

Prinzhorn Dance School

"Masters In China"

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You've always been bashful, you're just that way
But your eyes are like billboards, they give you away
Your mouth is a trumpet, somebody else plays
Long after the notes gone, the tone usually stays

And your chest a fine pillow, with lining of feather
Your hair is a family, with strands stick together
Fingers are keys from the grandest piano, played by a
line that the Lord only knew

A tongue of an angel, floats in red wine saliva
Your teeth ravel porcelain, made by masters in China
Your face can't be captured by pictures or words
And your voice is a music that I've never heard

And your skin is a cream, dipped out beyond measure
Your nose is a pink color touched by the weather
Your fingers are keys from the grandest piano
Played by a soul that the Lord only knows

Ooh...

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