

Chinatown

A Camp

Every town has a secret heart that beats
And every citizen an underground
I set my clock to a bootleg meter and
Broken hands spinning round and round

I'm on my way just like every day
To get milk and kerosene
But my reflection in the butcher's window
Isn't me
I freeze

This is Chinatown
A state of mind
This is Chinatown
It's just a state of mind

The sky was blue but I wouldn't know
I was counting cracks in the concrete
I'd memorized them from A to B
A choreography, a part of me

It's not the future, it's not the past
It's not now
The price will double if you try to look
Them in the eye
Don't ask why
'cause this is Chinatown
A state of mind
This is Chinatown
A state of mind

In Chinatown...

Read my fortune in my MetroCard
You'll see nothing if you search too hard
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