

The King of China's Daughter

Natalie Merchant

The king of China's daughter
So beautiful to see
With a face like yellow water
Left her nutmeg tree Her little rope for skipping
She kissed and gave it me
Made of painted notes of singing-birds
Among the fields of tea I skipped across the nutmeg grove
I skipped across the sea
But neither sun or moon, my dear
Has yet caught me

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