

Eye to eye, cash in hand, cold heart
The vamp-wigged girl is now in your hands
Laced stockings below lean thighs
An exotic number it's for the good times
The eyes are slanting wildly catlike
The shrill musk scent feels just as wild
Her mouth trained promises whispered
A leather skirt an Asian charm in pink
You should have thought twice before
You reached for that precious piece of China
The mind is fettered by silk-spun lust
An occidental sap trapped by a Canton mynah
She makes you whimper - sounds unknown
You find a Self you haven't known before
Your nape coated with the opium of her lips
Your spine tingles with anguish and delight
You know you'll come crawling back
To her drugging lap and breast sometime
Thirsty of the mystery accent of her tongue
You sold your reason to your Canton love
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