

## Van Dyke Parks

### "Tokyo Rose"

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In sight of the lights of Roppongi the night life of Tokyo  
goes  
And out on the street with a beat from Tahiti a neon  
moon lollipop glows  
A woman in silken pajamas is seen on the screen of a  
door  
She slips on a ricepaper dress by Dior less the price of  
the ice on her  
Clothes  
The girl I call Tokyo Rose

Tokyo rose is blue  
Tokyo knows it's true  
What the night says we might like to do  
We're in Tokyo time  
When that moon turns lime  
And the sky is a lavender brew

She trips through a door for hot sake  
Unzips as her hips hit the floor  
Her pearls were strung in the harbor below in a bar  
where I asked her for  
More

Down on a Cajun veranda a Barbajian band in a stew  
Was playing a soca when I reawoke we were back at  
her penthouse us two  
I spoke of my love for MacArthur the man not the park  
in LA  
But you're so much older she covered her shoulder  
And I heard her say with a sigh  
A soldier may never say die

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