

Japanese Hands

Elton John

Outside I can hear the fireworks
Beyond the paper walls
Where the symbols painted black and white
Run together when the rain falls
And the wind chimes across Kyoto
Each time the earth moves
Was it the quake that shook me
Or was it something to do with you

And the hot wind heats the bamboo blinds
And your almond eyes always shine
Sitting cool behind your painted fan
All the secrets of the east
Conceal the beauty and the beast
For tender is the man in her Japanese hands

Flesh on silk looks different
Than on a cotton sheet back home
Where no one wears their hair like yours
Beneath those oriental combs
And with your thirsty fingers
Running up and down my spine
You forget the western woman
When you're sleeping on Kyoto time

And the sky explodes
and the moon grows cold
To the distant sound of drums
And the sky explodes
And the moon grows cold
As the dragons on the mainland
Wait to heat the sun