

# 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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