

Eastern Intrigue

Todd Rundgren

As the sun rises in the east
As the wind blows the fog across the sea
As the hand of man creeps across the face of the world
Caught in a web of glammers
Persian perfume and oriental eyes
Yogi in knots and sufi wise
Master sublime and swami high
Through in some voodoo on the side
And a dash of the old kung fu
Lord you got me strung out on eastern intrigue
Chapter six and verse eleven
If you wanna get to heaven
You've got to ask the man who owns the property
Ya gotta dance your dance
And do your act
And get his big attention that's a natural born fact
I'm on my knees, one question please
Will the real God please stand up? Jesus and moses, mohammed, and sri krishna
Steiner, gurdjief, blavatsky, and bhudda
Guru maharaji, reverend sun myung moon
On the banks of the holy nile
As the palm tree sways at the base of the sphinx
'neath a crescent desert moon many thousands
Younger than ours
In fact, forget about time completely
Think of it in the abstract please
Think of the swaying tropic trees
One of your many destinies
Like having a hot peyote tea
In the palace of fu manchu
Lord you got me strung out on eastern intrigue
Sell your wife and pawn your heater
Buy the new bhagavad gita
Do the pranayama 'til your spine gets sore
I'll tell you for free
'cause God told me
We checked it with the pope and so we all agree
I'm on my knees, one question please
Will the real God please sit down?

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