

Linda Wong

Steve Kilbey

In a room in hong kong, out of a cantonese song
I met miss linda wong, she was looking for me
She led me to her bedroom
Wonderful things she said
Too much for my head, like I'm all at sea

Her bones shone through her skin
Her eyes were green and tin (?),
She floated in the wind,
The wind from the sea
Her arms were thin and scarred,
Her face was young and hard
But her mind was a garden, open for me
If I stay here too much longer
Much have needed something stronger
I never would belong her
World was not mine
Together we've float and drift
On what we smoked and sniffed
Press a button on the lift, for cloud 9

Her bones shone through her skin
Her eyes were green and tin (?)
She floated in the wind
The wind from the sea
Her pale chinese cheeks
Ain't seen the sun for weeks,
That ain't the life she seeks
Looking for me