

Phillp Bailey, Walking On The Chinese Wall

Walking on a Chinese
walking on a Chinese Wall

Watching for the coins to
watching for the coins to fall.

Butterfly
spread your painted wings
from an answer from the Ching.
By the stream
stretching in the rocks

tiger on the mountain-top.
Walking on the Chinese Wall
watching for the coins to fall.

Now the sun is rising in the east

looking for my golden fleece.
Iv'ry skin
scarlet colour deep

lips that burn but do not speak.
Three misty nights waiting by the shore.
May be that my lover comes no more.
Red chamber dream from the sky above.
Ancient tales of hidden Chinese love.
On the Chinese Wall
watching for the coins to fall.

Blue-red silk burning on my chest

go to sleep but not to rest.
Stepping stones on the yellow sea

dreaming she'll be there for me.
Come down the clouds to the sea of flames.
From the mountain hear the cry of pain.
Red chamber dream from the sky above.
Ancient tales of hidden Chinese love.

On the Chinese Wall
watching for the coins to fall.

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watching for the coins to fall.

On the Chinese Wall -

Butterfly
spread your wings from an answer from the Ching.

Watching for the coins to fall -

Blue-red silk on my chest

go to sleep but not to rest

oh no.

Walking on the Chinese Wall - walking on the Chinese Wall -

Walking on the Chinese Wall - watching for the coins to fall.