

Cumulonimbus forms
The mornings down here are warm
The smuggler has his charm
Smoking in the dawn

Under the Arctic sun
The submarines make their runs
The high-flying planes look on
The endgame has begun

Voce e muito gostosa
Mas tenho namorada ja

Land of the Morning Calm
Land of the Rising Sun
Land of the Atom Bomb
Tigers of Elam

Hey, o mundo caiou bem
I wonder maybe
If you could do the same