

# Priscilla Ahn, Masters In China

You've always been bashful, you're just that way  
But your eyes are like billboards, they give you away  
Your mouth is a trumpet, somebody else plays  
Long after the notes gone, the tone usually stays  
And your chest a fine pillow, with lining of feather  
Your hair is a family, with strands stick together  
Fingers are keys from the grandest piano,  
Played by a line that the Lord only knew  
A tongue of an angel, floats in red wine saliva  
Your teeth ravel porclein, made by masters in China  
Your face can't be captured by pictures or words  
And your voice is a music that I've never heard  
And your skin is a cream, dipped out beyond measure  
Your nose is a pink color touched by the weather  
Your fingers are keys from the grandest piano  
Played by a soul that the Lord only knows  
Ooh...