

# Steve Kilbey, Linda Wong

In a room in hong kong, out of a cantonese song  
I met miss linda wong, she was looking for me  
She led me to her bedroom  
Wonderful things she said  
Too much for my head, like I'm all at sea

Her bones shone through her skin  
Her eyes were green and tin (? ),  
She floated in the wind,  
The wind from the sea  
Her arms were thin and scarred,  
Her face was young and hard  
But her mind was a garden, open for me  
If I stay here too much longer  
Much have needed something stronger

I never would belong her  
World was not mine  
Together we've float and drift  
On what we smoked and sniffed  
Press a button on the lift, for cloud 9

Her bones shone through her skin  
Her eyes were green and tin (? )  
She floated in the wind  
The wind from the sea  
Her pale chinese cheeks  
Ain't seen the sun for weeks,  
That ain't the life she seeks  
Looking for me