Cloud Dancing

The Roches

Every morning I get up
Beautiful as the Goddess
Of love in enchanted mountainEvery night I go to bed
Seductive as Yang Kuei-fei
The imperial concubineMy slender waist and thighs
Are exhausted and weak
From a night of cloud dancing
But my eyes are still lewd
And my cheeks are flushedMy old wet nurse combs
My cloud-like hair
My lover, fragrant as incenseAdjusts my jade hairpins
And draws on my silk stockings
Over my feet and legsPerfumed with orchids
And once again we fall over
Overwhelmed with passion

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