

Amy Correia, Chinatown

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Miscellaneous
Chinatown

Sleep there's nothing to do today
Watch the vegetables rot
The monkfish flop
Down in Chinatown
Find your hand between your legs
The fortune teller frowns
Packs her cards away
She tells you she won't say
Down in Chinatown
Let the bath tub overflow
It's time to go
Your bourbon on the rocks
You're running out the clock
In Chinatown
Gather yourself together
And meet me where the
West Side highway roars
Don't listen to the story they tell you
The Emperor snores
Down in Chinatown
Hearts may break by morning
A soldier's a dime a dozen
Kiss your little yellow cousins
In Chinatown
Swallow your holy water
And wake beneath a shady lichee tree
So much water under so many bridges
The Communists won't call you
And the children won't harm you
Playing in the hall
In Chinatown