

# When the Piper Calls

## China Crisis

Water drenched people  
Take me in from the rain  
To a warm kind of heaven  
Where it's shining again I've seen some faces  
Some old and some gray  
But just like water  
I let them slip away And if I tumble  
And if I tumble When morning comes  
I harvest my thoughts  
They spread like plague  
I hear them call The bread in our mouths  
The dirt on our hands  
When she calls And if I tumble  
And if I tumble I found a silent dream  
And held it for a day  
But just like water  
I let it slip away When morning comes  
I harvest my thoughts  
They spread like plague  
I hear them call

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