

Hard-FI, Polish love song

Back in 1940
My Grandfather died
Fightin in a spitfire
Over at Kent countryside
Since then my country never really got back off its knees
Uncle Joe put paid to that and I was born late seventies
I heard that over in England men were gettin paid
More than I earn in a week, working just one day
I thought, What the Hell? Ill go give it my best shot.
Yeah, its gotta be better than nothin
And thats exactly what Ive got
I caught a train and I headed west to sail across the sea
Pretty soon I had a job workin in a factory
Well, the work was hard
It was hot as Hell
My fingers bleed and my blisters swelled
Long, long hours back racked with pain
Just me and Serge from Ukraine
When I When I got my first paycheck
It was minus food and board
Not much left for me. I thought
So this is my reward
So when my first night off in ten
I wandered into town
Yeah, I just wanted to have some fun
And have a look around
I met a girl oh, oh, oh
She had blond hair and curls oh, oh, oh
We got along
I sung her a Polish love song
We were kissin in the car park
When I heard someone come up behind me
Suddenly Im surrounded by a group of men who what to hurt me
They said "You're not welcome in our country.
Were sick of givin to all and sundry
I dont work to try and rob
I said, Mr. you wouldn't want my job.
And then Im down on the floor
Their boots connecting with my jaw
Round, round, round my head is spinning
I don't think I can take much more
My girl is screamin
I think Im going to be killed
Just like my grandfather
My Polish blood
On England soil is spilt
Just like my grandfather
My Polish blood
On England soil is spilt