

Masters In China
Priscilla Ahn

Capo on 1st fret

E

You ve always been bashful, you re just that way
cis
But your eyes are like billboards, they give you away

E

Your mouth is a trumpet, somebody else plays
cis
Long after the notes gone, the tone usually stays

A

And your chest a fine pillow, with lining of feather

B

Your hair is a family, with strands stick together

A

Fingers are keys from the grandest piano,

B

played by a line that the Lord only knew

E

A tongue of an angel, floats in red wine saliva
cis
Your teeth ravel porcelain, made by masters in China

E

Your face can t be captured by pictures or words
cis
And your voice is a music that I ve never heard

A

And your skin is a cream, dipped out beyond measure

B

Your nose is a pink color touched by the weather

A

Your fingers are keys from the grandest piano

B

Played by a soul that the Lord only knew

E cis A B E

Ooh...