

I have come from the Eastworld  
From the concrete and the dust  
At the end of the empire  
For the lifting of the curse

I have come for your hardware  
To the strip shows and the bars  
I have come to see Madonna  
Swim in rivers filled with cars

All bound for miracle land today  
All bound for miracle land today  
Western men untie my hands  
Lead me through the shifting sands  
All bound for miracle land today

Take me to your banker  
Let me default on my loan  
Give me twenty years of payments  
And a debt to call my own

Let me camp out on the welfare  
Dig a hole to get my high  
Show me rows and rows  
Of oriental toys that I must buy

All bound for miracle land today  
All bound for miracle land today  
Western men untie my hands  
Lead me through the shifting sands  
All bound for miracle land today

The airwaves talk to me deep into the night  
I trust the voice of Radio Free Europe

I have come from the Eastworld  
With a missile for a god  
Where my mouth was always empty  
My feet were barely shod

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