

Boots Of Chinese Plastic

The Pretenders

One, two, three, four

Nam Myoho Renge Kyo Buddha, please
Can you help a little peasant that's begging on her knees
Illusion fills my head like an empty can
Spent a million lifetimes loving the same man

Every drop that run through the vein
Always makes it's way back to the heart again
And by the way you look fantastic
In your boots of Chinese plastic

Hare Krishna, Hare Rama too
Govinda, I am still in love with You
I see you in the birds and in the trees
That's why they call me Krishna Mayee

Every drop that run through the vein
Always makes it's way back to the heart again
And by the way you look fantastic
In your boots of Chinese plastic

Hofra told us we should tolerate
The people and the things that make me wanna hate
Oh, have a little mixed mercy on me
This seasoned beauty in this human pageantry

Jesus Christ came down here as a living man
If He can live a life of virtue then I hope I can
Unto others as you would have a turn
Back here and repeat until you learn, learn, learn

Every drop that run through the vein
Always makes it's way back to the heart again
And every dog that lived his life on a chain
Knows what it's like waiting for nothing
And by the way you look fantastic
In your boots of Chinese plastic