

# Aung San Suu Kyi

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Aung San Suu Kyi will be gone and  
She'll be on a T-shirt  
The marketing's good

Monks are dying  
Soldier children crying  
We're playing bubbles  
With four years old curls

Torture, drug deals  
Finance our dreams  
Why should we care?  
The stock market's good

Petrol's booming  
Generals' wooing  
Trucks are looming  
In Rangoon

We know your faces  
Come out and die  
And welcome the  
Tourist under the  
Burmese sky

But tomorrow Christine and  
Me'll feels just the same  
With our china tea

2008.