

Tokyo Rose

Van Dyke Parks

In sight of the lights of Roppongi the night life of Tokyo goes
And out on the street with a beat from Tahiti a neon moon lolly
pop glows

A woman in silken pajamas is seen on the screen of a door
She slips on a ricepaper dress by Dior less the price of the ice
on her

clothes

The girl I call Tokyo Rose

Tokyo rose is blue

Tokyo knows it's true

What the night says we might like to do

We're in Tokyo time

When that moon turns lime

And the sky is a lavender brew

She trips through a door for hot sake

Unzips as her hips hit the floor

Her pearls were strung in the harbor below in a bar where I asked
her for

more

Down on a Cajun veranda a Barbadian band in a stew

Was playing a soca when I reawoke we were back at her penthouse
us two

I spoke of my love for MacArthur the man not the park in LA

But you're so much older she covered her shoulder

And I heard her say with a sigh

A soldier may never say die