Beata Przybytek, Political fiction

I'm not your little girl
I will not believe
Those stupid faces
You can see on TV
I've had a few boyfriends
I've tried a few tricks
So treat me like a lady
And don't lie to me

Political fiction
Your policy of love
You don't feel anything warmer than snow
Political fiction
Don't sell this trash to me
I will not stand by you
Just don't count on me

I'm not you little girl
I won't shake your hand
You have to explain to me
Every step you take
I've had a few boyfriends
I've tried a few tricks
I know how to be a lady
And you are such a prick

Political fiction
Your policy of love
You don't feel anything warmer than snow
Political fiction
Don't sell this trash to me
I will not stand by you
Just don't count on me