

Children of the junks
Slant eyed
Children of the junks
Go by
Mama's comin' soon
And the junks are turning in the
Spring sky
Dragon rings
Tax free things
Forever
People pick and pay
Till the day fades away
Cooling in the wind
Comrades all
Red papers ring
Flowers in the sun, shining
On the children of the world
Night comes
Sleep for me
Ain't nothing, just a moonstruck junk
On the sea, kowloon
All the junks are sleeping
Spinning flowers on the shade
All the junks are sleeping
But alley cats and renegades