

Tokyo Rose

Van Dyke Parks

In sight of the lights of Roppongi the night life of Tokyo goes
And out on the street with a beat from Tahiti a neon moon lolli
pop glows

A woman in silken pajamas is seen on the screen of a door
She slips on a ricepaper dress by Dior less the price of the ic
e on her
clothes
The girl I call Tokyo Rose

Tokyo rose is blue
Tokyo knows it's true
What the night says we might like to do
We're in Tokyo time
When that moon turns lime
And the sky is a lavender brew

She trips through a door for hot sake
Unzips as her hips hit the floor
Her pearls were strung in the harbor below in a bar where I ask
ed her for
more

Down on a Cajun veranda a Barbajian band in a stew
Was playing a soca when I reawoke we were back at her penthouse
us two
I spoke of my love for MacArthur the man not the park in LA
But you're so much older she covered her shoulder
And I heard her say with a sigh
A soldier may never say die