

Footbinder

Jawbox

Age six, and runs, through white-hot courtyards.
Past fountains, past fishponds, and the beating sun of China stops.
Age six, and runs, through red pavilions.
Up hills, past streams of no regret. Tomorrow she'll run no more. When will she come?
To wind my feet and grow me up.
And how long does it take?
To bend the arch and hear it break? Age six tied to the chair.

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