China My China

Brian Eno

In the haze of the morning, China sits on eternity
And the opium farmers sell dreams to obscure fraternities
On the horizon the curtains are closingDown in the orchard the aunties and uncles play their games
Like it seems they always have done
In the blue distance the vertical offices bear their names
Like it seems they always have done
Clocks ticking slowly, dividing the day upThese poor girls are such fun
They know what God gave them fingers for
To make percussion over solosChina my China, I've wandered around and you're still here
Which I guess you should be proud of your walls have enclosed
You have kept you at home for thousands of years
But there's something I should tell you
All the young boys are dressing like sailors

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