

# Walking on the Chinese Wall

Philip Bailey

Walking on a Chinese  
Walking on a Chinese Wall Watching for the coins to  
Watching for the coins to fall Butterfly  
spread your painted wings  
for an answer from the Ching.  
By the stream  
stretching in the rocks  
tiger on the mountain-top. Walking on the Chinese Wall  
Watching for the coins to fall Now the sun is rising in the East  
looking for my golden fleece.  
Iv'ry skin  
scarlet colour deep  
lips that burn but do not speak. (Three misty nights waiting by the shore.)  
May be that my lover comes no more.  
(Red chamber dream from the sky above.)  
Ancient tales of hidden Chinese love.  
On the Chinese Wall  
Watching for the coins to fall. Blue-red silk burning on my chest  
go to sleep but not to rest.  
Stepping stones on the yellow sea  
dreaming she'll be there for me. (Come down the clouds to the sea of flames.)  
From the mountain hear the cry of pain.  
(Red chamber dream from the sky above.)  
Ancient tales of hidden Chinese love. On the Chinese Wall  
watching for the coins to fall.  
On the Chinese Wall  
watching for the coins to fall.  
On the Chinese Wall  
watching for the coins to fall. (On the Chinese Wall)  
Butterfly  
spread your wings  
for an answer from the Ching. (Watching for the coins to fall)  
Blue-red silk on my chest  
go to sleep but not to rest  
oh no. Walking on the Chinese Wall  
(On the Chinese Wall)  
[Walking on the Chinese, walking on the Chinese Wall]  
Watching for the coins to fall (Watching for the coins to fall)  
[Watching for the coins to, watching for the coins to fall]

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