

Theodore Saidden "Made In China"

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[Verse 1]

Where the night is like day and the lights are bright,
Where you can cross the street and your steps are
timed,
And people don't mind if you smoke inside,
Feel free to have one riding a bike.

And they'll give English a try in a taxi ride,
Negotiate the price if you like,
It's a candy coloured site, get pulled inside,
By a man who's dying to sell a watch tonight.

And the girls a shy, and they're mighty fine,
Start to giggle if you look at them and smile,
You'll see China pride on a Macca's sign,
Garlic chilli sauce, berets and taro pie.

Buy yourself a Chinese Soldier GI,
This thing shoots, crawls and is willing to die.
And Golden buildings shine in the sky...

[Chorus]

This is China [x 2]

[Verse 2]

Colourful meats sold on the streets,
And this green things about to become a feed,
And you'll see buses that kinda act like trains and,
People riding with umbrellas to keep in the shade.

Listen to their cries golden Buddhas eyes,
Burn some incense for those that died,
And burn some incense for those that tried,
Protect us from the people in power that lie.

And people want a photo with you because you're
different,
You wonder how the roads run with no collisions,
Where the buses are wrapped with stars and

elephants,
It's a place where not everything is business relevant.

Toll booths with cartoons in this smoggy city,
And the country's wealth sits in front of the poor it's a
pity,
And I was quite shocked and I stood in awe,
That kids would shit and piss all over the floor.

They learn to trade from a very young age,
It's a must to trade fakes in this industrial age,
They make the days, manufacture a phase,
They can duplicate Middle Eastern ways,

You can't die if you're not alive, no,
You can't suicide in this underground ride.

And the Chinese soldier stands in the night light!

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

It's only there you'd see something like this,
Amongst so many people, bikes and cyclists,
And little lights shine bright on this police bike,
To keep order and to keep things right...

Communist red serving Capitalism,
Join us in this political baptism,
I wonder if the past would've predicted this vision,
And I wonder if this is the last of nationalism.

And in my last days I couldn't believe what I saw,
It was a legless man, covered in dirt, eating scraps off
the floor,
It was a wake-up call,
To think I could've complained at all...

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