

XTC, Millions

We smelled your soup on the fire cooking
We saw your toys and your pencils looking bright
So bright and yet they come from oh so far away
We heard your flags and your banners flapping
We felt the air from from your hands all clapping time
In time, I'm sure your time is not so far away
Millions, all moving forward
Millions, all babbling crossword
Millions, all flow at water
Millions, all bright with laughter
He make you glowing
He bake you golden like the Yangtse mud
I saw your writing on paper landing
Your stamps showed bridges and temples standing still
So still, and yet they're standing oh so far away
I saw you asking for western thinking
I say it's poison that you'll be drinking
Stay as East, as far away as dreams will let you be