

The King Of China's Daughter

Natalie Merchant

The king of China's daughter
So beautiful to see
With a face like yellow water
Left her nutmeg tree

Her little rope for skipping
She kissed and gave it me
Made of painted notes of singing-birds
Among the fields of tea

I skipped across the nutmeg grove
I skipped across the sea
But neither sun or moon, my dear
Has yet caught me