

# Britta, Ho Chi Minh

When I was a little girl  
I watched TV  
The news are getting different  
It seemed to me  
On the screen I saw many people in the streets  
They were so excited

They were screaming to me  
They were screaming to me

So every evening when my parents came inside to eat  
I left the kitchen table because I had a secret  
I went outside  
I took my bike in the evening tune  
Sincere and ceremonious

Because I had something to do  
I had something to do

\*\*\*, thready and \*\*\*\*\*  
The sun was going down  
So red and complete  
I had to wait until it hung exactly in between  
And then I took a breath and shouted

Ho Ho Ho Chi Minh  
Ho Ho Ho Chi Minh

Ho Ho Ho Chi Minh  
Ho Ho Ho Chi Minh  
Ho Ho Ho Chi Minh  
Ho Ho...