

## **Brian Eno**

# **"China My China"**

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In the haze of the morning, China sits on eternity  
And the opium farmers sell dreams to obscure  
fraternities  
On the horizon the curtains are closing

Down in the orchard the aunties and uncles play their  
games  
Like it seems they always have done  
In the blue distance the vertical offices bear their  
names  
Like it seems they always have done  
Clocks ticking slowly, dividing the day up

These poor girls are such fun  
They know what God gave them fingers for  
To make percussion over solos

China my China, I've wandered around and you're still  
here  
Which I guess you should be proud of your walls have  
enclosed  
You have kept you at home for thousands of years  
But there's something I should tell you  
All the young boys are dressing like sailors

I remember a man who jumped out from a window over  
the bay  
There was hardly a raised eyebrow  
The coroner told me, this kind of thing happens every  
day  
You see, from a Pagoda, the world is so tidy

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