

# The Green Lady

Big Audio Dynamite

A window to the Orient  
In a picture frame  
I know you are a Lady  
Nobody knows your name

Lady from the Orient  
In a council flat  
She never looks me in the eye  
She never answers back  
If I could buy a ticket  
I'll gladly run away  
Ride in on the trade wind  
And marry you someday

Staring at my masterpiece  
The boys all read Parade  
Chong Sam and red lipstick  
Her skin a precious jade

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I'll gladly run away  
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Mass produced a daydream  
Or should I pay the rent?  
Breakout of the concrete  
Set sail for Orient

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Dry your eyes Salomé  
Mona Lisa too  
Lady in the picture frame  
My heart belongs too you

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Lady from the Orient

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