

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