

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