

I have come from the Eastworld
From the concrete and the dust
At the end of the empire
For the lifting of the curse

I have come for your hardware
To the strip shows and the bars
I have come to see Madonna
Swim in rivers filled with cars

All bound for miracle land today
All bound for miracle land today
Western men untie my hands
Lead me through the shifting sands
All bound for miracle land today

Take me to your banker
Let me default on my loan
Give me twenty years of payments
And a debt to call my own

Let me camp out on the welfare
Dig a hole to get my high
Show me rows and rows
Of oriental toys that I must buy

All bound for miracle land today
All bound for miracle land today
Western men untie my hands
Lead me through the shifting sands
All bound for miracle land today

The airwaves talk to me deep into the night
I trust the voice of Radio Free Europe

I have come from the Eastworld
With a missile for a god
Where my mouth was always empty
My feet were barely shod

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