

## Millions

XTC

We smelled your soup on the fire cooking  
We saw your toys and your pencils looking bright  
So bright and yet they come from oh so far away  
We heard your flags and your banners flapping  
We felt the air from from your hands all clapping time  
In time, I'm sure your time is not so far away

Millions, all moving forward  
Millions, all babbling crossword  
Millions, all flow at water  
Millions, all bright with laughter  
He make you glowing  
He bake you golden like a yangtse mud

I saw your writing on paper landing  
Your stamps showed bridges and temples standing still  
So still, and yet they're standing oh so far away  
I saw you asking for western thinking  
I say it's poison that you'll be drinking  
Stay as East, as far away as dreams will let you be