

# Japanese Hands

Elton John

Outside I can hear the fireworks  
Beyond the paper walls  
Where the symbols painted black and white  
Run together when the rain falls  
And the wind chimes across Kyoto  
Each time the earth moves  
Was it the quake that shook me  
Or was it something to do with you  
And the hot wind heats the bamboo blinds  
And your almond eyes always shine  
Sitting cool behind your painted fan  
All the secrets of the east  
Conceal the beauty and the beast  
For tender is the man  
In her Japanese hands  
Flesh on silk looks different  
Than on a cotton sheet back home  
Where no one wears their hair like yours  
Beneath those oriental combs  
And with your thirsty fingers  
Running up and down my spine  
You forget the western woman  
When you're sleeping on Kyoto time  
And the sky explodes  
And the moon grows cold  
To the distant sound of drums  
And the sky explodes  
And the moon grows cold  
As the dragons on the mainland  
Wait to heat the sun

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