

Almond eyes and the chopsticks ticking like grasshoppers
Jasmine child, in your paper house I am trembling
Strange disguise, your white face is shining like an eastern moon
Geisha smile, in lemon trees the wind is whistling

Oh, gentle Snapdragon, may I stay?
May I pray, shall I dance like a fire?
I can bring frogs, starfish sake
Oh, Snapdragon, anything that you desire

Burning bright, your butterfly eyes sparkle like the sea
Lantern light, I pray that your eyes will wash over me

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Oh, Snapdragon, anything that you desire

Many moons shine for you know that I am your servant
Snapdragon, I'm hypnotised by your spiral hands
Silver gong rings midnight and I see the falling sands

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