

Aiko, geography has got the better of us again
I know you wanna go
And I am to be singing
To the tail of an aeroplane

So I fold these pieces of gold
Into animals so I can fashion a chain
That will bridge the gap between these continents

Aiko, your father's smile has been summoned to other
Shores
There's a man over there with a gentleman with a bow
Who invites you to take to the floor

Pack your traveling case
With your ribbons and lace
For his blood must be furnished with excellent taste
But it might burn a hole in your paper face

And so you run towards the things you haven't got
Just to say goodbye again
But do you think of me as he unlocks your knees

At the Terrace Garden?

Pretty pictures in the window blinds
Looking out looks so good with the winter behind
Like it is playing a banjo to a Tennessee line
And the three of the cowboys perfectly aligned

Does the sky of a Tokyo know
How a river can flow like the stroke
Of a violin bow?
Like a hand will run across the milky sky

But you can take these trees
And this summer breeze
On this stupid looking day
And you can send it all to the Japanese
Now my love has gone away.

And if you see Aiko
Or Sayee
Let her know
That she dances in my dreams.