

# 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 closing  
Down 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 up  
These poor girls are such fun  
They know what God gave them fingers for  
To make percussion over solos  
China 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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