got quite irate
And he kicked that old dictator Chiang
Out of the state of China
Chiang Kai-shek came down in Formosa
And they armed the island of Quemoy
And the shells were flying across the China Sea
And they turned Formosa into a shoe factory
Called Taiwan
And she is different from Cro-Magnon man
She's different from Anne Boleyn
She is different from the Rosenbergs
And from the Unknown Jew
She is different from the Unknown Nicaraguan
Half superstar half victim
She's a Victor Star conceptually new
And she is different from the Dodo
And from the Kankanbono
She is different from the Aztec
And from the Cherokee
She's everybody's sister
She's symbolic of our failure
She's the one in fifty million
Who can help us to be free
Because she died on TV