Chinese Envoy

John Cale

She was a princess
Much lower than people thought
A master of nothing
A mistress of something she thoughtShe could talk about things that never mattered ever
From one person's miserable life after another
She could talk to the French and Germans at will
They'd never listen, they never willThe Chinese envoy was here
The Chinese envoy was here but left
The Chinese envoy was here but left
In his broken hearted pagodaCalling out her name, you'd be surprised at what came
Galloping out of the darkness just like furniture
We'd have lost it all if it hadn't been for Cardinal Richelieu
And all his courtiers

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