

Hong Kong Blues

Laura Cantrell

It's the story of a very unfortunate coloured man
Who got arrested down in old Hong Kong
He got twenty years' privilege taken away from him
When he kicked old Buddha's gong

And now he's poppin' the piano just to raise the
price
Of a ticket to the land of the free
Well, he says his home's in 'Frisco where they
send the rice
But it's really in Tennessee

That's why he says
I need someone to love me
Need somebody to carry me home to San
Francisco
And bury my body there
I need someone to lend me a fifty-dollar bill
and then
I'll leave Hong Kong far behind me
For happiness once again

Won't somebody believe
I've a yen to see that Bay again
Everytime I try to leave
Sweet opium won't let me fly away
I need someone to love me
Need somebody to carry me home to San
Francisco
And bury my body there

That's the story of a very unfortunate coloured man
Who got arrested down in old Hong Kong
He got twenty years' privilege taken away from him
When he kicked old Buddha's gong